AUGUST 16, 1976

Woman's Day

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ABBA: WHY THEY'RE MAKING MILLIONS OUT OF OUR KIDS

Kate Samperi: WHAT MAKES –OR BREAKS– A MARRIAGE

Dr James Wright: WHY I'VE NEVER BEEN SICK IN 25 YEARS

THE BRAVE DOGS WHO SAVED MATT'S LIFE

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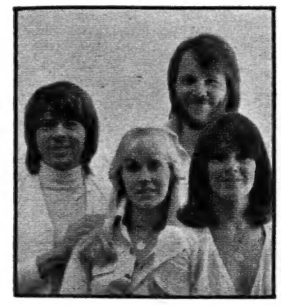

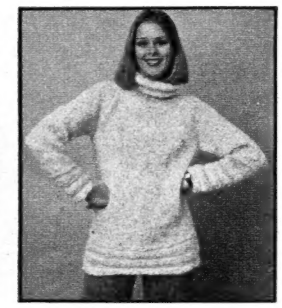

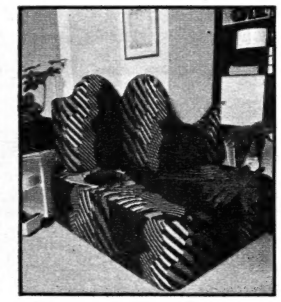

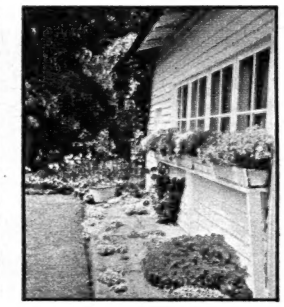

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talking point

. . . from the Editor

As soon as I stopped exclaiming in a very touristy way over the rivers of people who flowed along the streets of Hong Kong even at 11pm on a Sunday, and started looking at the people in those crowds, I began to notice Chinese children. Even at that hour there were still plenty of them with their parents, maybe clutching some little toy and always beautifully dressed. They seemed never to complain or cry — except for one little fellow, the son of a pavement paper-seller, who got soundly smacked for rummaging in the rubbish tin while mum was setting up her stand. The Chinese way, it seems, is to treat children as little adults, and to make them the centre of concerned and loving attention at all times. And the children, far from being spoilt by this treatment, appear to be incredibly well-behaved.

They also seem to be totally portable, although I didn't see a single stroller in the seven days I was in Hong Kong. Babies, even the tiniest, ride on their mothers' backs in Mai Tai slings; older children will toddle along through the thickest crowds holding mum or dad's hand; and I saw countless children soundly and solemnly asleep on their fathers' shoulders.

Clara Yuen-Han Siu, our guide from the Hong Kong Tourist Association, seemed amused by my observations of Chinese children. "Some children are naughty," she said. "Maybe you just keep seeing the good ones." Well, I never did see a naughty one. I thought I was going to while doing some last-minute shopping in a trendy denim fashion shop: a child was having a tantrum behind one of the racks. But he turned out to be a very European four-year-old!

Mary Falloon

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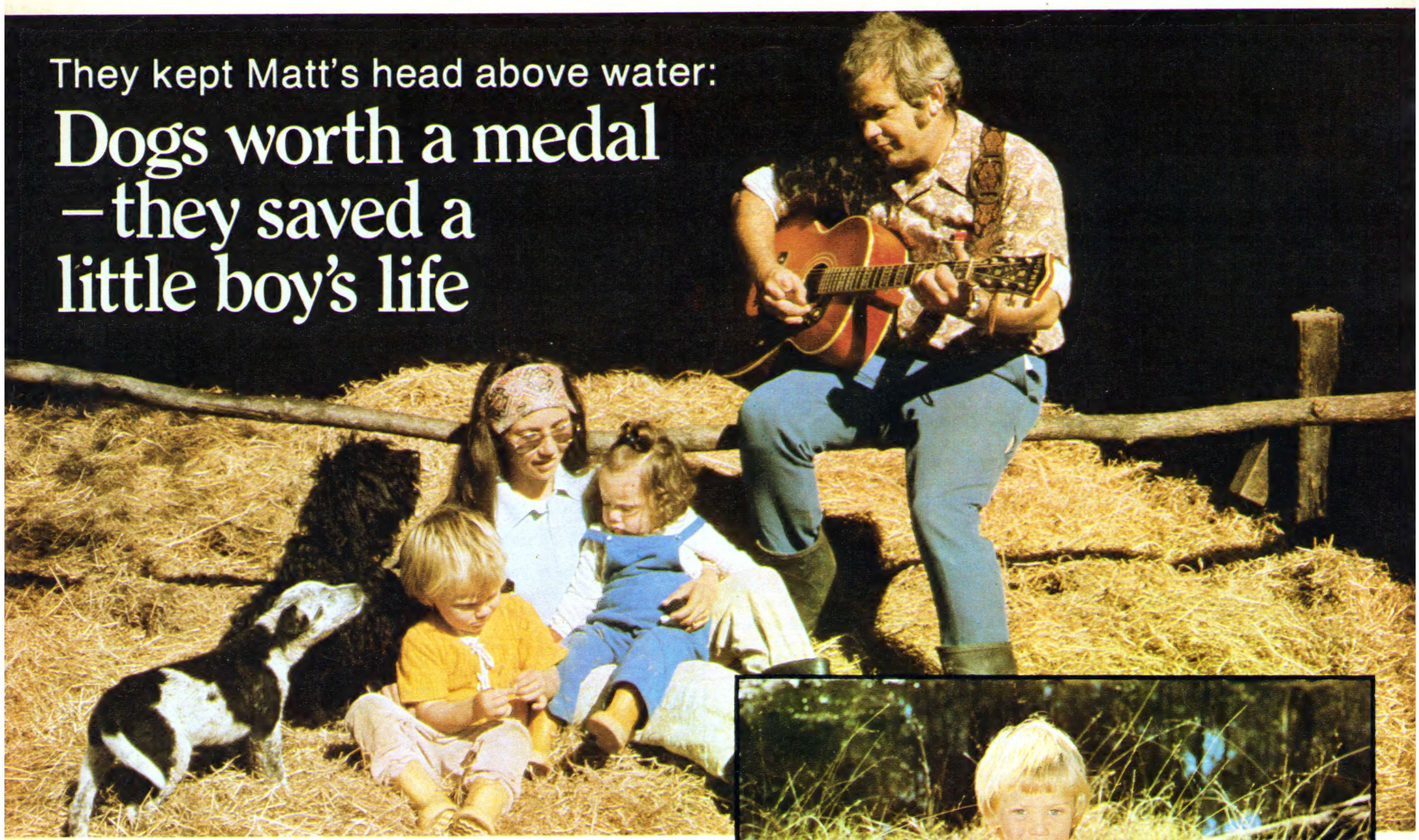


They kept Matt's head above water:

Dogs worth a medal – they saved a little boy's life

In January this year, two dogs, Turtle and Kylie — both short on breeding but long on courage — saved three-year-old Matt Marsh from drowning in a dam on the family property at Helidon, about 80 kilometres west of Brisbane. This week the dogs will be presented by Uncle Ben's of Australia with the Pal Valour Award for bravery. Mr and Mrs Marsh, with Matt and his sister Natasha, 15 months, are being flown to Sydney to receive the awards on behalf of Turtle and Kylie, at a special ceremony on August 12.

By SALLY BAKER
Photographs by John Pinfold

The story is one of extraordinary courage and intelligence on the part of Turtle, a small, black mixture of beagle, kelpie and cocker spaniel, and Kylie, an undersized, cross-bred, blue cattle bitch.

It all came about because Matt, worried by the heavy rain which had been falling all day, wandered away from home to look for his pet heifer calf.

Athol Marsh said, "Schyerl and I had gone to a shed about 18 metres from the house to feed some calves."

Matt had been told to remain in the house to watch over his 15-months-old sister, Natasha.

"When we got back to the house Matt wasn't there. It was getting dark and we just took off and ran. I can't ever remember being as scared. We tried two small dams first and then I heard a dog barking. I knew it must have been either Kylie or Turtle because those dogs never let Matt out of their sight. They follow him everywhere.

"I ran like mad to the other dam and Kylie was on the bank barking her head off. A few metres out I could see little Matt and I dived in. He was on his back with just the front part of his face clear of the water.

"All I could see of Turtle was his little black nose. He had his head under the back of Matt's neck, holding it up. I thought Matt was dead. His hair was wet and the blond, wet hair against his face made everything look colourless. He opened his eyes and said 'Dad'. It was the most beautiful bloody word I ever heard."

Athol threw Matt over his shoulder and ran back to the house. The bumping over the uneven ground caused Matt to vomit.

"It was pure mud he threw up. I knew he must have gone down really deep."

Matt was rushed to hospital in Gatton, 12 kilometres away, and admitted for observation. He was in hospital for three days.

"There were bites and cuts all over his chest, stomach, legs and groin. Kylie and Turtle must have clawed and bitten at him to try to drag him ashore. I reckon if he'd been in the dam another couple of minutes he would have drowned. I believe both dogs took turns to hold Matt up, because they were both exhausted.

ABOVE: Matt Marsh, 3, with his lifesavers, Kylie (left) and Turtle. TOP: Athol and Schyerl Marsh with Matt and Natasha, 15 months, Turtle (back left) and Tiger the puppy. Athol loves his guitar; has written 2300 songs.

"Both dogs came home and lay down beside the fire. They didn't move for about four hours and then they had the biggest chicken meal Schyerl could give them."

An independent examination of the boy in March, two months after the rescue, records: "The physical signs Matt Marsh still bears are at least three fine scars, one on the forehead between his eyes, and two long ones on his stomach. It appears that one or both dogs inflicted these scars, and numerous other claw marks, now healed, when they turned him over in the water in the dam."

Athol and Schyerl Marsh moved into their farm house in November last year. The house had not been lived in for over three years and the former owner, a bachelor, had done little or nothing to make it habitable. It still has no electricity, running water and has few comforts.

The Marsh family is a close-knit one

Next page, please

From previous page

and are united in a genuine love for animals.

"We are going to turn part of the farm into a sanctuary for wild animals," Schyerl said. "We have asked the RSPCA in Brisbane and Toowoomba to send us any injured birds or animals. We'll look after them until they are well and then turn them loose.

"We didn't set out to have so many animals, but neither of us can stand to see one without a home. Kylie came with the house and Turtle was given to us by a friend. We got our puppy Tiger from a RSPCA home and want to teach him to help with the cattle."

Schyerl Marsh doesn't mind the inconveniences at the farm.

"I was the daughter of a fencing contractor and didn't live in a house until I was seven," she said. "Athol had never lived in the country. He was a chef and a male nurse but he went along with my idea to buy this place and we're going to make a living out of it eventually.

"Neither of us would go back to city life. It's wonderful for the kids here."

Mrs Marsh has another daughter, Yvette, 7, by her first marriage. Yvette goes to school in Brisbane and visits her mother and stepfather at the farm every other weekend.

Shotgun by her bed

Because the farm is not yet self-supporting, Athol Marsh works at night driving trucks. Schyerl Marsh keeps a loaded shotgun beside her bed at night while her husband is away from home.

She said, "Athol asked me what I wanted for my birthday and I said 'A shotgun'. I know how to handle guns. I've been shooting since I was five. When Athol comes home in the early hours of the morning he has to yell out, 'It's me', otherwise, even though the dogs bark, he knows he stands a good chance of being shot."

Matt already wants to help all he can on the farm. Endearing, endlessly mischievous and a non-stop talker, he carries tools for his father and his only requests for his next birthday presents are "a cross-cut saw and a crowbar".

His father gives him 20 cents pocket money for helping on the farm and it goes into the "farm tin" to buy animals. On Athol's last birthday the tin had enough money to buy him a heifer which was promptly called Birthday.

At night before the children go to bed, the family gathers round while Athol plays his own songs and accompanies himself on the guitar. He sometimes performs in hotels and restaurants and goes round the tables singing request numbers.

He has written 2300 songs, he says, but so far only one has been published (in New Zealand).

He has books filled with his song writings and this is the first and last verse of the song he wrote the day Matt fell into the dam:

It rained non-stop; the dam had overflowed.
The grass was cut and slippery on the sides
My son went looking for a heifer calf who ran away
And if it wasn't for the courage of his dogs he would have died.

★ ★ ★

We ran through sodden paddocks; the light was getting dim
There'd be a little less than half an hour before it's dark
We were running out of places and running out of time
Then to the east I heard a frantic bark.
In the dam he floated and the dog was by his side
And he kept his head up so that he could breathe.
The boy was near exhausted when I dived into the dam
The dog swam to the bank and waited there for me.

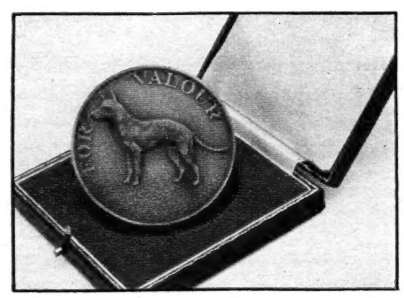
EACH DOG WINS THIS MEDAL

The Pal Valour Award is a specially cast bronze medallion and Kylie and Turtle will each receive one inscribed with their names and the date of the award. Also presented will be an illuminated scroll detailing the act leading to the presentation of the award, plus an amount of $500.

The medallions and citations become the property of the owner of the dogs, and the $500 will be presented to the Guide Dogs for the Blind Society.

The total cost of the award is borne by Uncle Ben's of Australia, manufacturers of pet foods for dogs and cats. An independent judging committee judged the candidates for the award and all nominations were checked for validity by the agents of Uncle Ben's.

The committee consists of Dr Fred Widows, Executive Director of the Australian Veterinary Association, Professor Wendy Walker, Fellowship Professor, Department of Behavioural Science, TV personality Denise Drysdale, and Det-Insp Crowley, of



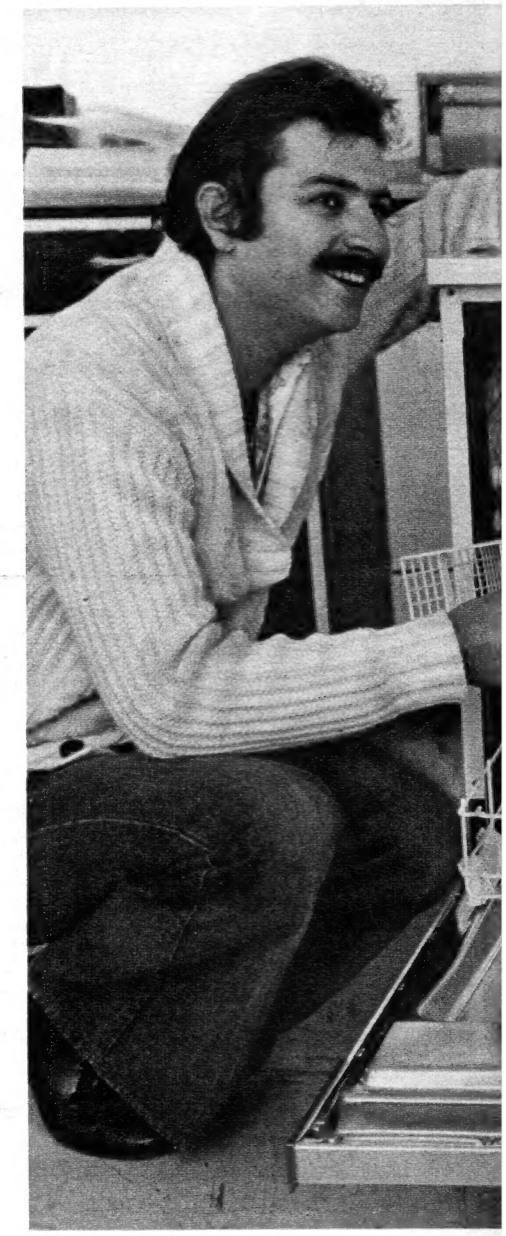
the Victoria Police, a well-known dog judge.

Only two other dogs have received this "animal" Victoria Cross. In May 1971 Sandy, a cross-bred cattle dog, received the award after risking his life to save his owner, Mrs Bill Matthews, and two-year-old Carolyn Matthews, when they were threatened by a black snake.

The other dog was a golden labrador seeing-eye dog, Rene, who saved a small child from the path of on-coming traffic. Rene left his blind mistress, Mrs L. J. Lanyon of Malvern, Qld, to rush into the street to save the child.

Want to buy a colour TV? Socks?
BE CHOOSY

Many consumers are bewildered by the large range of brands for any one product. The Consumers' Association is the only organisation that tests day-to-day commodities and compares brands on an independent basis. Maurice Dunlevy talks to Geri Ettinger, who heads the Association.



When Geri Ettinger entered hospital to have a baby she took her work with her and turned a maternity ward into a temporary office.

Such is the determination of Ms Ettinger — the undisputed First Lady of Australian consumerism — to get on with the job.

Geri, married about four years, lives in a Paddington, Sydney, terrace house with her husband, Hal, and 15-months-old son, Piers.

At 32 she heads the mushrooming Australian Consumers' Association, which publishes *Choice* magazine.

ACA, which was launched late in 1959, is a wholly independent, non political, non-profit-making organisation.

Anonymous shoppers

It depends entirely on members' subscriptions and sales of publications for funds to test and investigate everything from dishwashers, cordless grass shears and disposable baby bottles to barbed wire, radial tyres and meat pies.

Goods used for testing are bought anonymously, by a network of 700 volunteers around the country and the manufacturer usually has no idea that his product has been tested until *Choice* rolls off the presses.

The crusade for increased consumer protection is intense and world wide, and although the situation in Australia is improving (for some years now there have been the State Consumer Affairs bodies), Geri Ettinger says there's still a great need for more protection on a private and governmental level.

When Geri took over as ACA executive officer seven years ago — after doing market research in Bangkok for the United States Department of Commerce — *Choice* had only 50,000 subscribers.

Now it has 162,000 and subscriptions are steadily rising.

ACA has 50 employees and its near-city headquarters in the Sydney suburb of Chippendale is gobbling up adjoining buildings as more space is required for testing and administration purposes.

"At the rate we are expanding, one of the employees says it won't be long before he can go to the shop at the corner without leaving the building," jokes Geri, who had interrupted a busy morning schedule to show *Woman's Day* over the ACA's testing laboratories.

These are the laboratories where most goods bought by ACA for testing undergo rigorous scientific checks.

So influential is the magazine (non-subscribers also learn of its work through press releases to the daily newspapers) that it can make or break a product.

When *Choice* earlier this year reported on colour TV sets it pointed out to prospective buyers that many were not equipped to receive UHF (ultra high frequency) transmissions.

Stores immediately encountered buyer resistance to sets without UHF, and manufacturers and importers are phasing the sets off the market.

The survey, which precedes all ACA's investigations, is organised by its Market Research Department and conducted on a nationwide basis.

From it is decided the range of items to be included in particular test programs, or the direction to be taken by a consumer service inquiry, such as the survey of minor analgesics sales by pharmacies.

For much of their information ACA

Meat pies? WITH 'CHOICE'

Geri Ettinger with a technician in the Australian Consumers' Association's laboratories.

depends on a group of volunteer members — the Buying Panel.

There are currently just over 700 members on the Panel throughout Australia, and through them the ACA gets a reasonably comprehensive picture of what and where certain products are available and at what price, and how well various services work.

A typical survey prior to testing and writing involves 50 or 60 Panel members. Each is asked to make inquiries into product availability or the efficiency of a service in his or her area.

When all information has been received by Market Research, a buying plan is evolved which encompasses a range of what is available throughout Australia.

Greatest problems

Perishable foodstuffs present the greatest problems for Panel members. These must be kept in original purchase condition, involving careful packing, in ice, in a cooler, before being sent to ACA in Sydney.

Subscribers interested in the Buying Panel are invited to write giving details of their occupations and interests.

Panel members are reimbursed for all expenses, including the cost of purchasing and freighting goods not obtainable in metropolitan areas, travel expenses and telephone calls.

Geri says that reputable manufacturers often modify products to improve them or make them safer after unfavourable *Choice* reports.

One case she remembers well was when a rotary lawn mower manufacturer fitted a safety guard — these shields have now become a standard safety item.

But she says that the biggest problem area in consumerism is food.

The Great Australian Meat Pie is dead — it has been succeeded by the Great Australian Gravy Pie, *Choice* reported in its July 1976 issue.

ACA surveyed meat pies around Australia and had difficulty finding chunks of meat in the pies bought.

"Almost anything can be put into a meat pie, and those sausages . . . well, the less said the better," said Geri.

She said pies could contain any parts of animals ordinarily eaten. "According to the law, meat can be any edible part of any cattle, buffalo, sheep, pig, rabbit, goat or bird other than game," she added.

Her advice to sausage-eaters is to eat only meat which can be recognised.

Other food problem areas, she says, are food labelling and pure food acts, which vary from State to State. She claims that manufacturers sometimes mislead consumers with labelling which is best described as "inaccurate". "When you buy, say, orange juice, you expect to get an orange juice. The Trade Practices Commission has already moved in this area, and the consumer in future should get a better deal."

She also warns people against time-payment freezer-food plans. The freezer and the food to fill it are usually supplied by the same firm. "You could end up paying three times more than the freezer is worth," she warns.

Geri said that after *Choice* first reported on freezer-food plans in 1968, several firms went out of business.

She says that *Choice* has also long campaigned for stricter and uniform electrical standards. Geri is concerned that, although electrical goods require electricity authority approval, goods without authority approval still appear in our shops. Earlier this year *Choice* tested 28 electric blankets, and 11 failed ACA's electrical safety tests.

Crisis information

Geri maintains that *Choice* is successful because it "tells the truth".

It tries to leave no stone unturned in the quest for greater consumer protection. One issue included reports on the effectiveness of cheap alarms, aerosol flysprays, window locks, men's socks, and discusses what to do in a crisis. ACA feels consumers are entitled to expect more information about crisis services in their area.

Choice suggests pressing local councils to take a lead and distribute an annually up-dated directory of council and local emergency service telephone numbers.

So consumers can easily identify the good and bad things ACA tests reveal, *Choice* includes tables of products.

For example, the sock test was summarised in a graph divided into price, stretch capacity, knit type, sock height, shrinkage, and absorption capacity, with dots showing the standard of the last two categories. The more dots the better the sock.

Geri Ettinger points out that ACA never accepts goods from manufacturers for testing.

Products used in *Choice* surveys are sold at auction, although some are tested to the point of destruction.

During 15 years of tests, 1700 groups of products have been tested.

Geri says there are still plenty of "rip-off" manufacturers in business, but claims she doesn't get any satisfaction from business bashing.

"The satisfaction I get is when a manufacturer realises that he has made a mistake and does something about it."

No satisfaction from business-bashing

Choice *succeeds by telling the truth*

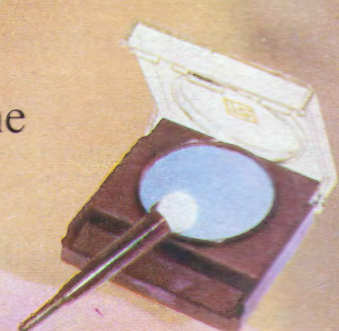
The less said about sausages the better

Jewels by Bulgari; Gown by Giorgio di Sant'Angelo

Only Revlon gives your eyes this much gleam!

'Extra-Gleamy Super Frost Shadow'

Now Revlon makes eyes not just gleamy...but extra-gleamy!
How? With an exclusive new formula that blends rich, clear colour and the shiniest frost ever. So you get all colour and gleam. With no fading.
And protein and moisturizers...to do good things while you look great.



Revlon

What's behind our rocketing divorces?

Australian marriages are being dissolved at the rate of more than 1000 a week. In the first 13 weeks of this year 22,000 couples filed applications for divorce as against only 6200 for the same period of 1975. These figures confirm that divorce has rocketed to new heights since the introduction of the Family Law Act.

The Family Court handled more than 32,000 divorce applications during its first six months compared with the 23,484 divorces granted for the whole of last year.

One explanation for the higher figures could be the backlog of people who waited for the act to be passed before filing for divorce. But whether that is partly the reason or not, the fact remains divorce petitions this year have nearly quadrupled compared with last year.

With the grim facts of rising divorce in Australia the Government has been under strong pressure from marriage guidance counsellors to provide a wide range of pre-marital counselling services.

The Attorney-General, Mr Ellicott, is amending the Marriage Act in an attempt to offset the growing divorce rate. He wants to try to ensure that couples do not go into marriage too precipitately.

To do this the Government plans to increase the period of notice couples must give before marrying from the current one week to a month.

While marrying may be made harder, divorce itself is now easier with the Family Law Act passed late last year. The Family Law Act stipulates incompatibility as the only ground for divorce, eliminating the bitterness when one party had to be held legally to blame for the marriage breakdown.

But the fault is seldom — if ever — wholly one-sided.

Why do so many marriages, begun in hope and love, end in the divorce court, or irretrievably break down, though not ending in divorce because of religious beliefs, children, finance or for other reasons?

Many couples are officially or unofficially separated, leading separate lives often under the same roof.

Such couples provide statistics just as dismaying as the divorce figures.

Kate Samperi, social worker and editor of *Woman's Day's* Problem Page, receives hundreds of letters a week from readers asking for help and advice. A vast number of these letters tell of a temporary or permanent breakdown in marriage as you can see from her selection of letters on page nine.

Kate, who has been happily married for 28 years and has seven children and two grandchildren, does not believe that a marriage breaks down over one major issue.

Immaturity is the major cause

"It's the niggly, day-to-day defeats and irritations which eventually destroy what began in hope," she says.

But they are the symptoms, rather than the cause. The major cause in the spiralling number of marriage failures in our society Kate believes can be summed up in one word: immaturity.

Here's what she has to say:

Marriage has been likened (by a wit or a cynic — I don't know which) to a besieged fortress . . . those outside are hell-bent on getting in, and those inside are desperate to get out.

Be that as it may, it is a sad, statistical fact that more and more couples are finding the "happy-ever-after" tag to be a myth and are opting instead for divorce.

Perhaps the most common theory is that our generation is more honest than previous generations. We won't put up with a bad marriage, is the argument, and will divorce instead of staying together, unhappily perhaps, as did past generations.

"There were as many unhappy marriages then as now," these theorists say, "but they accepted an unhappy marriage as their lot, as part of the life to which they had committed themselves. In the 1970s that wouldn't happen."

I often wonder whether that attitude of "you've made your bed, now lie in it" of past generations is perhaps not more mature and sound than the present unrealistic expectations of marriage which no one partner could ever fulfil.

Mention the word divorce and you're swamped with theories about the cause of the ever-rising divorce rate — such as "women are too independent these days", "there's a breakdown in moral values", "they marry too young".

Others argue the word "divorce" is no longer a "dirty word". The Family Law Act makes divorce too easy, they say. "Couples don't give the marriage a chance. If things aren't good, they simply call the whole thing off."

I've even heard some people blame excessive television and heatwaves for the increase in divorce!

Far too many couples, these days, take this most important step in their lives with a completely distorted idea of what it is all about.

Conditioned to expect fun, fun, fun, as long as they drink the right fizzy, wear the right jeans, chew the right mouth-freshner, without any effort on their part, they don't even consider that marriage might demand quite a lot more than that.

Marriage Hollywood-style

Brought up on a diet of Hollywood saccharine romances, many young girls dream of marriage Hollywood-style and see marrying only in terms of a white wedding dress and a slap-up reception.

They believe, celluloid-fed, that marriage is an automatic key to happiness. "Once married, everything will be all right . . . I'll be happy," they believe, never considering for a moment that marriage is a lot more and demands hard work from both partners to make it work.

I receive anything from 100 to 400 letters each week and the majority of writers discuss their marriage — their unhappy marriage.

These letters give me a pretty broad picture of a marriage breakdown and what causes it. And they show that marriages rarely, if ever, fail over one big issue. It's the niggly day-to-day defeats and irritations which eventually destroy what began in hope.

While the letters tell of neglect, apathy, selfishness, non-communication, shortage of money, meanness, alcoholism, gambling, lack of responsibility, in-laws, monotony, sexual incompatibility, lack of affection and appreciation, the common denominator which comes through loud and clear with all the tragic failures is, in one word, immaturity.

Immaturity for a start usually leads to the choice of the wrong partner and to marrying for the wrong reasons. The high ratio of breakdowns of *young* marriages speaks for itself.

In childhood immaturity is marked by a happy absence of care, by a focusing of attention on self, and by a lack of responsibility.

In adulthood an immature person is one with unrealistic expectations and demands — someone who will demand more of marriage than he (or she) is prepared to put into it.

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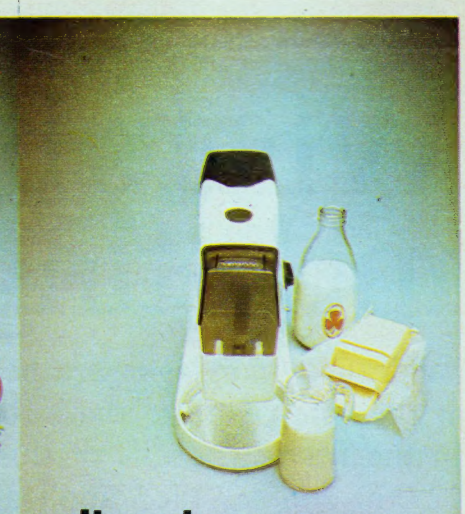

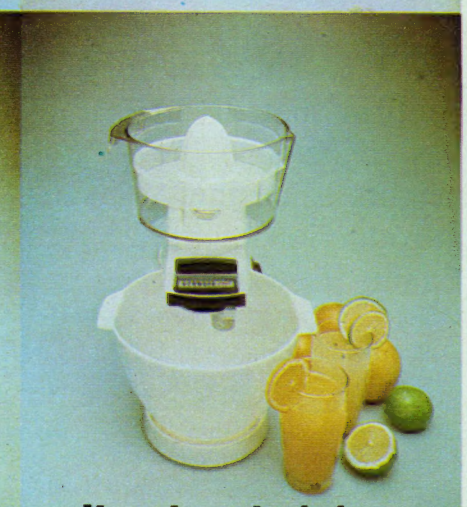

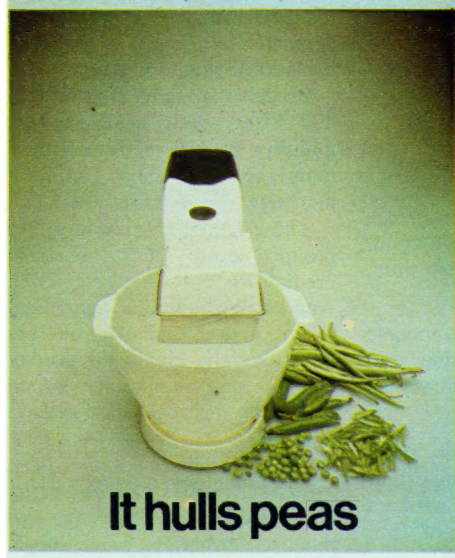

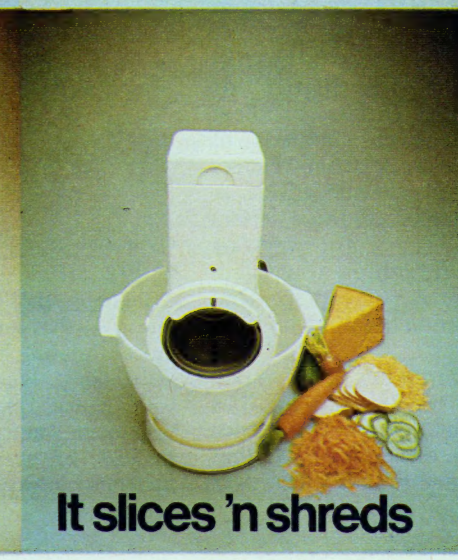

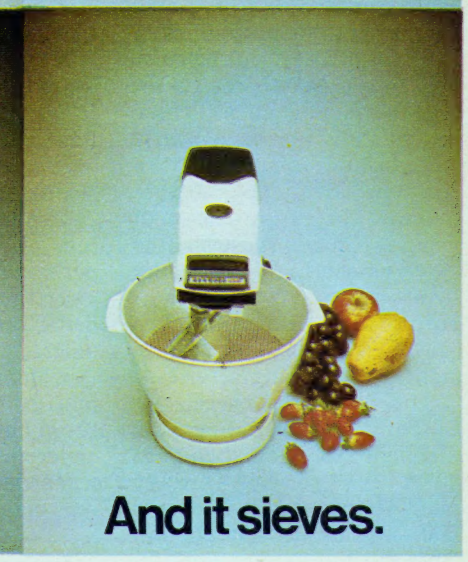

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ZKN1950

Kate Samperi discusses: What's behind our rocketing divorces?

From page 7

An adult immature person is incapable of withstanding stress in any form, whether it is babies, or bills, or in-laws.

He (or she) is unable or unwilling to sacrifice the immediate pleasure for a more worthwhile aim in the future. Responsibility is terrifying and he is incapable of solving problems in a logical way.

And the steps taken by such a person to solve or cope with his difficulties usually will land him into far deeper trouble than before.

Nor is he capable of making the adjustments and compromises which are essential to happiness with another person — who sadly, in most cases, is just as immature and unable to cope with living in an adult world.

Immaturity is normal in a child, a stage of development. The sad fact is that it is not always confined to children and youth, and many people — be they 25 or 55 — have never reached maturity in thought, living, day-to-day encounters, let alone marriage.

'Complete stranger' she didn't like

The respected business or professional man who drinks too much, or refuses to discuss matters of mutual importance with his wife because he doesn't want to face up to what is bothering him as well as her, is immature.

So is the wife who is always tired when it comes to love-making, or who is constantly demanding — literally, like a child.

The woman who wants to have a baby to stop feeling lonely is immature. She wants a baby as a child wants a doll, not as a mature maternal drive.

The man who won't help in the house, even if his wife works, too, is immature. He expects her to do everything for him just as a child expects mother to.

The ability to communicate, to make known our needs and feelings and to understand the other person's viewpoint, is a sign of maturity. Yet this is the very issue on which many long-term marriages fail.

As one reader wrote to me: "I woke up one morning after 20 years of wedded non-bliss and realised I was living with a complete stranger — and what was more, I didn't even *like* him."

As I pointed out to her, she couldn't blame him entirely. What had *she* been doing all those years? For corny as it sounds, it is true that we get back what we put into living, and into marriage.

Marriage is a two-way street. If we are apathetic but expect our marriage to be vital, happy, a grown relationship without constant effort on our part, then we deserve to get nothing out of it and don't merit sympathy from anyone.

Maturity is being able to give freely without expecting anything in return. Maturity is being outward looking and not centred on self, being able to cope with responsibilities and demands, with the rough patches as well as the smooth.

The mature person seems to attract the same qualities to himself, just as apathy and selfishness are contagious, and bounce back, creating a vicious circle of unhappiness.

So there are times when divorce must be accepted — tragically — as the only answer, when to continue the marriage would only destroy both partners.

Perhaps this reality, arrived at honestly, requires the most maturity of all.

Here are some of the sadly typical letters I receive about marriages which have broken down:

Dear Kate,
I am 36, married 10 years and although I hate to admit it, feel my marriage was a terrible mistake. Although it may sound disloyal, my wife is ruining my life and my future which, because of good luck and lots of hard work, is looking bright for me. My wife is a good woman, and I know she loves me and our three children, but honestly, she refuses to grow up. She is 31. When I first married her she charmed me with her simplicity. Now, 10 years later, she behaves in what now shows itself to be a childish, immature manner. I'd even go so far as to say she was stupid. She never reads a newspaper or a book, she's not interested in anything except over-the-fence gossip and her conversation would bore a five-year-old. She refuses to wear the stylish clothes I buy for her, preferring girlie-girlie dresses in garish colours, and insists on wearing her hair in a pony tail. The couple of times we have tried to entertain guests were a complete disaster so now I take business associates out to a restaurant — without my wife. I've tried being patient but enough is enough.

Fed Up

☆ ☆ ☆

I've been married 14 years and I'm fed up with life. If I had my time all over again I'd stay single. Who says marriage is more fulfilling? My husband is a bored and boring partner. He certainly would not get the prize for the best lover of the year, and his general apathy makes you want to lie down and die. He keeps us and pays the bills on time ... that's about all I could say for him. Is that all you expect to get out of marriage or did I just strike a dud?

Diddled

☆ ☆ ☆

I have been married two years and in that time my wife has spent more time with her mother than she has with me. We have a little girl of 10 months whom I adore, but I'm beginning to think she'll grow up believing I'm just a family acquaintance. My wife has left me three times and each time her parents would not allow me to see her.

Unhappy

☆ ☆ ☆

For the three years of our marriage I gave my husband hell and I realise that it was my fault the marriage broke up. I was spoilt and stubborn and used to getting my own way no matter what. Well, I've lived to regret my actions. I am lonely, and the freedom that seemed so desirable has a bitter taste. My husband has remarried and I believe he is happy. I have seen him a few times recently — quite by accident — and I know I still love him and that he is the only man for me. If only we were given a second chance.

Sorry Now

☆ ☆ ☆

I'm sure you get a lot of letters from women who say their husbands make too many demands on them. Well, all I can say is good luck to them! My problem is the reverse. My husband would never make love to me if I did not make advances to him, and even then he does not appear to be very enthusiastic. I am 29, reasonably attractive, and I hope, a normal, red-blooded Australian girl. Honestly, I'm sometimes tempted to have an affair with just anyone although I *do* love him. What can I do?

Frustrated

He has 'nothing' to say

My husband and I just don't seem to be able to communicate. I try talking to him but he always finds an excuse to avoid discussing anything of importance with me. I've tried hard but the only time I've felt close is in bed when we make love, and although I've always enjoyed it, I'm beginning to resent it and feel I'm being used. He seems to be able to talk when there are other people around. We've been married 12 months and I shudder to think what it will be like in 10 years. I've told him how I feel many times and although he's sympathetic and says he'll try, things haven't improved. I'm home all day with the baby and when he comes home he says, "Hello," and reads the paper. He sits and waits for his dinner then switches on the telly. When we go to bed it's either "goodnight" or the same predictable routine before intercourse. Honestly, I feel like walking out sometimes. The only long talks we ever have are when I'm miserable and I pour out my feelings. But I never know how he feels because whenever I ask him what he is thinking he says, "Nothing." I can't remember the last time we laughed or had fun together.

Unhappy Wife

☆ ☆ ☆

Here I am having a holiday to try to sort out my life. I am 54 and am trying to get over the final blow in my life — my husband having an affair for several years. The woman is much older than I and not very attractive at all. I have had years of problems with my husband, financially and otherwise. He is a secretive, deceitful man, yet on the surface very kind and generous. He assures me he will never leave me and that he loves me, not this other woman. He says I must trust him again, yet how can I when I have had years of lies? I am now better off financially than I have ever been. Only one child is still at home and is at college. Do you think it would be wise to stay with my husband? I have had two nervous breakdowns in my life. We have had terrific problems in our family and I have helped my children over them. My husband is inclined to turn away and evade everything. I used to feel he put me in the role of the old battle-axe, but now my three eldest are married it's me they seem to love so much and I know they feel their father is weak. I am afraid of the loneliness of being separated at my age and the financial troubles I'd have. It's terrible to feel some woman is waiting to step into your shoes.

Gemini

☆ ☆ ☆

After giving me a terrible time for five years my husband walked out on me and our four-year-old daughter who is the only joy in my life. He left me in a flat that is too expensive for me, took the little money we had, and disappeared without a trace so he can't be served with a maintenance order. I don't know what to do.

Not Sure

☆ ☆ ☆

My husband is a good man in many ways but at the first sign of trouble, or the possibility of emotional demands being made on him, he withdraws from the situation. My children and I have muddled along somehow over the years but his attitude has hurt me deeply. Do you know what makes him behave this way? Just recently I have had a very trying time with a death, then sickness in the family, but as usual my husband finds himself terribly busy elsewhere. It would be so nice to have a shoulder to lean on, especially now as I am getting older. He wonders why I have lost my affection and respect for him, and sulks like a child. Perhaps the marriage is over — what do you think please, Kate?

Trilby

'One slap is enough'

For the past two years I have been a deserted wife. I have three children, the eldest 14, the youngest only three years old. We were left for an 18-year-old. I have managed the best way I know how to look after my children, working 15 hours a day to do it, but ill-health has now limited my working life. I found where my husband lives and have asked for money. He wants to see the children but I say "No", so he won't send money. I won't let him near my girls. Can I take him to court for maintenance without letting him know my address? It's not that I don't have faith in our laws, but one slap in the face is enough for me. I only want what is legally mine and no more. The beautiful clothes this 18-year-old wears should be on my children's backs, not on hers.

Hurt

☆ ☆ ☆

When I was 16 I was foolish enough to get married. I am now 19 and really regret the marriage though my husband genuinely loves me and our two-year-old daughter. I don't love or have any feeling for him. He is good to me, gives me a reasonable wage every week and we have a nice home. I have never spoken about this to anybody but it is just getting me down. If it weren't for our daughter I don't know what I'd do. She is the only thing keeping us together. If we divorced or separated I'd want her with me, though I know her father loves her, too. Perhaps I'd better mention that although we have been married three years there has been hardly any sexual relationship between us, mainly because I never feel like it.

No Marriage

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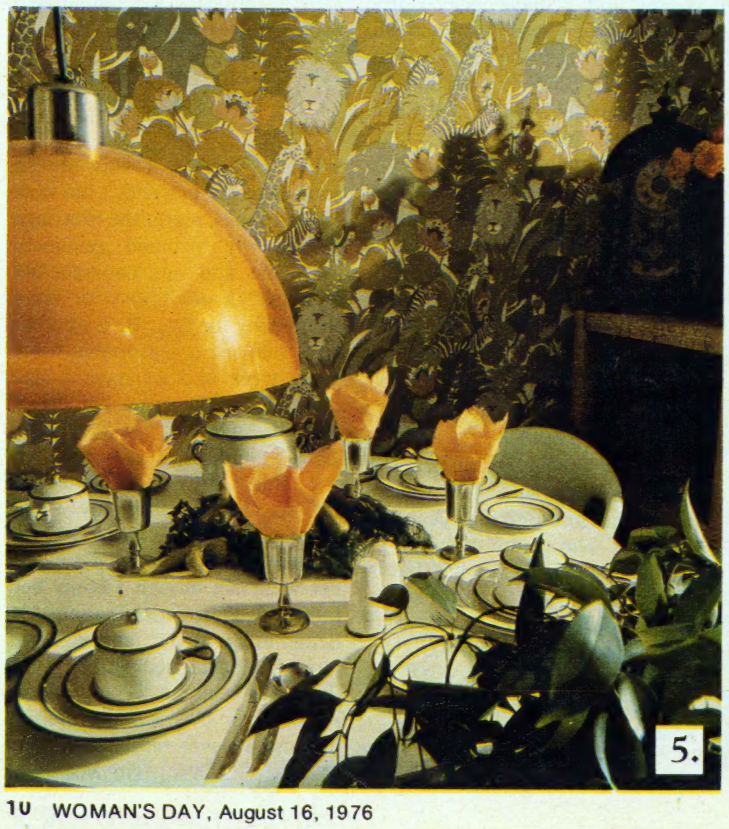

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And it can be whatever you want it to be. A total environment, or simply, a few personal touches, deftly placed. The world's designers have identified the major design styles and trends under all encompassing headings.

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The Greenhouse Feeling: cool, fresh, natural

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A feeling unhampered by hard lines, harsh colours and things artificial.

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You can plant your own personality in any room with Comdec.

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This is The Greenhouse Feeling made easy and practical.

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Persuade a country milk bar proprietor to sell you his ceiling fan. Clutter the room. Or leave it stark.

Please yourself. You're decorating to a feeling.

1. The ultimate greenhouse feeling. Studio one patterns 57047, 57050 and 57044 create a superb effect in this room for about $220.
2. Big bold sun flowers. Lots of green plants and unusual plates give this room the greenhouse feeling. Ora's 57492 B. This room was done for about $75.
3. This shows how easy the greenhouse feeling can be achieved. On the walls is Flock Shoppe, pattern 71184. New covers on the couch and chairs and some pot plants and you've got it. Papering cost about $85.
4. Flock Shoppe, pattern no. 71903 makes this dining room a greenhouse for approximately $144.
5. Super fun jungle paper, friendly animals peeking out from a leafy foliage. Add the accents and you've got the feeling. Paper, is from the Vymura Green book, pattern no. 55041, and costs around $65 for this dining room.

The Greenhouse feeling from Comdec.

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Why ABBA's making millions out of the under 14s

Outside their home country, Sweden, the Abba singers have hardly caused a ripple — with the extraordinary exception of Australia, where they are the most popular pop group of all time. Why here? Millions of Australian kids know the answer.

Four-year-old Julie Denham of Sydney recently woke up her parents and solemnly announced that she was running away to Sweden.

"I still love you and mummy," she told a bemused Kevin Denham, of Lansvale, Sydney . "But I'm going to Sweden to be Anna's little girl."

Anna — for the information of those who didn't buy any of the one and a half million Abba records sold in Australia over the past year or so — is Agnetha Faltskog, the Swedish rock group's blonde beauty.

It's toddlers, or "weenies", like Julie who are a major force behind the group's staggering success in Australia.

On the record front, Abba's single *Fernando* recently eclipsed The Beatles' *Hey Jude* to become the all-time best-selling single in Australian history.

Album sales for the group are by far the most extraordinary in the annals of Australian rock.

Abba's four locally released albums have earned more than 100 gold records.

At 15,000 copies for each gold record, that adds up quickly.

But the Abba phenomenon is not worldwide; apart from Sweden and Australia, the rest of the world is relatively unexposed to the group.

Entrepreneurs have not been slow to recognise the sizable Abba market in Australia.

Promoters, disc jockeys and psychologists say it is the group's clean cut image and simple melodic style that is behind the foursome's extraordinary success with the weenies, tweenies and early teenies.

Clean cut? Well, two of them, Anna and guitarist Bjorn Ulvaeus, are married while Anni-frid (known as Freda) Lyngstad and pianist Benny Andersson have pledged their troth. (Their first-name initials make up the groups name.) Simple and melodic? Just listen to *Mamma Mia* and *Fernando*.

And that is the type of music a lot of parents will be listening to over the next few months with Abba-mania reaching fever pitch again.

A new record will soon be released, a souvenir "explosion" — including T-shirts and cigarette cards — is planned, a Swedish television special will be screened and a concert tour is planned for next March.

Never before has a pop group so totally captured the attention of the kids' market in Australia.

They won the Eurovision Song Contest in 1974 with their self-penned song, *Waterloo*.

Waterloo was a hit in Europe, Australia, Hong Kong and South Africa.

The hard-nosed American market will come under Abba siege later this year when the group makes its first US tour.

A recent university survey on the viewing habits of Australian children produced some startling testimony to the popularity of the group in this country.

Total involvement

In one Sydney primary school class alone, 20 children rated Abba filmclips as their favourite television viewing.

The group has inspired toddlers barely able to write to send off for posters, photos and records.

Every day their tortuous letter-writing efforts pour into the offices of RCA, Abba's recording company.

Psychologist Alan Craddock, from Sydney University, has had first hand experience with the Abba-mania among children.

His four-year-old daughter, Alison, is an Abba buff — she sits in front of the television whenever the group makes an appearance.

Although she doesn't know the lyrics, she sings along with her own version of the song.

Mamma Mia becomes "Memmer Ria", but she doesn't seem to mind. Alison, like thousands of other kids, wears an Abba T-shirt with pride.

Her psychologist dad can't see any harm in the Abba craze, and puts their success down to "accessibility".

"Abba's music is readily accessible to kids — they can understand it and participate in it," he says.

"Heavy rock and classical music are too complex for them to follow.

"I think it's a participation thing for them — it's not much different from *Play School* in that they become involved and have fun."

Veteran Sydney breakfast announcer Gary O'Callaghan is another parent with Abba-loving children.

He's got two daughters, Marita, eight, and Lucy, 10.

"I get Abba from breakfast time till tea," he says.

"Both my girls know all the lyrics and even have a system worked out so they can't miss Abba on television.

"On Saturdays they each watch a different television set on a different channel — when Abba comes on one of them, there's a mad rush from one room to the other.

"I'm pestered to enter all the competitions, I'm asked very nicely to buy Abba records and T-shirts."

Gary O'Callaghan's years of experience in radio have given him a good ear for popular music. He says Abba have made it with the little folk because of their simplicity.

"They don't go in for musical calisthenics, and I think that's what's won them the kids' market.

"Their lyrics are discernible, the melodies are good and they dress very well."

The retail wizards are well aware of the sway Abba holds over the yo-yo brigade.

Future possibilities

Scanlen's, the bubble-gum people, are producing a series of Abba cards, similar to their evergreen footie cards.

Spokesman Bruce Luscombe says: "There can be little doubt that Abba are extraordinarily popular with kids at the moment. We're looking at the possibilities of producing a card series on them."

Reg Grundy's, the sole merchandising and advertising agents for Abba in Australia, have several projects on the boil.

Among them are a T-shirt design with 75,000 advance orders — the Woolworths chain will be among the retailers.

A three-dimensional wall plaque, a pendant, replicas of Abba stage costumes and a book on the group's history will all be on the market before Christmas.

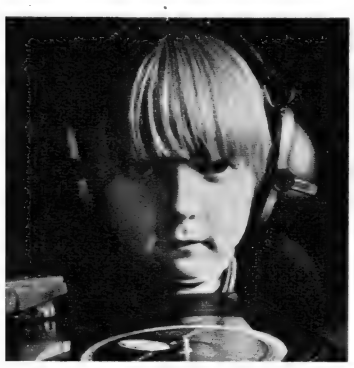
Grundy's spokesman Graham Liney is certain the million-dollar-plus venture will bear fruit.

"All our products are aimed at the 10-14 age group, there can be little doubt that's where the bulk of Abba's following lies," he says.

"The kids have the influence, but it's the mums and dads who have the money.

"I don't think they'd buy Abba products if they didn't like the group themselves."

— **John Grainger**



Fabian Muir, 7, of Toorak, Melbourne, says: "I like I do, I do, I do *best. I'd watch every program where they sing that. I wouldn't mind if they just sang that and nothing else."*

Kristine Zacharko, 6, of Para Vista, Adelaide, says: "I like the words and I dance around. The Dancing Queen *is my favourite."*

James McCarthy, 9, of Jindalee, Brisbane, says: "I just like the sound and you can sing with them. I know all the words."

Donna Thornton, 8, of Karrinyup, Perth, says: "I love Abba because they don't wear make-up and dress up in mad clothes . . . they don't shout and you can hear every word."

Dominic Harris, 8, of Melbourne, says: "I like Benny the best. He has a great beard."

Rebecca Williams, 5, of Rose Bay, Hobart, says: "If they ever come to Hobart they've got to come and stay with us. I like Anna best. She can have my bed."

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JW1146

They're proving that endurance is women's natural strength

The longest distance run by women at the Montreal Olympics was 1500 metres. But evidence mounts that women have greater endurance than men and are better suited to longer races such as the marathon.

By DIANE BLACKWELL
Photographs: Bill Anagrius

ON JUNE 19 two young Sydney women lined up with 95 men in the most gruelling event in the State sports calendar — the NSW marathon championship.

For 28-year-old Georgina Moor, mother of two, the 26 miles 385 yards (42km) was the longest she'd attempted in three years of distance running. And she was the first woman officially to take part in this hitherto purely male event.

"I'll be disappointed if I don't beat some of the men home," she said before the race, which started at St Marys, an outer suburb of Sydney.

Georgina took three hours 13 seconds, and beat 63 men home. The winning time was two hours 29 minutes three seconds.

She'd set herself the target of breaking three hours, but was more than happy just to finish.

Two places behind Georgina came 25-year-old Therese Bell who, in July last year, was the first woman in Australia to break the three-hour barrier for the marathon, though she was not an official competitor this year.

Jacki Hansen, of the United States, holds the world record for the women's marathon — 2 hours 38 minutes 19 seconds.

This time Therese took three hours three minutes five seconds.

She accepted the painful consequences — blistered feet and cramp — without regret because, as she admits. "Running is a habit and I guess I'm addicted to it."

Nine years ago a competitor entered as "K. Switzer" created an uproar in athletic officialdom when, two miles into the historically all-male Boston (US) marathon, she started shedding warm-up clothes, revealing why she had not joined the other entrants in the pre-race locker room.

These days "K", who had the number ripped off her back mid-marathon, can register as Kathrine without fear of reprisal.

Marathon running for women, once called a "lark" and not encouraged because it was believed to cause a "tipped uterus", is now officially accepted, if not encouraged.

It is only four years since women were permitted to run in the marathon, and in the past three years women's times over longer distances have improved phenomenally.

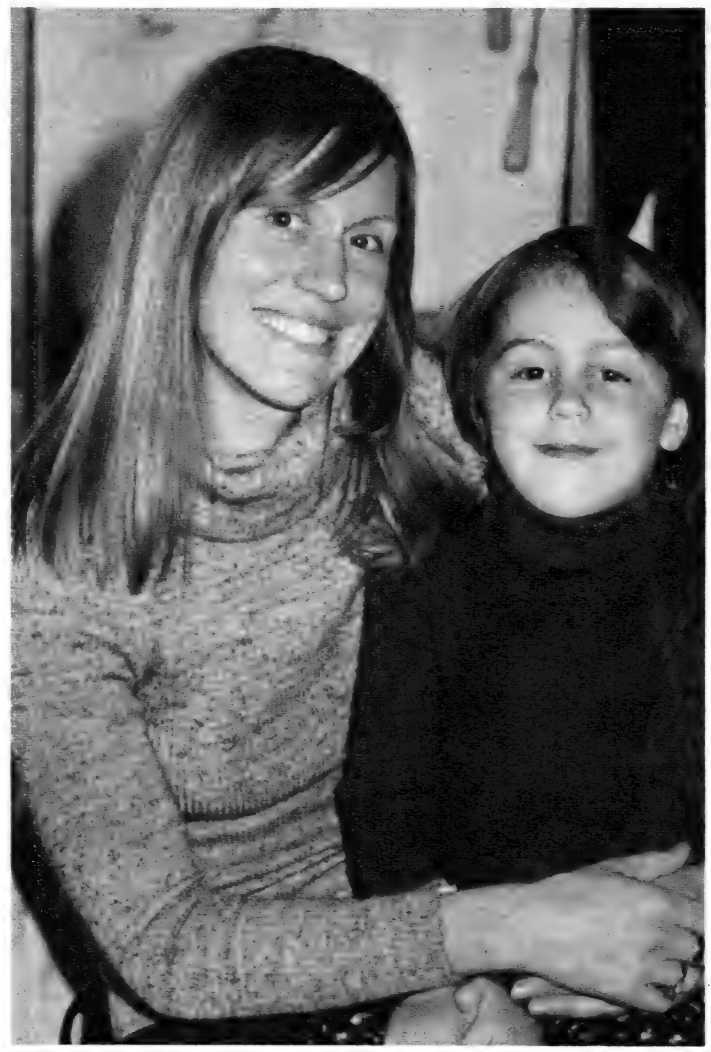
By 1973 more than 90 women in the United States were running the 42km in under four hours, and by 1974 there was a world competition.

Evidence is mounting that the female body is physiologically better suited for endurance races than for short, explosive runs like the 100-metre dash.

"Endurance rather than raw power is the woman's natural strength," Dr Joan Uilyot told physicians attending the American Medical Association's 18th conference on medical aspects of sport.

"Because of his greater muscle mass, the male athlete can outrun the female at shorter distances," she said.

"But in the longer courses, the female's greater proportion of body fat provides greater endurance."



Top: Georgina Moor (in front) in this year's NSW marathon championship. Left: Georgina with her five-year-old daughter, Nerissa, and (above left) lacing her sandshoes before the race. Above right: Therese Bell, "hooked on marathons".

Right. It's official. Women can endure the pace of long runs.

But what drives people like Therese Bell and Georgina Moor — part of a growing band of Australian female marathon enthusiasts — to push their bodies to the gruelling limit?

"I love the freedom, the relaxation of being close to nature," said Therese, a registration clerk for a law firm who trains twice daily — in Sydney's Royal Botanic Gardens at lunchtime, and on the golf links near her parents' home at East Lakes after work.

"I run for my own satisfaction and enjoyment. I find it's a great way to release tension and aggression."

Therese, who at 15 represented NSW in cross-country competition, and got her start in athletics at the age of nine (she joined her father and brother as a member of a local men's athletics club), has tried several times unsuccessfully to give up distance running.

"I feel a much better person — physically and mentally — after pushing myself to the limit."

"It takes a lot of mental discipline to overcome the tiredness and exhaustion. Your legs get really leaden and cold, and you need plenty of willpower to keep going.

"Winding down mentally after a race is difficult, too. It can take hours."

Therese chooses a song to suit her pace and tries to establish a comfortable rhythm in her running as the tune churns over and over in her mind.

Most evenings she covers from 10 to 24 kilometres (often upsetting her mother's meal times), a solitary figure on the golf course because "it's hard to find anyone who'll run so far with me".

But running is only a hobby for Therese. "I never want it to control my life," she said.

"I'm an extension of a jogger, running when time allows. My other activities — learning guitar, studying art at night school — are just as important.

"I don't have a trainer because I want the freedom to work in my

Page 17, please

Kids who "won't eat" miss out on the important vitamins their growing bodies need.

One good way of replacing these lost vitamins is with multivitamin supplements. But most children's multivitamin supplements don't taste so good. Which means kids give them a miss too.

Except for Paladac.

Paladac tastes the way kids like things to taste. Paladac tablets are fruit flavoured and chewable. And Paladac liquid has the tangy taste of fresh oranges.

Paladac multivitamin supplements help keep 'em full of beans when they're busy growing up.

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Just a country girl with no big ambitions, but . . .

She shocked the city TV channels

By TINA HARRIS

Photograph: Gianni Marzella

Doctor of Philosophy and Sociology, member of the Australian Broadcasting Control Board, senior lecturer at the centre for study of educational communication and media at La Trobe University, Melbourne — the titles don't prepare you for her.

Dr Patricia Edgar seems too young and unassuming to fit the weighty roles.

She almost seems to have mastered the art of doing two things at once. Recently while preparing for a three-week study tour of China she was also dealing with the fire triggered by the Broadcasting Control Board's release of a Program Standards Committee report. She is chairman of the committee and although the report included some comparatively low-key recommendations about subjects like children's television viewing habits, part of it was interpreted as a suggestion that we could do with one less television channel in our capital cities.

The shock waves from the media and general public hit back at her and she found herself the centre of a wild controversy. She took it quietly, logically, step by step and by the time she returned from China the waves were a ripple.

Dr Edgar is a country girl, brought up in Mildura, Victoria, and educated at the local high school. Her career had unpretentious beginnings with a Bachelor of Arts degree and a Diploma of Education from Melbourne University which equipped her for her first job — teaching in Geelong.

She says she had no career ambitions.

She married Don Edgar, also a teacher at the school, and settled down to have children and live happily ever after.

But after Susan, now 13, and Lesley, now 11, were born she was "bored beyond belief".

"What drove me mad for two years was the feeling that if I *did* get out of the house and do something, the kids would suffer. I worried a lot about it, then it became clear that *I* would suffer if I didn't." So she started. She became secretary of the English Teachers' Association in Melbourne. Then she took her Bachelor of Education by correspondence, and lectured at the Council of Adult Education. Next a Masters degree at Stanford University in the US.

That's how she busied herself while Don, now a Reader in Sociology at La Trobe, took his doctorate there.

For her own doctorate she wrote on children's perceptions of violence in films and on television.

"There's so much hoo-ha and myth about the way kids see violence," she said. "They're more likely to relate to something which is part of their personal experience — family life, for instance.

"Take the Road Runner! He gets pulverised over and over again, but keeps popping up. Because he reappears children aren't upset.

"Kids of 12 or 13 find a movie like *Picnic at Hanging Rock* more disturbing than *Jaws*. *Hanging Rock* is sinister and it's real. It leaves kids wondering. The evil is unexplained."

More useful role

She thinks television could play a much more useful role in the lives of children who appear to be TV addicts.

"Often they watch TV simply because it's a way out of trying to relate to real people, and this is something they find difficult. We need programs that initiate activity. There is one in England called *Why Don't You Turn Off Your Television And Find Something Else To Do?* It tells kids what's on around the place to do, tries to give them some community awareness."

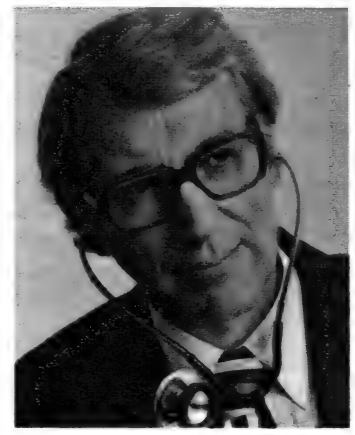
If there is one thing she can jump on to a high horse about, it's discrimination of any sort. She is a member of the new Anti Discrimination Bureau in Victoria.

For women, all she wants is equal chances, but she says being as good as a man is often not good enough. Too often a woman has to be better than a man to get equal recognition.

At 38, she's achieved a lot for a woman who started her working life with no career ambitions.

'The less medication I take the fitter I seem to be'

Dr Wright explains why he doesn't "pop pills", discusses the reasons why some doctors over-prescribe, and offers an alternative form of therapy.



by Dr James Wright

I DON'T take drugs, as munching up a handful of tablets every day could not make me feel better, or healthier.

And it's appalling to read the latest reports of the way Australia is slowly drugging itself into a stupor.

For example, we're already leading the world in the per capita consumption of analgesics — the headache pills that are swallowed in enormous quantities daily. One result is that we have the world's highest rate of analgesic nephropathy (a serious kidney disease caused by overconsumption of aspirin and APCs).

The nation must be riding on a sea of perpetual tranquillity, judging by the volume of tranquillisers consumed annually. In one year the number of prescriptions for diazepam (the chemical name for a widely used tranquilliser) nearly doubled, from 2.4 million to 4.6 million. This cost the taxpayer a cool $6.6 million.

Not too far behind was nitrazepam, the current top of the popularity poll for sleepers. This came sixth in the list of the most widely prescribed drugs with nearly 1.5 million scripts written.

'Patients have become very demanding'

The latest figures from the NSW Health Commission for 1974-75 show that pensioners, who form nine per cent of the population, are prescribed 45 per cent of all psychotropic drugs issued under the NHS. These include all tranquillisers, anti-depressants and sedatives, both barbiturate and non-barbiturate.

The cost for all this medication is stupendous. But even more terrifying is what it is doing to our nation; what it is doing to our brains.

The Medical Journal of Australia recently published a leading article that I find considerably disturbing. It reports findings made by the NSW Health Commission on the drug scene in Australia.

It showed that in one year the average Australian spent $120 on alcohol, and $50 on tobacco.

The other distrubing part indicated that 11 per cent of Australian adults take analgesics daily. Between five and 12 per cent of urban youngsters currently smoke pot, five per cent currently use stimulants, and from one to four per cent currently take hallucinogens (the drugs that "send you").

Antibiotics are prescribed for complaints that don't warrant any medication at all. Fluid pills, for high blood pressure and heart disease, are downed by women trying to lose weight — a totally useless function. Powerful anti-arthritis pills and capsules are prescribed for minor aches and pains when they do little more than nauseate, run the risk of producing stomach ulcers and possible blood disorders.

I like my system to be intact, free from masses of unwanted chemicals, and I do not take any pills unless I'm really ill. And I've missed two working weeks only due to illness in my professional working life.

I attribute this to sensible living, getting adequate exercise and rest, sticking to sensible eating habits and drinking lots of simple fluid such as fruit juices and plain old water. Moreover, I don't smoke or drink.

There is no point in blaming doctors for over-prescribing. Today's patients have an amazing knowledge of drug therapy, and they can accurately and intelligently discuss a wide range of therapeutic products.

Most medicine bottles from the chemist now bear the name and strength of the contents. (When the prescription is endorsed "NP" by the doctor, the chemist is being instructed to reveal the nature of the prescription in print.)

The enormous amount of material in the media effectively educates most people on medication, new forms of treatment, and the current drug scene.

Thus, patients have become very demanding. They come in and ask for an antibiotic ("The red and white ones, I support St Georges"!;"The white and yellow ones"; etc). They demand sleeping pills and sedatives and tranquillisers.

Many doctors make a stand and declare (in essence): "Keep quiet. I'm boss. Take this."

But patients generally won't be talked to in this way any more. With their freedom of choice many will trot off to the next doctor. Sooner or later they will gain what they seek.

Many doctors find it too time-consuming to try to educate every second patient who enters the surgery, particularly as most do not want to be educated. They want their script and nothing more.

Patient demand is a major factor in creating today's massive drug bogy. It is getting worse, as the official figures demonstrate.

The official medical journals are forever cautioning their doctor readers to ease up on the prescription of sleeping pills and tranquillisers.

In recent years there has been a major swing from the barbiturates to the benzodiazepines. The latter are much safer and accidental death from overdose is extremely rare, but the result is that enormous quantities are being prescribed.

'Mixtures that are disasters in disguise'

With the added effect of alcohol, drivers and machinery workers become disasters in disguise.

In the past several years I have found a new way out of the drug merry-go-round. Medical hypnotherapy can offer extremely effective relief to large numbers of patients who would normally be prescribed sedatives and tranquillisers.

It is possible to get a person completely off drug medication with this simple and very rewarding form of therapy.

Hypnotherapy takes time, but I've found that the results are extremely rewarding. The "weaning off drugs" is extremely effective, and most patients really appreciate the benefits once they have tasted them.

Those with "nerves", the jitters, pre-examination tension, stage fright, sleeplessness and nervous habits, such as twitches, tics and stuttering, can all benefit.

Asthmatics do extremely well, especially the younger age group ones. Cases of bed-wetting in children, migraine, menstrual tensions often respond effectively.

The smokers and the overweight can also benefit, but they are more difficult.

Phobias, such as fear of travelling in planes, lifts, cars, or being in confined spaces, respond well. Many skin disorders and rashes respond as well.

Sex problems can often be successfully treated, and many women now have their babies under hypnosis.

Many doctors believe the future of medicine lies not in the greater use of more powerful drugs, but in the simple relaxation methods that medical hypnotherapy involves.

Sensible living, healthful habits can do much to make life happier. You will be freer from illness, and the need to take medication will be greatly reduced. Then you won't need to persuade your doctor to write more pills and potions, as you will not need them.

'Future hope is in relaxation not in pills'

For more information about medical hypnotherapy, send a self-addressed envelope to the Australian Society for Clinical and Experimental Hypnosis, PO Box 586, Chatswood, NSW, 2067. This society is affiliated with the Australian Medical Association and is composed of legally qualified doctors, dentists and psychologists.

From page 15

own time. Besides, you learn from other people's experiences."

Therese doesn't have a special diet. Just average, home-cooked meals and moderation in everything.

Although she wasn't in top form for the State marathon, having competed in only four club races compared to 12 last year, Therese didn't want someone to break her Australian record without at least being in there trying.

Fellow competitor Georgina Moor, determined not to run herself into a delirium (not uncommon over long distances) in first marathon eagerness, had planned to do about six minutes 40 seconds to the mile — until her watch broke.

Still, she averaged just under seven minutes and felt terrific after the race.

Georgina, who owns and manages a sports shop at Randwick, uses running as an outlet for emotional stress.

"When I'm annoyed or upset about something I run, letting my body take over.

"Running is also the easiest way I know of keeping fit. My legs feel really strong and my bronchitis has eased."

Georgina represented New South Wales in cross country events as a junior, then gave up distance running and got fat.

Now she's slim and runs 26 kilometres to relax.

She trains alone, and her diet tends towards the vegetarian, with lots of cheese, eggs, and salad.

Therese and Georgina run with men (*never* against them) because there's not enough competition in women's marathon events, and because women's athletic clubs are too binding with regulations.

"The men treat us as fellow competitors and offer encouragement when we're doing well," said Therese. "After a race we all have a cup of tea and a chat."

Then it's home for a long, luscious bath!

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She wants to stay on in the old home

with Kate Samperi

My husband is due to retire next year and lately he's been making plans which have upset me very much. We have lived in the same house in Sydney for 30 years and I always thought I'd leave only when they carried me out. He used to say he could never leave it, either. Now he has come up with the idea that he wants to sell up and move to the Queensland Gold Coast where he can fish and swim all the year and, as he puts it, be on a permanent holiday. I think he's mad. Our children are all married and living in Sydney, and we have seven grandchildren whom we love. Our friends are all here and I don't want to move. But I don't want to make him unhappy. What do you think?

Uprooted

Of course you're right — and so is your husband! After living so many years in the one place it would be not only difficult but foolish, too, to leave everyone and everything you know and love and begin all over again. Some have tried it and adjusted quite well; others have found it a traumatic, depressing experience. On the other hand, your husband's need for change and the stimulus of different surroundings is also understandable and should be indulged. Why not compromise? Could you rent your home for six months or a year and go on an extended holiday? After a time he may be the first to want to go back home . . . or *you* may become an inveterate globetrotter. Whichever way it goes, you will have had a chance to adjust to his retirement. And so will he.

She's pregnant again despite her promise

I have been going steady with this boy for three years and we always said we'd get married after he finished his electrical apprenticeship. Last year I fell pregnant but as I knew we couldn't marry I had an abortion. Now I am pregnant again. But this time I want the baby and so does he. I've never forgiven myself for getting rid of the last one. My problem is that my mother and father will kill me. They were so good to me last year and I gave them my word it would never happen again, but it has. My boyfriend and I want to get married as soon as possible but the only thing stopping us is that I'm scared to death of telling my parents about the baby. What can I do?

Second Time

There's no doubt in my mind you wanted that first baby very much, so, as is often the case, abortion was not the easy answer it appeared to be. You got pregnant again to fulfil this need of yours. Just remember that no one can force you to have another abortion. The only way to tell your parents is to go to them *with* your boyfriend and tell them. Perhaps the fact you want to marry will make the news a little easier to take. I hope for their own sake as well as yours that they will accept what can't be changed and give you the support — and love — you need especially at this time.

Vasectomy sharpens husband's demands

Three months ago my husband had a vasectomy as we already have four children and don't want any more. Can you tell me what side effects this operation has on a man? From the normal, considerate man my husband was before he had it done, he has now turned into a sex maniac. I find excuses not to go to bed until I think he's asleep, but he seems to be ready and waiting. I feel like leaving home. What do you think is the matter with him?

Tired Wife

There are no side effects that I know of, but then, no two people react in exactly the same way to anything. Perhaps your husband was restraining his natural inclinations because he was afraid of adding to your family. Now that the fear has been removed it has given him a new lease of life! Or perhaps at the back of his mind there is now another fear — that because of the operation he is not quite the man he was. In making love to you he is seeking to prove to himself and to you that he is still virile and capable — and willing. What he needs from you is the assurance that in your eyes he is still the greatest lover in the world. Once you have convinced him of this he'll probably settle down to a more realistic pattern of behaviour and the second honeymoon will be over.

He's tempted to give in — and be seduced

My problem may surprise you because it is the opposite to some you usually answer. I am a 24-year-old male and my girl is forever inviting me to her home unit which she shares with another girl (who is never there when I go). My girl cooks delicious little dinners, we eat by candlelight, there's always soft music, and I'd swear she was trying to make me seduce her. But I don't want to. I'm not ready to marry yet and although I have nothing against sex, this girl told me she was a virgin and I like her too much to take advantage of her. You see, Kate, I consider myself a gentleman and try to live up to my own standards. But I'm finding it more and more difficult to restrain myself under the circumstances. In fact, I'm very much tempted to give way to my feelings.

Tempted

It's good to see that gentlemen as a race are not quite extinct. But it's a shame that you have so many wrong clues. Do you realise that the poor girl probably starves for a whole week to save up for those delicious little dinners for you? And I'm sure she's not trying to strip you of your virtue, but merely showing you how well she would look after you, how she would grace your home and your life. In other words, she is thinking of romance, and relating to each other and caring, and *you* reduce all this delicate, beautiful effort on her part to one motive: sex. Maybe because that is what is on your mind despite your restraint? Nevertheless, you sound like an admirable young man. Look, why not talk candidly to her? She may want to continue the friendship despite your resistance to marriage — or she may not. If you have no intentions, honourable or otherwise, and if you are afraid for your virtue as well as hers, move out of her life and let her cook those cosy little dinners for some nice cad who will appreciate them and end up marrying her.

Personal sex problem embarrasses her

My problem is driving me insane. I am 25 and have been married for a year. My husband and I are very much in love. My problem is that before I was married I used to masturbate and can remember doing this for some time. I always thought that when I married it would stop, but it hasn't and now I'm worried because it is affecting my marriage and I'm terrified my husband will find out. I am too ashamed and embarrassed to talk to him about it. Please print this in your column. We both read your page and often discuss different problems that are published. It could give me the courage to speak to him about it.

Too Ashamed

To begin with, stop feeling so guilty. Masturbation is not the ideal way to express your sexuality but it is not the terrible crime you seem to think and is more widely practised than you know. Regard it simply as a stage of development towards more mature sexual activity. You probably began it to relieve sexual tension as well as for the erotic pleasure it gave you, and now it has become a habit. Try to develop interests away from yourself, interests in which you can become absorbed, and which make you feel worthwhile. Once you begin to think positively about yourself, you'll find you no longer need to masturbate. Throw yourself wholeheartedly into your lovemaking with your husband. If you still cannot overcome your habit, I suggest you seek counselling to find out the reason.

Friendless, she cries from loneliness

My dearest wish is to have a good friend. Everyone has at least one, but I don't have any. I am not a loner and really like people and need them, so I am quite depressed. I just can't work out why I have no friends as I always try to be friendly when I meet people for the first time. I tell myself I don't care, but I do. I'm married with three children and I'm so lonely while they are at school that sometimes I just sit and cry. I would appreciate any advice you can give me.

Friendless

The old saying "To have a friend, BE a friend" may be a cliche by now, but it still holds true. Even in this age of instant everything, however, you can't develop friendship overnight. It must grow and mature gradually through mutual interests and genuine liking and affection. The idea, then, is to become involved in activities where you meet and make several acquaintances and hopefully, a friend or two, in due course. Unfortunately, it is not something you can force or hurry along. If you are too intense and eager you turn people away. It frightens them. Just be friendly, show you enjoy their company, be helpful if they need it, don't gossip or be bitchy about anyone and stop worrying. If your liking for people is genuine, it will come through and you'll find they'll like and take to you. Stop all those tears and join the Mothers' Club at your children's school tomorrow. The young mothers I see involved in that activity are the happiest I know. You have asked for my advice and I've given it: now only *you* can break the terrible pattern of frustration and loneliness by making things happen.

She's afraid of a third jilting

I'm 22 and have been going out with a man of 25 for six months. I love him very much but I'm afraid of losing him. I'm not sure how he feels about me although he does seem to care. I've been jilted twice before. The first time wasn't so bad, but after the second I swore I'd never fall in love again. Then I met my present boy and couldn't help myself. I don't want to upset him by giving him up, but I'd hate to be hurt again. How can I prevent this from happening?

Third Time Lucky

By playing it cool, that's how. You can let this man know by your behaviour that you like and admire him; you can laugh at his jokes and enjoy his company — but for the time being, anyway, forget that you are in love with him. You're just good friends, and you can stay that way, if necessary, for years. Telling everyone (including yourself) that you have fallen heavily and uselessly in love may bruise your heart again, so avoid it. Think of it this way: by now you would have had two failed marriages if fate hadn't luckily let you be jilted instead. Learn from experience and don't be so intense. This time maybe you won't frighten the boy away by getting too serious too soon.

Briefly . . .

Mrs G. H.: It's time you faced up to life. Burying your head in the sand is no way to save your marriage.

Mrs Janet McD.: I think you must be honest and tell your husband. You may be surprised at his understanding reaction.

Miss O. Kennedy: Put your point of view firmly to your parents — I'm sure they'll help.

Mrs N.F.: Try looking outwards and getting yourself involved in clubs or hobbies. It will help.

BELOW: Rambagh Palace in Jaipur, India, now a luxury hotel, was once the home of the Maharajah of Jaipur. Veenu, left, wears a cotton smock dress printed with vegetable dyes and based on a traditional Rajasthani print. Neena is in a skirt hand-printed in vegetable dyes and matching muslin top. The girls are models.

TOP: Panelled skirt in traditional style is worn with a matching muslin top. The long tan dress is cotton and hand-printed. Both are from the Anokhi range. Musician is a bhopas (from a community of musicians) and he's playing a rahavanta, a very old Indian instrument made of horse hair, goat-skin and coconut shell.

ABOVE: Veenu in an 8th century elephant temple on the outskirts of Jaipur. Her stunning circular skirt is printed with vegetable dyes, worn with a muslin top. Everything is hand-made.

LEFT: Rajasthani print tops have Western features to team with jeans. They'll be at Handicrafts of Asia shops.

India's traditions in every stitch . . .

East meets West in hand-made fashions

By NENE KING in Jaipur, India
Photographs by Gianni Marzella

The Indian woman, her lined brown face partly hidden by a sun-yellow muslin veil, sits cross-legged in front of a spinning wheel, her tiny son gently nuzzling into her bare breast.

Nearby, a handsome young boy with strong, brown arms and large, penetrating brown eyes works swiftly at his shuttle loom using the yarn from the mills of Jaipur, in Northern India. There are younger boys, too, smiling shyly, as they rhythmically work their looms.

Outside the stone house, women in bright saris, oblivious of the stifling heat, swing down the narrow dusty road, carrying hand-made brass pitchers.

Thin dogs sleep in shady corners, pigs caked in mud scurry past, and haughty camels lope down the winding alleyways.

Beautiful children with toothy smiles, in quickly increasing numbers, stare wide-eyed at the flushed, sweaty-faced visitors, clicking cameras.

The village is Bagru, 24 kilometres west of Jaipur, in Rajasthan, the desert State the Indians call the land of princes, where temples dating back to the 8th century still stand among scattered ruins, and cyclists in the cities dodge sacred cows and gaily painted elephants meandering through the bustling bazaars.

Bagru is a typical small village of this area, where a roughly finished road lined with wild date palms and indigo trees leads to rows of tiny open shops where craftsmen, using the same skills Indians used hundreds of years ago, make leather shoes, tie-and-dye garments, lacquered jewellery, and print lengths of cotton with hand-carved blocks and vegetable dyes.

The heart of India is the small villages where more than 70 per cent of the country's 550 million people live.

These village communities have always been the centres of the crafts of India.

ABOVE: Veenu at the well at Bagru, India. Hand-printed wrap skirt is teamed with a hand-printed muslin shirt. Veenu hopes to come to Australia in August. LEFT: Fabric is printed with a hand-carved block and vegetable dyes. BELOW: Neena (left) and Veenu put on traditional Indian make-up.

The Bishop's daughter

Bagru's real prosperity lies in the printing craft, which expanded with the help of an Indian called Jitendra Pal Singh (John), son of the late Rao Chandra Pal Singh, who worked with the then Maharajah of Jaipur, and his English wife Faith, born in India (her father was the Bishop of Nagpur).

The Singhs and their two children live in Jaipur and run a flourishing cottage industry from a factory behind the house they rent (see next page).

Now cottage industries also prosper in the small stone houses of some of the nearby villages, particularly Bagru. The village has a future through the contract work the Singhs give out. The finished products — soft hand-printed muslin tops, long kaftans, patchwork skirts, tie-and-dye circular skirts with matching tops, quilted vests and dozens of other beautiful garments, mainly made from vegetable dyes — are shipped out from the Singhs' factory at a rate of between 8000 to 10,000 garments a month, to Monsoon shops in England and to Trade Action in Australia.

This company has retail outlets, Handicrafts of Asia, in Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide and Perth, and sells handicrafts and hand-made clothing from developing countries.

It is owned by Community Aid Abroad which pours the company's profits back into specific overseas projects — aid to self-help projects at the village level in agriculture, health, vocational training, family planning and village industry.

The Anokhi and Handicrafts Exhibition sponsored by Trade Action opens in SYDNEY on August 16 to August 21 at Centrepoint: and in MELBOURNE from August 25 to August 31 at East End Market, in Bourke Street. It will include a photographic exhibition by Gianni Marzella, who has just returned from India.

Faith and John Singh and their two children are in Australia for the exhibition and have brought a blockmaker and a printer from Jaipur to demonstrate their ancient Indian arts. They will talk with Australians interested in the handicrafts of India, particularly the famous crafts of Rajasthan.

NEXT PAGE:
How Faith and John Singh created a flourishing cottage industry in India.

Clothes from bedspreads . . . now

Faith's designs make work in India

Faith Hardy Singh has a special love for India, the country that she has made her home. And she shows her concern in a very practical way . . . she and her husband, John, have set up a local industry that gives its people what they most want — work.

Faith Singh is a lively, intelligent English woman who married an Indian seven years ago. She seems to have come to terms with India, even though she knows that there are hungry children who will die before they reach adulthood, and that people bed down on the pavements at night.

But Faith isn't interested in listening to people talk, with passing concern, about India's "starving millions". She wants them to provide employment, not charity, and, through a company called Anokhi, set up in 1967, she and husband John are providing work for more than 500 people in Jaipur, and in nearby villages.

"We only involve ourselves in the most labour-intensive methods of production and avoid any mechanisation that would reduce labour."

Faith is sitting, her legs tucked under a long tie-and-dye wrap skirt, on a low sofa in the Singhs' living area on the ground floor of their two-storey house on the same block as their factory.

She serves lassi (yogurt mixed with water and sugar) and occasionally talks in Hindi to the servants in saris and the children who live nearby and spend most of the day wandering around the Singhs' house.

Faith and John have two children, Pritam six and Radha four, and are expecting a third early next year. "I suppose we are not setting a very good example in India," Faith laughs.

Her parents, both missionaries, had a long and loving relationship with India. With their five children they lived mainly in the Central Provinces at Nagpur. When Faith was only two years old, just after Independence in 1947, her father, the Bishop of Nagpur, decided to take his family back to England where Margaret Faith Hardy — she has always been called Faith — grew up with her two brothers and two sisters and eventually went to Sussex University to study French.

Above: Faith and John Singh, with their children, Pritam, six and Radha, four. Left: The villagers in Bagru, 25km from Jaipur, do contract work with cotton from the Singhs' factory (below) in the city.

After three years she decided to live a life of "total freedom" on Formentera, an island off the coast of Spain.

She made clothes out of Indian bedspreads and sold them locally. Then she drove overland, with two friends, to India and arrived in Jaipur in 1967.

Textile printing

At the end of a year, after quickly picking up Hindi, finding tailors and talking to textile people, Faith set up a small printing works, producing hand-printed fabrics, in traditional Indian designs.

In 1969 Faith and John were married and moved into a rented house on Hudhishtra Marg, a converted poultry farm, on the road that leads into Jaipur.

Faith and John set up the tailors on the first floor, and had the printers working in the garage. Faith's brother Luke, who lived in England, sold her garments at local market stalls in Cambridge and eventually took a case of samples to London.

Libertys of Regent Street bought six of her quilted range for its Eastern Boutique. *Vogue* magazine gave the range a two-page spread and Peter Simon, an Englishman interested in importing, opened a Monsoon Shop in London's fashionable Beauchamp Place. The Singhs now have five shops in England, and have expanded trade to Australia, through Trade Action, who have Handicrafts of Asia shops in most Australian capital cities.

Left: A lunch break in the open air for women workers in the Jaipur factory. They work from 9 am to 5 pm.

"We didn't know whether we wanted to handle a market as big as that," Faith explains, "but we gave it a try and started producing simpler ranges for Australia and contracting much more work out. Now we have hundreds of people working for us. They have their own establishments and are their own bosses. They are working in their own situations, but everything is dictated by us."

John handles all the administration, and Janet Wood, based in London, does all the designing in close touch with Faith, who also handles production and quality control.

"It's extremely satisfying work, but there can be enormous stresses. If we can't provide the people with work, we know there will be no food in the house, no basics. I feel I have a sense of responsibility," Faith says.

Two years ago Faith set up a Children's Garden Play School behind her home, and helped her husband set up a special health scheme for the people working at the factory. She wanted to encourage the workers to go to Jaipur's impressive new hospital, "not those quacks in dirty side alleys". The company reimburses all medical expenses to employees who attend the hospital.

In her own small, but effective way, Faith Hardy Singh is helping to educate and give work to the people she loves. "India is my home," she points out. "I would like to see it become a better place for its people."

— NENE KING

Photographs: Gianni Marzella

"It's here. A carpet tough enough to cook on."

BABETTE HAYES

'Good-n-Tuff' carpet

BY HARDING

LB3 8141A

"Good-n-Tuff carpet copes with

BABETTE HAYES

It takes a remarkable carpet to cope with kitchens. But that's exactly what new Harding 'Good-n-Tuff' carpet is — remarkable. It's the pile, first of all, that makes it so different. It's nylon, but very tightly looped. So, although it feels soft, it's more resistant to wear and spills. (Even a messy spill blots up easily.) And it's blissfully comfortable underfoot because of the thick, built-in foam rubber backing. As to the design-dyed patterns and colours, they're simply beautiful — everything you'd expect from Canada's most famous carpet maker.

SPILLS blot up easily with 'Good-n-Tuff' Carpet. Pattern: 'Le Mans'

WEAR — the special pile is built for it. And 'Good-n-Tuff' comes with Manufacturer's Guarantee. Pattern: 'Neo Classic'

SO EASY TO LAY — you can even do it yourself. Pattern: 'Palermo'

QUIET AND COMFORTABLE — easy on your feet. Pattern: 'Riva'

LESS BREAKAGE problems, too with 'Good-n-Tuff'. Pattern: 'Chelsea Tile'

LB3 8141 B

anything a kitchen can dish out."

EASY CARE — no washing, no polishing! Just vacuum. Pattern: 'Palisade'

SOILING — Scotchgard Carpet Protector helps resist it. Check for the Scotchgard stencil on the carpet backing. Pattern: 'Chroma'

NO UNDERFELT NEEDED — 'Good-n-Tuff' has its own thick foam rubber backing. Pattern: 'Regal'

BURNS OR DAMAGE — patching is easy, economical, and next to impossible to spot. Pattern: 'Club Check'

LOTS OF BEAUTIFUL PATTERNS to do any kitchen proud. Pattern: 'Frontenac'

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'Good-n-Tuff' carpet

BY HARDING CARPETS LIMITED

LB3 8141C

Helena Rubinstein/the science of beauty.

LB3.7843

The great Australian beauty hazard, dappled skin.

Unretouched Medical photographs.

Even at the tender age of four, the first signs of dappled skin can appear. Patches of pink-to-brown skin that spread, darken, as the years go by. Tell-tale signs that Australia's UV light (the most intense in the world) is damaging your skin, discolouring it. But at last there *is* a solution to this very real dermatological problem.

FACE PROTECTOR by **Helena Rubinstein**

If your eyes are darkish, dappled skin may never be a problem. But if your eye colouring is pale, check your face, neck and shoulders in the mirror. The intense UV rays of the Australian sun may have already caused patches of pink-to-brown dappling on these more delicate, exposed skin areas. Not only discolouring it, but helping to rob it of the moisture that keeps it soft, smooth, young looking.

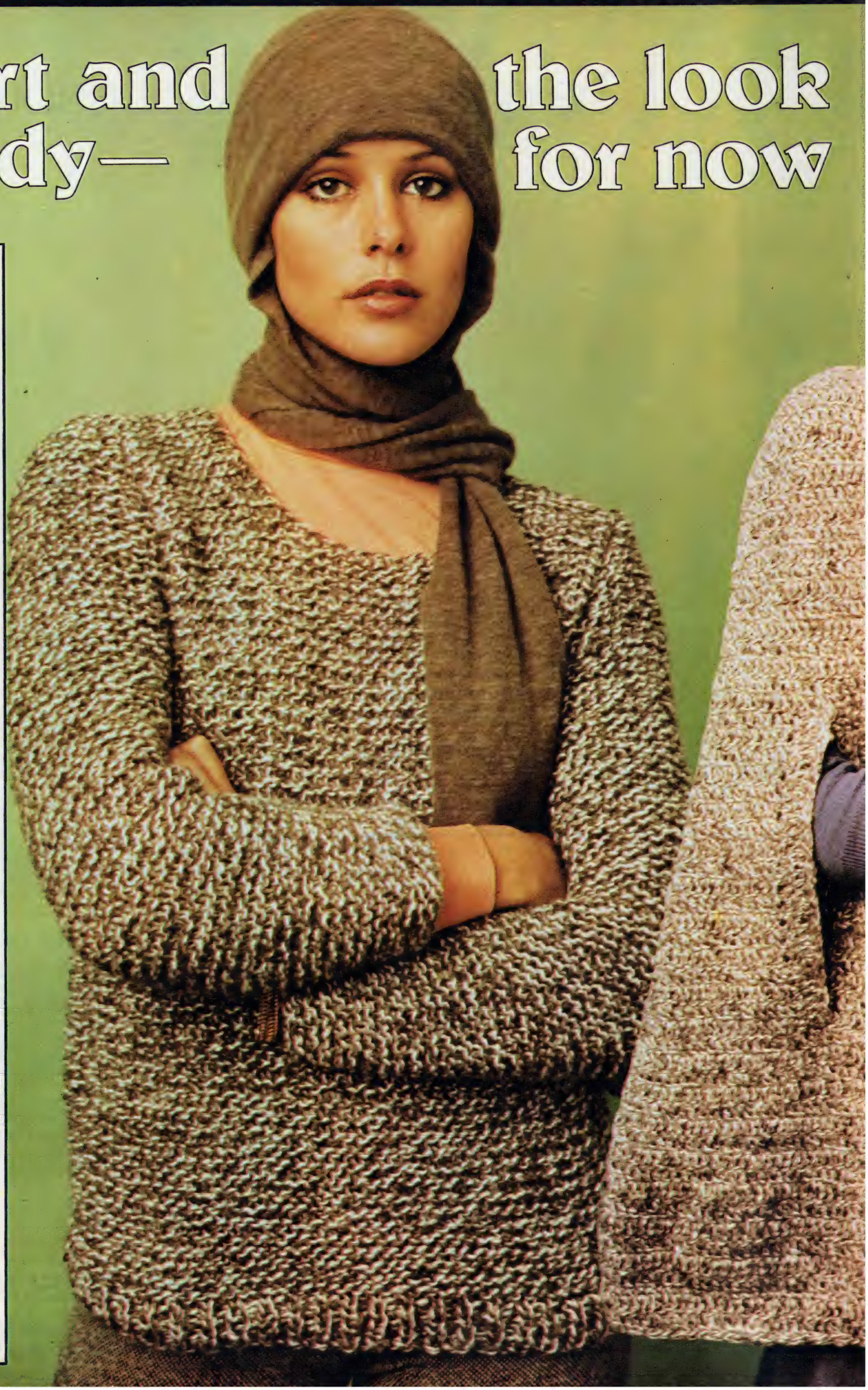
The Science of It.
After years of dermatological research, Helena Rubinstein has created Face Protector. Applied every day—every single day—beneath your moisturiser (on your face, neck and shoulders), Face. Protector will actually help absorb the sun's damaging, discolouring UV rays, yet still allow your skin to tan.

The Beauty of It.
Also within the superfine film that is Face Protector is yet another protector—exclusive milk protein (ferments lactiques)—to help hold the vital moisture that keeps your skin from becoming dry, rough, prematurely lined.

If your eye colouring is pale you could be in the "high risk" area for discoloured, dappled skin. We believe you owe it to yourself to invest in Face Protector.

Skin Dew At last the solution FACE PROTECTOR

Smart and tweedy— the look for now



GARTER STITCH SWEATER

At right

MATERIALS: Cleckheaton Berber 13 (14, 15) balls pr size 0 needles; No 5.50 crochet hook.

MEASUREMENTS: Garment size 85 (90, 95)cm — 34 (36, 38)in. Length 57 (57.5, 58.5)cm — 22½ (22¾, 23)in. Sleeve 43cm (17in).

TENSION: 6½ sts to 5cm (2in) on size 0 needles or needle size to give correct tension.

BACK

With pr No 0 needles, cast on 54 (58, 62) sts. Work in k1 p1 rib for 6 rows. Change to garter st. Cont until work measures 38cm (15in).

Shape Armholes: Cast off 3 sts at beg of next 2 rows. Dec 1 st at each end of next and every row until 42 (44, 46) sts rem. Cont until armhole measures ★ 19 (19.5, 20.5)cm — 7½ (7¾, 8)in.

Shape Shoulders: Cast off at beg of every row 6 sts twice and 6 (7, 7) sts twice, then rem 18 (18, 20) sts.

FRONT

Work as Back to ★ 10.2cm (4in) ending on wrong side row.

Shape Neck: k15 (16, 16) sts, cast off centre 12 (12, 14) sts, knit to end. Cont on last 15 (16, 16) sts, dec 1 st at neck edge on each alt row until 12 (13, 13) sts rem. Cont until armhole measures same as Back ending at armhole edge.

Shape Shoulder: Cast off at beg of next and foll alt row 6 (6, 6) sts once, then 6 (7, 7) sts once. Fasten off. Return to rem sts, join yarn at neck edge and finish to correspond with other side.

SLEEVES

With No 0 needles, cast on 32 (34, 36) sts. Working in garter st inc 1 st at each end of 15th and every foll 10th row until 42 (44, 46) sts. Cont until sleeve measures 43cm (17in) or length required.

Shape Top: Cast off 3 sts at beg of next 2 rows. Dec 1 st at each end of next and each alt row until 10 sts rem. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press work lightly on wrong side. Using small back st join shoulder seams, sew in sleeves, join side and sleeve seams. **To finish:** Work 1 rnd dc around neck edge.

CROCHET CAPE

Pictured centre

MATERIALS: Cleckheaton Berber 24 (26) balls, size 4.50mm crochet hook, 4 buttons.

MEASUREMENTS: To fit 81 — 86 (91 — 96)cm, 32 — 34 (36 —38)in, bust, length 81cm (32in).

Page 34, please

Any one of these three garments by Cleckheaton will take you to the top of the fashion parade. The crochet cape and easy to knit sweaters are made in Country Spun or Berber wools, and as the pictures show they're all super smart.

IF YOU DON'T OWN ANY OF THESE, YOU PROBABLY HAVEN'T BEEN TO A TUPPERWARE PARTY IN OVER TWO YEARS.

Illustrated: **1.** Servalier Bowl Set **2.** Tea & Coffee Canister Set **3.** Jumbo Bread Server **4.** Thin Stor **5.** Jel-A-Ring **6.** Jam Dish Set

While you've been busy using and enjoying the Tupperware products you own, we've been busy thinking up bright new ideas. Like the Jel-A-Ring . . . what a professional turn-out! That's only one of our recent items. You can see many new Tupperware items demonstrated in a relaxed, informal atmosphere of a Tupperware party, daytime or evening. It's a great way to meet and make friends. Phone your nearest Tupperware Distributor for more information.

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TUPPERWARE®

ALA/TW/76/4

You never know

She was forced to break the rules to discover he loved her. A short story by GRACE KEVAN

The woman's broad, work-reddened hands with the short-cut nails moved quickly, spreading bread with peanut-butter and honey which she cut into long fingers and arranged in a pattern on a large plate.

Today she would tell him they were the spokes of a wheel. Yesterday they were logs for a fence, and the day before that, cut in shorter pieces, they were bricks. She liked to see his rather solemn little face light up with interest when she asked him to imagine what the after-school snack had become while she was preparing it for him. The first time she had done so he looked baffled, drawing back from her as though he was afraid he might be punished for failing to understand, but after she had explained the rules of the game he entered into it wholeheartedly, making such wildly improbable guesses that the game ended with him falling about with laughter while she chuckled at his antics.

He said nobody had ever played that game with him before, even his real mother who had been much too busy going to work to keep him without wasting time on after-school snacks, let alone making up stories about them. But, he had added quickly, in case his loyalty was in question, his real mother always played with him when she had the time, and he had shot a quick, anxious glance at the woman to see if she believed him. She wished that, just for once, he had left his real mother out, without trying to share every little thing with her, even if she was too far away ever to know.

Next page, please

"If you want your hair to look really good.... you'll need to maintain 4 natural balances essential for healthy hair."

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BBD—12

From previous page

The bread and butter was arranged, the orange juice and the milk ready to pour when he had made his choice between them. Sometimes, very daringly, he asked for both, and he always waited with bated breath for her to reply, not really believing even yet that he could have both just by saying so. That had never happened at his other home, he had told her, visibly impressed.

In the past six months he had grown and put on weight. His cheeks were rounder and the sun had tinted them a soft gold, not quite so dark as his arms and legs, but nevertheless a rich, warm hue which looked even darker under his thatch of straight, blond hair. Given a little more time and care and attention he would become a handsome little boy, but he needed to learn to smile more readily before this would happen.

Already there was progress. He no longer woke in the night crying, or groped his way to her bedside to make sure she was still there. The first time he had done this she had been startled out of sleep to see the dim outlines of his small figure beside her and, without even asking why he was there, she had lifted the blankets and drawn him into the circle of her arms where he had fallen asleep again almost immediately. Next morning, as soon as he woke, he had slipped away to his own room as though nothing had happened, and neither of them had mentioned it until it had happened several times; then at last she had asked him if he were lonely in his own bed. After a moment or two he had said he had been looking for his real mother and his expression had discouraged further questioning.

She still remembered the sharp pang his words had given her. Not that she expected him to forget his mother right away, but she had hoped he might have been turning to her at last, and not clinging to the memory of the woman who had abandoned him. It placed her at a disadvantage to have his real mother always in the background, a shadowy figure with whom she must compete for his love and trust.

Everyone had said that, at her age, she must be out of her mind to undertake the upbringing of one so young, and a boy at that, and sometimes, when nothing she did seemed to go right, she had secret doubts about the success of their relationship but she did not allow them to interfere with her chosen course. In order to familiarise herself with the pitfalls that might be encountered in bringing up a child, she had read every book and article she could find that would shed light and give direction in the training and care of the young; but had only succeeded in muddling her own thoughts on the subject.

There was one opinion though which seemed to be universally held and that was that children should not be slapped. The books all said that corporal punishment was demeaning to both parties and so, no matter how badly he behaved, she never allowed herself to be provoked into physical retaliation.

Instead, when he was naughty, she treated him coldly, explaining carefully that bad behaviour made him unlovable and he must learn that there were rules that must be obeyed before he became an acceptable member of the household. Not that this brought about the required change for the better or even repentance, far from it. It sometimes seemed to her that he became even more aggravating, but she persevered, using sweet reason when her whole being ached to administer a sound smack to release the tension between them. This morning, for example, when he had dawdled and drooped through his preparations for school, was impudent when asked to hurry and openly hostile to all her arguments and pleas.

The clock struck the half-hour with its usual wheezing bang, startling her from her reverie. For the first time he was late home from school, not very much, but enough to take her to the window to look for him along the street. The shadows of the trees were lengthening, the houses drowsed in the late summer warmth and the street was as empty as though nobody lived there at all. She waited, watching the corner he would turn, wondering why he was delayed but, as yet, she did not worry. It was twenty minutes later before that happened.

Where could he be? She looked at the clock again, and checked it against the one in the front room, but there was no mistake, he was thirty minutes late and for a seven-year-old that was a long time. She left the window and went to the door, as though she could see more clearly from that vantage point and when there was still no sign of him she left the house and went to the front gate.

She remembered how sharply she had spoken to him that morning and how he had looked at her under his lashes as though he hated her. Surely he had not run away? Her heart lurched at the thought. Or perhaps he had been hurt in an accident? But someone would have told her by now, wouldn't they? Perhaps he had been kidnapped or attacked by some mentally deranged person, one heard of these things every day. She dared not to leave the house in case someone came bringing news, and she would not be there to hear it.

She went back inside again and to the window; then out again to the

Is there room in your family for one more?

Meet Kem...

She's four and one of the fortunate ones. She was on the verge of becoming a statistic. One of the 10,000 who die of malnutrition every day.

But World Vision took her in along with 100,000 other helpless little children. They are being cared for under the World Vision Childcare Sponsorship program. Kem has hope in her innocent eyes. Kids respond to love and security.

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It's hard for us in Australia to understand what Mahatma Gandhi meant when he spoke of the "eternal, compulsory fast". Each of us eats about three pounds of food a day. Enough food goes in the garbage tin to keep a whole family alive in the Third World.

More children die of malnutrition than all other man-made or natural disasters combined. They die, one at a time, in their personal world of suffering. But there is hope. If they die one at a time they can be saved one at a time. And that's where you come in.

Help release one more child like Kem from the cruel cycle of poverty, hunger and death.

World Vision can put you in touch with one of these children in a few days. Your sponsorship of $12 a month (39 cents a day) will provide a turning point in the life of a boy or girl.

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WORLD VISION CHILDCARE

World Vision is an international Christian humanitarian organisation founded in 1950. The Australian office opened in 1966 and is autonomous in its operation. World Vision of Australia is the nation's largest non-government development aid body.

gate, her thoughts becoming wilder with each passing minute. She took off her apron and put on her other shoes, ready to dash to the waiting ambulance or police car, and all the time she listened and prayed, "Dear God, don't let anything happen to him. Please God, dear God, let him be safe. Send him home quickly, God, please. Please?" She smoothed her hair, holding her temples to muffle the sound of her pulse beat and went to the window again.

At the corner a small, slow figure drifted aimlessly towards her, taking a pebble and tossing it at a fence post, stopped to look at something in the grass, loitering dreamily, and she felt a surge of relief. Her mouth and brow relaxed and as she ran to the gate she began to smile. "He is safe, safe, safe! Thank you, God, oh, thank you!"

She watched him drawing closer. But where has he been? That's what I want to know, taking his time as though he had all night and me half out of my mind with worry!

His pace quickened a little when he saw her waiting but his face was secretive, his eyes wary. She asked why he was late and, with elaborate negligence, he said he did not know and made to push past her as though it was a matter of no importance. She felt a great wave of anger rise within her. All the frustrations, the anxieties, the self-doubts exploded into a great balloon of rage. Seizing him, she flipped him neatly over her knee and slapped him hard with her open palm. And as she slapped him she told him through clenched teeth that she had had about enough of his nonsense and if ever he was late home again she would take a strap to him, so just remember that in future.

Her wrath spent, she let him go and they faced each other. He was not crying but his face was red and he was breathing quickly' her eyes, too, were wide, but with horror, for she now realised the enormity of what she had done. She turned away to hide the tears she could feel swelling up behind her eyes and went swiftly to her bedroom where she could weep alone. It was all too much for her to bear. She had tried and tried and now, with one emotional outburst, everything was lost. She sat in the old rocker covering her face with her hands and abandoned herself to an orgy of shame and self-condemnation.

All the books had warned her, all her friends had told her that she must have infinite patience and be unfailingly gentle, but she was too old-fashioned, too set in her ways to be able to withstand the first serious challenge to her authority. In allowing herself the luxury of indulging her own feelings she had lost every bit of ground gained in the campaign to be a real mother to this waif and presently she would have to make a new beginning handicapped by the knowledge that what had happened once could well happen again.

She heard him coming along the hallway, treading carefully and breathing heavily, and she dabbed her tears away fighting for the composure to face him.

He came to stand beside her holding in his hand the plate of bread and peanut-butter, his eyes peering anxiously from a face twisted into worried lines. His voice was hesitant and doubtful but something in his tone, which had nothing to do with his words, offered a promise. "Would you like orange juice or milk or both?" he asked. ●

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Jean Nidetch – founder of Weight Watchers.

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You'll appreciate that we just haven't got room to list all our telephone numbers. So if your town isn't here, and if we're not yet listed in your phone book, call us at the nearest above number. And reverse the charges!

And another nice idea. Why not enquire about a Weight Watchers health week at Weight Watcher's own Motel, the "Hoylake" in Leura.

WEIGHT WATCHERS

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FROM CHEMISTS AND STORES

MO9858/276

From page 28

TENSION: 4 tr and 2 rows to 2.5cm (1in), 4.50 hook or size hook required to give correct tension.

NOTE: 3 ch at beg of row count as 1 tr.

BACK

Beg at neck edge. Make 56 (60) ch.

1st Row: (Right Side.) 1 tr in 4th ch from hook, 1 tr in ea ch to end. 54 (58) tr.

2nd Row: 3 ch, 2 tr in next tr (1 tr inc) 1 tr in ea tr to last 2 tr, 2 tr in next tr, 1 tr in last tr. Rep 2nd row 7 times more.

Next Row: 3 ch, 1 tr in 2nd tr and ea tr to end.

Next Row: As 2nd row. Rep last 2 rows 20 times (110, 114 tr). Work 6 rows without shaping. Fasten off.

Shoulders. 1st Side: Right side facing, working along foundation ch of back into lower loops, miss first 5 (6) ch, join yarn with sl st in next ch, sl st in next 2 ch, 1 dc in next 3 ch, 1 half tr in next 3 ch, 1 tr in next 3 (4) ch. Fasten off.

2nd Side: Miss next 20 ch for back neck, join yarn in next ch with sl st, 3 ch, 1 tr in next 2 (3) ch, 1 half tr in next 3 ch, 1 dc in next 3 ch, sl st in next 3 ch, fasten off.

RIGHT FRONT

Beg at neck edge, make 20 (22) ch.

1st Row: 1 tr in 4th ch from hook, 1 tr in ea ch to end. 18 (20) tr.

2nd Row: 3 ch, inc 1 tr, 1 tr in ea tr to last 2 tr, inc 1 tr, 1 tr in last tr.

3rd Row: As 2nd row.

Shape Neck. Next Row: Make 12 ch for front neck, 1 tr in 4th ch from hook, 1 tr in next 8 ch, 1 tr in ea tr to last 2 tr, inc 1 tr, 1 tr in next tr. 33 (35) tr. Inc 1 tr at side edge on every row 5 times more, then every 2nd row 6 times. 44 (46) tr. Work 1 row, ending at side edge.

Arm Opening. Next Row: 3 ch, inc 1 tr, 1 tr in ea of next 12 (14) tr, turn.

Next Row: 3 ch, 1 tr in 2nd tr and ea tr to end.

Inc 1 tr at side edge on next and foll alt rows 7 times more. 23 (25) tr. Fasten off.

Right Side Facing: Rejoin yarn in 3rd tr from arm opening, 3 ch, 1 tr in ea tr to end, front edge. Work 16 rows without shaping.

Next Row: 3 ch, 1 tr in 2nd tr and ea of next 26 tr, 2 ch; 1 tr in ea tr to side edge. 51 (53) tr.

Next Row: 3 ch, inc 1 tr, 1 tr in ea tr and ch to end. Inc 1 tr at side edge every alt row to 58 (60) tr.

Work without shaping until front measures same as back, fasten off.

SHOULDER

Right Side Facing: Working along foundation ch miss 1st ch, join yarn in next ch with sl st, 3 ch, finish as 2nd side of back.

LEFT FRONT

Work to correspond with right front reversing shapings.

TO MAKE UP

Press lightly on wrong side. Join side seams.

RIGHT FRONT BAND

Right Side Facing: Join yarn at lower edge with sl st, work 1 row dc along front edge to neck, turn.

Next Row: 3 ch, 1 tr in 2nd dc, 1 tr in ea dc to end.

Next Row: 3 ch, 1 tr in 2nd tr, and ea tr to end.

Next Row: 1 ch, sl st in ea tr to end, fasten off. Work left front band to match.

NECKBAND

Right Side Facing: Join yarn at right front edge with sl st, work 79 dc evenly round neck edge.

Next Row: 3 ch, 1 tr in 2nd dc, and ea of next 12 dc (dec 1 tr, 1 tr in next dc) 6 times, 1 tr in ea of next 16 dc (dec 1 tr, 1 tr in next dc) 6 times, 1 tr in ea dc to end. (67 tr). Work 1 row tr, then 1 row sl st.

LOWER BAND

Work as for front bands.

ARMHOLE EDGING

Right Side Facing: Join yarn in 1st tr at top of right front armhole opening, 1 dc in joining st, 1 dc in next tr, work dc along underside (side edge side) of opening, 1 dc in ea tr at lower end of opening, 1 row dc along upper side (front edge side) of opening, sl st in 1st dc, turn.

Next Row: 3 ch, 1 tr in 2nd dc, 1 tr in ea dc to lower end of opening (working on upper side of armhole edging only).

Finish as for front bands.

Work left front armhole opening to match.

TO FINISH: Join ends of armhole openings to cape. Sew on 4 buttons spaced as required on left front band. Use spaces between tr as buttonholes.

ROLL-NECK SWEATER

Pictured above

MATERIALS: Cleckheaton Country Spun 20 (21, 23) balls main colour (M), 3 (4, 4) balls contrast colour (C); pr No 4 needles.

MEASUREMENTS: To fit 81 (86, 91)cm — 32 (34, 36)in bust, length 67 (69, 69)cm — 26½ (27, 27)in, sleeve 43cm (17in).

TENSION: 15 sts to 10cm over st st, No 4 needles or needle size required to give correct tension.

BACK

Cast on 65 (69, 73) sts with (M), purl 1 row, knit 1 row, p 2 rows. Change to C, work 2 rows p, 1 row k, 1 row p, 1 row k. ★ Using (M) work 3 rows k, 1 row p, 2 rows k. With C work 2 rows k, 1 row p, 1 row k. ★ Rep from ★ to ★ once. Using M k 1 row, p 2 rows. ★★ Cont with M and st st until work meas 46cm (18in), ending p row.

Shape Raglan Armholes: Cast off 3 sts at beg of next 2 rows, then dec 1 st ea end of next and foll 4th rows until 51 (57, 61) sts rem, then ea alt row until ★★★ 23 sts rem, all sizes. Leave sts on holder.

FRONT

Work as back to ★★★ 37 (37, 41) sts rem.

Shape Neck. Next Row: K2 tog, k9 (9, 11) k2 tog, turn.

Next Row: Purl. Cont raglan dec every alt row, at the same time dec 1 st at neck edge every row 4 (4, 5) times more, then cont raglan dec only until 2 sts rem, work 2 tog, fasten off. Leave centre 11 sts on spare needle, work other side to match.

SLEEVES

Using (M) cast on 33 sts, work as back to ★★, at the same time inc 1 st ea end of 11th and foll 8th rows to 45 (47, 49) sts, working in M after patt rows, cont straight to 43cm, ending p row.

Shape Raglan Top: Cast off 3 sts at beg of next 2 rows, dec 1 st ea end of next and foll 4th rows until 27 (29, 29) sts rem, then on alt rows until 7 sts rem, leave on holder.

NECKBAND

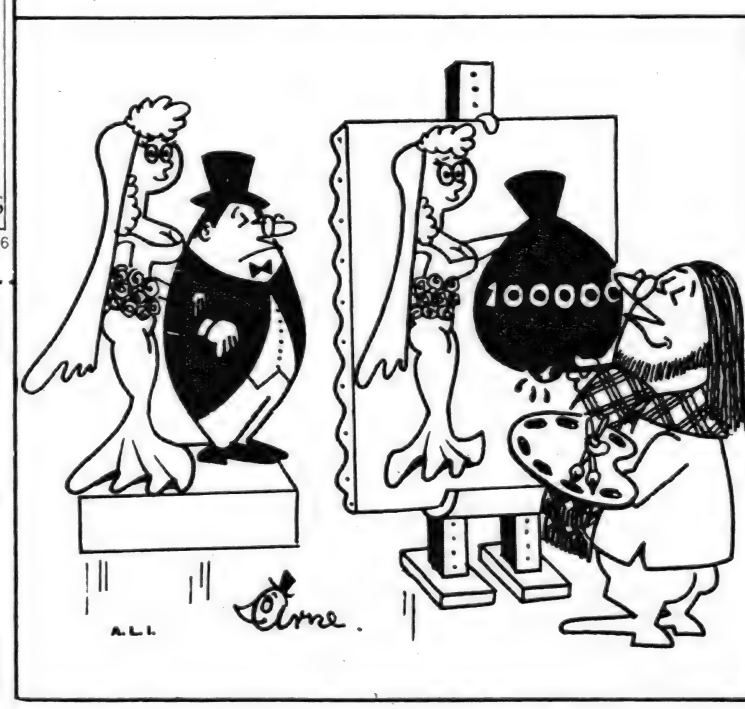
Join all raglan seams, except left back, right side facing using M pick up and k 74 (76, 78) sts evenly round neck edge, work in k 1, p 1 rib for 6cm (2½in), ending wrong side row. Beg k row, cont in st st until work meas 10cm (5in), ending k row.

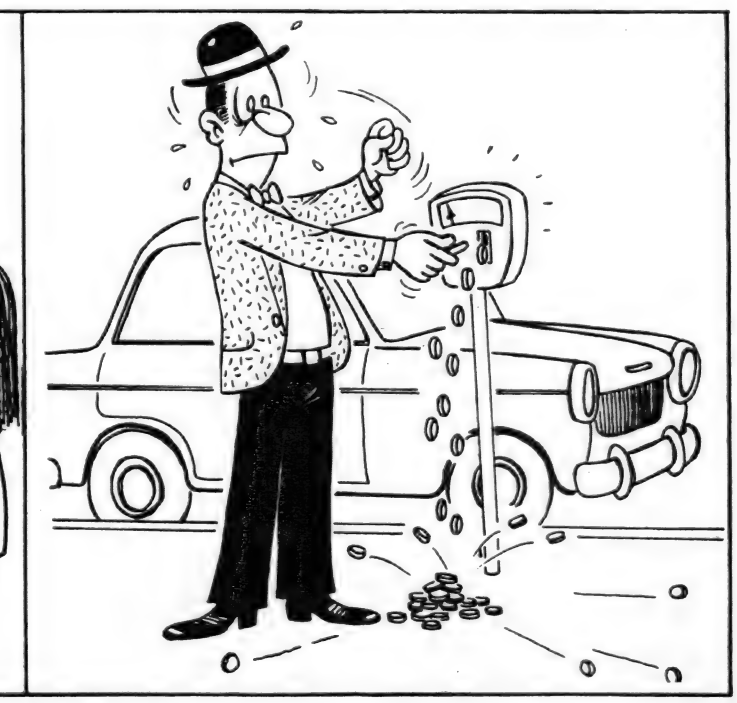
Next Row: K. Change to C, k 2 rows, p 1 row, k 1 row. Change to M, k 3 rows, p 1 row, cont in st st until work meas 15cm, ending k row, k 1 row, cast off loosely on next row.

TO MAKE UP

Join raglan seam and neckband, reversing seam at end of ribbing on neck band, fold band to right side. Join side and sleeve seams.

ARE YOU THAT COSMOPOLITAN GIRL?





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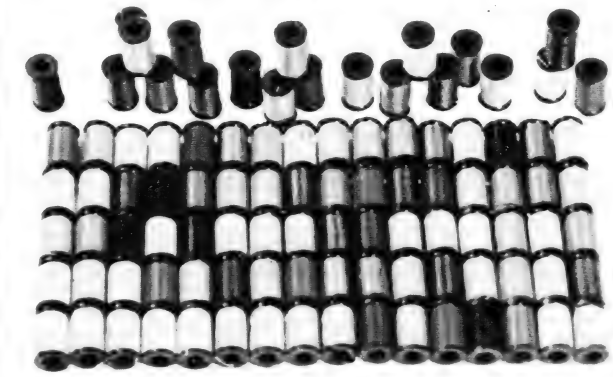

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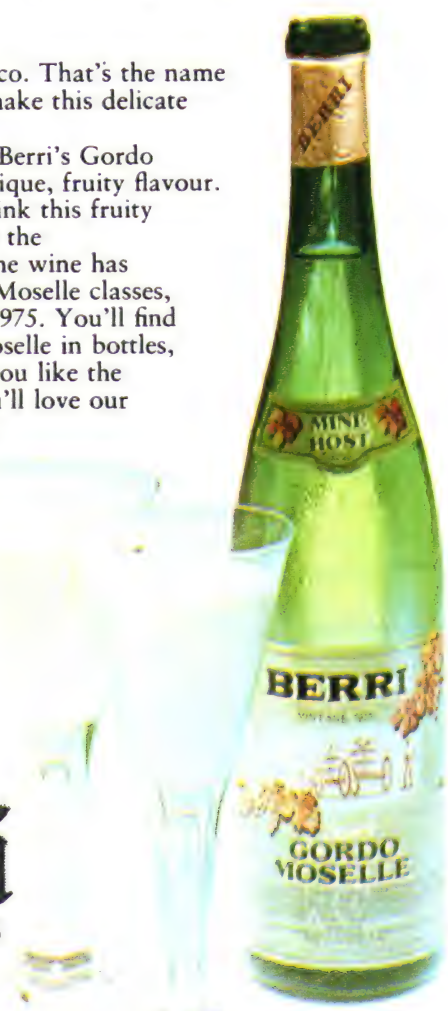

Berri
QUALITY WINES

serial

Smouldering

There was celebration for Claire and Martin, but for Amy there was heart-break ahead in this far-off place . . .

THE STORY SO FAR

AMY DELATOUR, a shy and unattractive senior high school student in Connecticut, USA, lives with her hardworking widowed mother and French Canadian grandfather, in a flat above a delicatessen. She is a misfit among her fellow students because she is secretly more interested in the past than the present. She is subject to spells of "dreaming true," as she calls it, when she goes back in time and identifies with her ancestor, ANGE-MARIE (which is her own baptismal name, too), a girl of Amy's age who on the eve of her wedding was tragically torn from Paul, her bridegroom, when their settlement of French Acadians in Nova Scotia was brutally destroyed and its members driven out into exile in 1755.

A young English teacher, MARTIN STONE, and his friend, CLAIRE, a doctor of philosophy, try by psycho-hypnosis to free Amy from her frightening visions of the past.

Then MAC WILTON, the most popular senior student and athlete of the high school takes Amy to a hockey match. Afterwards they go on to a discotheque, with a party of Mac's friends, where Amy feels out of place and withdraws into her own thoughts. The tablecloth catches fire and Amy reacts violently, going into a trance which dismays the others, who do not know about her strange aversion to a naked flame of any kind. Mac takes her home, only to be confronted by another crisis. "Grand-pere", whom Amy adores, has had a heart attack and is being taken by ambulance to hospital.

Martin and Claire persuade Amy's stern mother to allow Amy to remain temporarily in their care, though they do not say that they hope to help her face her fears through further hypnosis. Amy, back in the past again, goes through the distressing time of the "Cajuns" exile in 1755 and to the horror of Martin and Claire the skin of Amy's

Fires

Continuing ANYA SETON's novel

body, face and hands takes on the appearance of severe burning and blistering, which is linked to her fanatical fear of fire, originating it seems in some experience of Ange-Marie two centuries ago. The condition does not respond to physical unguents and they seem unable to find the right mental approach to free Amy from past tragedy.

NOW READ ON

Martin and Claire talked in the kitchen for over an hour. They talked of Amy and the hints she had given, either from her dream life, visions, or hypnosis. They tried to piece them together and Martin, who had been up extremely late two nights running, finally said, "Look, Claire. I'm bushed. I don't really know what we're dealing with, but you can't get around those blistered hands and scorch marks on the face. We both saw them. In the meantime, we'll be fresher after some sleep. All I know is that nothing that either of us was taught seems quite to apply."

Claire gave him a wan smile. "There's got to be a natural explanation," she said. "Or a set of coincidences."

"Explain it any way you can," he said. "But we'll have to try for more clues."

They went together and carried Amy into the bedroom, put her on the left of the big bed. The girl did not stir, her face and hands were still scarlet, and when Claire tried to make her comfortable — though she did not undress her — she saw that the girl's thighs had also turned an angry red. Then, just as Claire pulled the covers over her, with Martin watching, Amy spoke in the sad dragging whisper, "Tryon's Raid. General Putnam was visiting the Bushes ... before he went to the tavern ... the Tories, those cowboys ... they had masks ... they were devils ... they *wanted* to kill. Nobody to help."

"That make any sense to you?" Claire whispered. "Cowboys! The Wild West wasn't even known then". She felt Amy's flushed brow and then her pulse. "She does not seem exactly feverish — except all those awful red welts. We'll *have* to get a doctor tomorrow."

"I'm afraid so," said Martin. "But I know a little of Greenwich history. General Tryon's raid was towards the end of the Revolution up here — 1779, I think. He was British of course, and a brave old Yankee called General Israel Putnam was here defending Greenwich, when he saw from a tavern window the Redcoats marching on the Post Road from Port Chester. Putnam barely escaped by galloping his horse helter-skelter straight down that hill near the high school to get help from Fort Stamford. The Redcoats fired, but were afraid to follow that crazy route. The hill was much steeper then. Old Put got reinforcements and became quite a hero. Greenwich is full of things named after Putnam."

"You're maundering, dear," said Claire. "And Amy's been seeing too much TV. It's all ridiculous ... Go to the living room and I'll take care of her until the morning."

The rest of the night passed without incident. They all slept, Martin and Claire deeply, but Amy, without benefit of her usual incantation from Longfellow's *My Lost Youth,* suddenly began to "dream true."

It started as always with happiness, walking down the little street in Grand Pre, smelling the fresh loaves in her basket, hearing the clack-clack of her wooden sabots on the haphazardly cobbled road, hearing the melodious notes from St. Charles's Church ringing the first angelus. She paused a second for the prayer and crossed herself. She saw ahead beyond the church the lush apple trees around Paul's home. They were loaded with fragrant blossoms, for it was June. She was burning with excitement, a tinge of shyness, and great desire for the coming moment when she would see Paul, whom she would marry next week.

Always after that the dream jumbled into disbelief, fear, anguish, and no details, but on this night, lying next to Claire in Martin's bed, the dream went on.

Now it was the golden light of early evening. She and Paul were sauntering hand in hand along the dirt road beside the borrowed oxcart; it was loaded with furnishings for their home — a plough, stools, iron kettle, piles of blankets, a loom. By the day of the wedding all their goods would be in place and waiting.

It was then that Mishadoga came, suddenly appearing from among the pines to the south where they bordered the road. "Hola!" cried Paul in surprise. "I thought you were off trapping! But I *knew* you'd be here for our marriage feast!"

Ange-Marie smiled too, and giggled. She knew what a deep friendship there was between Paul and Mishadoga. Years ago when they were little boys Paul had saved the Indian's life by helping to free him from an overturned canoe while they were out fishing together. No Indian ever forgot a kindness — or an insult. But Mishadoga was frowning now, his black eyes did not warm in greeting, and though he understood French he answered Paul in Micmac.

She saw her betrothed's face change, saw disbelief replaced by anger. "The bastards!" he growled. "*Now* what do they want of us!"

"Oh, what *is* it?" she cried. It was then that the fear began. The dream dissolved into confusion and only bits came back to her. The English — and the *new* English, the Redcoats — they were converging on Grand Pre, their muskets on their shoulders, bayonets fixed. They confiscated all the weapons in Grand Pre and imprisoned the good old Abbe.

During most of Ange-Marie's fifteen years she had known vaguely of the trouble between England and France — somewhere across the vast ocean. She had seen head-shakings, heard mutterings from her elders. She knew without interest that the Acadians had been commanded to swear an oath of allegiance to the British Crown. And that they had refused, *if* the oath meant fighting France, from whence their forebears all came, so they became "The Neutral French" and though there were English living some place in Acadie she had never seen any.

Page 39, please

Advertisement

Soft dewy beauty can replace a prematurely aged look

For women whose skin is prone to dryness and that all-too-familiar feeling of tautness, the daily smoothing on of a unique tropically moist oil blend can help bring a softness and a more youthful freshness to your complexion.

No longer does your complexion have to suffer the harsh effects of climate which can lead to the formation of tiny lines and wrinkle dryness, giving your complexion a prematurely older look. The basis of a flawless complexion lies in the ability of the skin to retain the balance of natural oils and moisture, but when this delicate balance is impaired by environmental and natural ageing factors inherent as you pass through the thirties and forties, a complexion can suffer from excessive dryness and should be pampered by the daily smoothing on of a tropically moist oil blend.

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By lavishing Oil of Ulan over your entire face and neck each morning, and at night, being especially generous in the very dry and delicate areas such as around the eyes, you hold the beauty secret that can give you the lasting reward of a more youthful looking complexion.

Special help for mature skin

In your forties and beyond, the areas around the eyes, the mouth and the neck are especially vulnerable to dryness. This is the time to take special care by pampering your skin generously with Oil of Ulan moist oil blend, it cherishes your complexion, helping to restore the delicate oil and moisture balance that keeps your skin soft and beautifully smooth.

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Spiced Brown Rice Pudding

Why Corning Ware? Convenience for a start . . . it goes from your fridge or freezer to the oven, then on to the table for serving. The good-looking pattern shown is "Spice O' Life".

INGREDIENTS: 2 cups Sunwhite Natural Brown Rice, 1 tablespoon grated orange rind, 2 teaspoons grated lemon rind, 2 tablespoons margarine, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, juice of 2 large oranges, about 1 cup thoroughly drained stewed plums, 2 tablespoons honey, ½ cup evaporated milk, 3 extra tablespoons brown sugar, ½ teaspoon each cinnamon and nutmeg, little extra margarine.

METHOD: Place rice in Crown Corning Spice of Life saucepan with grated rinds, margarine, brown sugar. Measure orange juice making up to 4 cups with water and add to rice. Cover rice and cook gently until rice is tender and liquid is absorbed. Remove from heat and stir in ½ cup stewed plums, honey and milk. Sprinkle surface of rice with brown sugar and mixed spice. Spoon reserved plums in centre. Dob with margarine and bake in oven 200°C (400°F) to melt topping. Serves 6.

NOTE: Pineapple pieces, stewed rhubarb or stewed cherries may be substituted for stewed plums.

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From page 37

In this dream there were no more consecutive glimpses. She knew only that in a short time nothing was left. The church was stripped of its altar and its statues of the saints — the men of Grand Pre were imprisoned in the church. Over four hundred of them, including Paul. And, of course, no marriage. They were all prodded and flung into the ships haphazard — families separated, although her mother was with her for a few days.

And the final glimpse — that heartbreaking moment jammed on the deck of a Yankee ship, as it wafted out from the Gaspereau River into the great bay — when she saw with certainty the very spot where the house Paul had built for them was burning . . .

I'll be short about it . . .

Claire, in a blue velvet bathrobe, went into the living room at eight. She found Martin, still fully dressed, but tousled and yawning, on the divan. They looked at each other with startled intimacy and Claire said, "That poor child has been crying in her sleep. I awoke when she clung to me, desperately, sobbing in her sleep. She's still sleeping — she's still covered with those uncanny red blotches — I think they're worse. And God knows what the pill we gave her may be doing. You've got to find a doctor . . ."

"I'll try," said Martin, slowly pulling himself together.

She gave him a small baffling smile. "I'll make some coffee. Then we'll deal with the immediate problem. Amy's what I was invited out here for — remember?"

"Sure — yes, honey," he swallowed and unfolded his long frame. He ran his fingers through his straw-coloured hair. "Shower," he said. "Can't clear my wits without one."

She nodded and went to the kitchen. They were having coffee when they heard sounds from the bedroom. They both ran in.

Amy was moaning a little, she was staring at her blistered hands. She looked up and accepted the pair without surprise. "What's happened to my hands?" she asked. "They and my face smarts. I hurt all over. Don't you smell smoke? I can't breathe very well." But her voice was normal, it was the voice that Martin was used to hearing in class.

"Well, yes —" said Claire cheerfully. "I guess you've caught a kind of bug — plenty of flu around. You *must* have some vaseline," she said to Martin, "that, and I'll make an ice pack. Should have thought of it sooner. We'll get a doctor to look at you," she added to Amy. "Just relax, dear."

"Doctor . . .?" repeated the girl with dawning memory, her eyes grew round, "Oh, but Grandpere! He's in the hospital!"

"And perfectly okay" said Martin, "or we would have heard, though I'll check. Nothing to worry about."

Amy subsided at once. She did not remember her dream. She felt strange, lightheaded, and yet comforted. Her elders were *not* comforted. While Claire provided ministrations for what seemed to be burns, but could not be, Martin phoned the hospital. Mr Delatour was indeed responding well, they would probably move him down to a ward tomorrow.

Martin finally talked to the morning doctor in charge of the Emergency Room, who said, "Bring the girl back here," until he heard Martin's muddled account of the symptoms. The doctor grew increasingly grave — all those red marks on the skin, eruptions, the disorientation. "Is there much fever?"

Martin did not know, had no

Next page, please

Are you a woman living in Australia?
Are you single, married, divorced, aged or a migrant?
Then you MUST read next week's *Woman's Day*
The first of a two-part special —

SURVIVAL GUIDE FOR WOMEN

Based on two years Government research, the guide lists rights and benefits available to you, plus information on agencies set up to help you through any kind of crisis

Do something about those wrinkles.

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2nd Début gives your skin a second chance.

From previous page

thermometer, and the doctor clucked disapproval. "She might have scarlet fever, might be a peculiar form of erysipelas — both highly contagious — and we can't receive her here until we're sure. Look, Mr — Mr Stone, I'll get in touch with the authorities. I'll locate an M.D. somehow, but don't expect him until afternoon. Keep her quiet and force fluids. We don't want to start an epidemic"

He went back and reported to Claire.

"So we're still on our own," she said quietly. "And I have a feeling" — she paused — "Amy'll *maybe* come out of this by herself. This is not a sickness of the body. I have come to know this, to be certain, no matter how it shows on the body, and I think we should do what Amy now wants".

"What does she want?"

"She's been telling me, while I sponged her and fed her ginger ale. I think she may have a little fever, but not much. It's a fever of the psyche — the soul. I'm quite sure she is not contagious, though we might be taking an awful chance."

"What does she *want?*" repeated Martin.

"She wants to go to some place near the library, to have us take her."

"But that's nuts —" cried Martin. "The doctor said ..."

"I know, but we won't let her near anyone else. And it won't take long, except for one thing —."

"What?" Martin was exasperated, fascinated, confused.

"I'll keep Amy in the car with me while you consult that History of Greenwich you mentioned. Look at the *Revolutionary* dates, not earlier, as you did before. Look for Dr Amos Mead, and look for cowboys."

"You've got to be kidding —" cried Martin. "You said yourself it was all ridiculous! My darling girl, I'm sorry I brought you into this ... and, besides, the contagion, the medic said so — I can't in decency go handling books ..."

"We'll buy a bottle of disinfectant on the way," said Claire. "You can steep your hands in it, but there *is* no contagion of that sort. I am sure of this with a part of me I never realised I had."

Martin puffed on his pipe for a minute. They both listened while Amy gave great sighing breaths from the bedroom, then heard her say, "Let me go back there — where it happened. Horseneck Brook near the toll road — waiting so long — then the cowboys came — they couldn't understand me. I couldn't remember English — they thought I was jeering. *Please* let me go there — I've *got* to go there —"

Martin listened. He knocked out his pipe. "When did she say 'Library'? God Claire, this is nonsense, but there *is* a Horseneck Brook."

"Now *you're* the one who has to be convinced," said Claire faintly. "She said 'Library' while you were on the telephone, and at *that* moment she was mostly in the present."

"Okay," he murmured, "we'll go."

They bundled Amy into the car. Claire sat with her on the back seat. Amy was quiet: but her bloodshot eyes continually turned to Martin as he sat stern and baffled at the wheel.

"You've got her partially hypnotised," whispered Claire, with a nervous laugh, "and I hope you'll never monkey around with this stuff again — and yet," she added to herself, "it may save her. Otherwise — long psychiatry, institutions, commitments ..."

They waited while Martin stalked into the library and was gone for twenty minutes. The November wind blew cold and Claire put her arm around the girl, who shivered and murmured, "*Pitie, Seigneur, Pitie, Douce Vierge, je pars demain pour trouver Paul qui m'attend ... enfin ... enfin. Toute les annees si longues ...*"

Martin came back from the library. Amy is right," he said briskly. "A gang of hoodlums — worse than that — of riff-raff criminals, who marauded and murdered as they wished — on both sides — mostly Tory. They *were* called "cowboys" during the Revolution. Dr Amos Mead spent many days hiding from them. It's all in the book. And Dr Mead's homestead was over there on Deerfield Drive, near as I can make out."

"Yes," said Claire, "I thought so." Her arm tightened around Amy. "Listen, dear, look at Martin — at Mr Stone. Open your eyes and look!"

The girl slowly obeyed.

"Tell her to lead us to the site of wherever it was her tragedy happened," said Claire.

Martin turned slowly around in the car. "You want to walk to some place, Amy?"

She nodded. "In those fields," she said. "See the cabin way down there among all those great elms?"

Martin and Claire looked. There was no cabin, there were no great elms, there was only the big new rectangular medical building of whitish concrete, only the whizzing of cars hastening up to the Post Road to catch the traffic light before it changed.

"Would you like to show us?" asked Martin.

He opened the door and the girl slid out. She began to run from the library parking lot. They hurried to keep up with her and protect her in the traffic as they crossed Deerfield Drive. Amy plunged into a small overgrown path between a nursery and the new medical building. They scrambled with her down through a

Page 42, please

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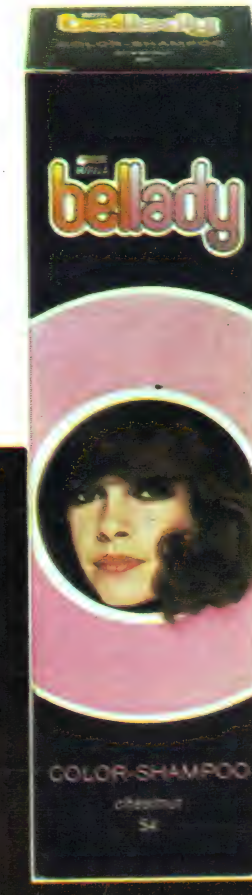
WELLA



"Now I want to do more for myself."

WEL9

New deal for France's 'oldies'

Help at home and fun in their clubs

Yoga class in a "third age" club in a suburb of Paris.

Seventy-seven-year-old Natali Nicoli has learnt to joke and to complain again.

Natalie, like hundreds of lonely, old people in the grey Paris suburb of Issy-les-Moulineaux, is gradually being coaxed out of isolation and depression, without fear of being placed in state homes for the aged.

Instead of staying constantly at home, which often means in a small apartment, depressed about why they don't see their children and grandchildren more often, the old people are beginning to take advantage of France's radically revised official approach to the problems of what is now called "the third age".

The former approach, according to French Government and private non-profit-making social agency officials, was to channel old people into state institutions, where they were compelled to live a communal life, making many of them feel they were being treated like children.

The new policy is designed to assist old, single people of limited means to keep on living where they are, as long as they are in reasonably sound health.

The French Government's rising concern for the aged was underscored recently by President Valery Giscard d'Estaing. In a nationally broadcast radio and television speech, the President envisioned "a series of actions" that would permit old persons "to maintain their style of life".

The President said that the minimum annual payment to old people would be raised by nearly a quarter. The measures are expected to enable more old people to remain living in their own homes, rather than join the 250,000 people now in public institutions for the aged.

The new services, which the state plans to subsidise with about $20 million a year for the next five years, include sending someone to help old people with their housecleaning and shopping and the creation of "third age" clubs, like the one in Issy-les-Moulineaux in which Mrs Nicoli sometimes knits and sometimes, as on a recent afternoon, does an impromptu handstand, just to show how good she feels.

Conscience awakes

"When my husband died," said Mrs Nicoli, "I was so depressed that I immediately lost 12 kilograms (about 26 pounds). Then I heard people talking about the club. So I came."

A few minutes later, she complained to a visiting social agency official about conditions at the club snack bar: "We have to do the dishes ourselves. Doing dishes at 77, that's a little too much, don't you think?"

Social agency officials wish there were more old people like Mrs Nicoli in France, where the number of people over 65, now seven million, is holding steadily at about 13 per cent of the population. Of these, more than two million are forced to live with financial help from their relatives and Government payments plus subsidies that cover as much as 40 per cent of rent in a private dwelling.

Medical and psychiatric services are free or low-cost, depending on the means of the person in need of them. In the past few years, the Government, working through non-profit-making associations, has opened 8000 clubs and plans to provide home services for half a million old people in the next five years.

"France is just going through an awakening of conscience about its old people," said a Government social agency official in Paris.

At the medical-social services centre in Issy-les-Moulineaux, Dr Eliane Bourgeon, a psychiatrist who specialises in the problems of the old, said the new official approach was geared to the French person's fiercely individualistic and independent-minded self-image.

For this reason, she said, old people in France often went to self-damaging extremes to live alone, outside an institution. This in turn, the doctor said, increased the likelihood of depression.

At the social service centre, another official, Andree Boussaroque, described the case of two women in their 80s who had lived in apartments next-door to each other for 40 years. When an accidental explosion destroyed their homes, social agencies found a large four-room apartment, with separate bedrooms, and proposed to the two women that they set up a household together. They refused.

"One of the problems," said Paul Colle, an 82-year-old retired air force colonel who spends much of his time at the club in Issy-les-Moulineaux, "is that the grandmother has lost her influence in the family.

"Among the people of the third age, the women outnumber the men by six to one. Two wars, you remember. And now their children and grandchildren live somewhere else, in another suburb or in the big cities."

As he spoke, a group of six women and two men were undulating through the exercises of a yoga class at the club. One was a man who had suffered a heart attack years ago and had been afraid of physical activity until he joined the club.

The old people closed their eyes, twisted their torsos slowly and seemed to relax. Mrs Nicoli, who had been knitting at a nearby table, jumped up, placed her hands on the floor and stood on her head. After a few seconds she cried out, "I have to stop this now, or you'll be able to see my drawers."

— *JAMES F. CLARITY*
in *The New York Times*

serial continued

From page 40

tangle of asters and goldenrod until they finally reached the trickle of Horseneck Brook, before it went underground. Amy looked about her in dismay. "Where's Dr Mead's homestead?" she asked plaintively. "It was up *there*." And she pointed. "He was kind, he let us build a cabin. Of course, Paul farmed for him and I helped with the children." Amy paused frowning. "But then he had to hide — Dr Mead — days and days — from the cowboys. Dr Mead was rich and he fought against the Tories at Ticonderoga. Maybe Paul would have fought, too, but he wasn't here; he'd gone back to make a place for me up home on the West Coast — St Mary's Bay, not Grand Pre — the English had it. He took our Pierre, who was eleven and big enough to help him. He thought I'd be safe with Dr Mead."

Amy suddenly sat down on a boulder near the brook. "It was *here* — the log cabin where I waited. These stones — that was part of our cellar, where we kept the potatoes."

Martin and Claire stared at a tumble of mossy stones half buried in leaves.

"The cabin isn't here *now*," said Claire very clearly, "what happened to it, Amy?"

The girl put her blistered hands to her crimson-streaked face. She made an eerie muffled sound. Claire turned to Martin in alarm while she clutched his arm. They both knew the risk they were running of a total psychotic break as a retreat from this moment of Amy's facing her terror head on.

"Look at me, Ange-Marie!" cried Martin. "Tell us what happened here so long ago. *Tell us* — get it out!"

The girl raised her head. Her eyes met Martin's pitying gaze. She moistened her lips. Then they opened wide as for a scream — yet no sound came out.

"It's like a movie, dear," said Claire in the firm tone she used for disturbed children. "It's not real, you know, just something you can look at and then tell us the story about."

Again there was silence, then suddenly Amy spoke in a loud defiant voice. "There were three of them — the cowboys — they wore black masks. They were drunk. They were looking for Dr Mead. I tried to hide in the cellar. They found me. They dragged me upstairs — up the ladder. They had muskets. I couldn't speak to them. I thought they'd shoot me. Instead they . . ." she shut her eyes. "They had a rope. They trussed me like a chicken and threw me on the floor. They set fire to the cabin, they had a torch. They scattered all the hearth fire over our wooden floor around me. They burned up the cabin and me in it. I got my hands free to shield my face, but my clothes had caught. It took a long time. As they left they laughed. I screamed and screamed, but nobody came."

Though they had both half expected something like this by now, her listeners shuddered.

Claire's eyes filled, but she recovered first. "Good girl!" she said. "Now you've told us. And it happened *two hundred* years ago, Amy. It does *not, cannot* affect you now. It must be forgotten like any nightmare. You know how silly nightmares seem soon after you wake up?"

Amy gaped at her. The mists were clearing in her mind. She looked at the two concerned faces and her own grew puzzled. "What in the world are we doing here?" she asked. "Is it a picnic? It seems very cold for a picnic."

"And so it is," said Martin. "We'll go right back to my place. I'll buy some food to bring in. That'll be more fun."

Amy bowed her head and they each took one of her arms and walked her back to the car. They went all silent, until the girl spoke. "I guess they'll let me visit Grandpere a while this afternoon? And I wonder how Mother's doing without me. I always vacuum on Saturday mornings, because her leg hurts her. But I've got to baby-sit for the Robinsons later."

Claire and Martin exchanged a quick look over Amy's head. Certainly this speech was rational. They had taken a chance, and *surely* they had won.

Yet they were not entirely certain until they all got to the flat, which was chilly, and Amy looked at the fireplace. "Could you light it?" she asked Martin. "Have you enough wood? I'm sorry, but I do seem to be very cold and hearth fires are so pretty — at least," she looked puzzled again, "at least I've always read so."

Martin silently got the paper, kindling, and wood. When he came back Claire drew him to one side. "Look!" she whispered.

Amy's scarlet blotched face had faded to pink. Her hands, though still red, had ceased being lumpy with blisters.

"We *have* won," Martin whispered back. "We — and Amy herself, surely we've won! Thank God!" He gathered Claire up against him and kissed her exultantly.

Amy went to the last big football game of the season as Mac Wilton's date. She sat with his parents who thought her quiet but sweet — and really an improvement over his usual girl friend, Doris Drake, who had just recovered from the flu and did her cheerleader cavortings with blatantly sexy enthusiasm.

The Wiltons were mildly pleased at their son's recent interest in Amy Delatour. They knew little about the girl, except that she stemmed from the old Mead family in Greenwich, and had a French-Canadian grandfather who had been very ill, but was now at home. They did not expect to understand all the mysterious fluctuations of their eighteen-year-old son's female attachments, but they liked Amy.

And Amy was perfectly dressed for the occasion. Claire had seen to that. A smart red pantsuit with a beige turtle-neck sweater, and a warm fake fur coat that looked like sheared beaver. Though it took much persuasion and tact to overrule Sarah's first indignant refusals of *any* kind of gift.

Sarah, at first mystified and suspicious that so much pains should be taken with her daughter, was

Page 48, please

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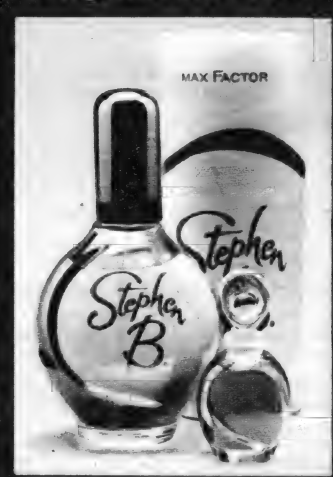

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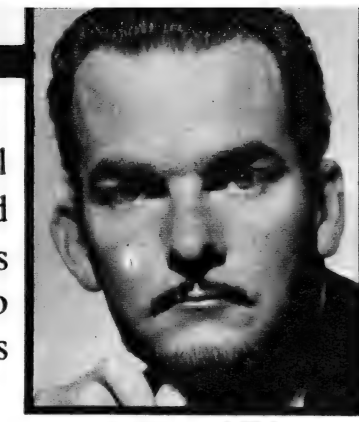
Do you have certain styles and colours of clothes that you feel good in? Your star sign can influence the way you dress, what kind of jewellery you wear and even what foods you enjoy. In this second part of the astrology series, Richard Sterling helps you to find the sort of fashions you would be most happy in, and the types of meals you're most likely to enjoy.



with Richard Sterling

Your Happiness by the Stars

Part 2

ARIES
March 21-Apr 20

ARIES IS a very dynamic Sign and there is nothing wishy-washy about the way in which you present yourself. Consequently you tend to go for positive colours and clear-cut lines.

Often you have the feeling that too much emphasis on frills, flounces, and ornamentation does not suit you.

However, an Aries woman already has an abundance of strong, positive traits in her nature so try to balance these dominant qualities by using some of the gentle colours and softer styles in the design of your clothes and decor.

Wear jewellery but not too much of the chunky type which has a masculine look.

You prefer to cook meals which are quickly and easily prepared. Hot spicy foods often appeal to your palate.

TAURUS
Apr 21-May 21

FOR THOSE on a limited budget, quality rather than quantity will be your choice when it comes to clothes, accessories and personal possessions. You love luxuries and beautiful things and since they suit your Taurean nature you should wear jewellery, furs and elegant clothes.

As you can be rather conservative, you will not always agree with the dictates of fashion when outrageous styles are the in thing. Real jewellery gives you much more satisfaction than synthetic or costume pieces.

You really appreciate good food, so you can enjoy a session of cooking and baking all sorts of goodies. Unfortunately they can be the downfall of your waistline.

GEMINI
May 22-June 21

THERE IS nothing predictable or standard about the types of colours, clothes and accessories which Geminians will choose. In some cases you are so busy that you just grab the first things you see in the wardrobe. In other cases, your love of variety means that you will try out all sorts of combinations of tops, bottoms, styles and colours. However, since you have such a youthful, sparkling, versatile personality you seem to look good in just about anything you wear.

This Sign rules the hands so rings, bracelets and bangles look good on you.

You eat to live rather than live to eat. Being curious, you'll enjoy trying out all sorts of dishes at times.

CANCER
June 22-July 22

BEING A sensitive Cancerian, you are easily affected by external influences so it's important that everything in your immediate environment, including the clothes you wear, should be harmonious and soothing. Your ruler, the Moon, is the symbol of Mother Nature, so natural fibres are generally better for you than synthetics.

You are not a flamboyant extrovert so you prefer styles which are elegantly subdued without being dull. You have a natural flair for looking feminine.

Many of the world's top chefs have been Cancerians and although you are not all gourmets you are certainly very capable in the kitchen. Your home style cooking is basic, nourishing and generous.

LEO
July 23-Aug 23

IN CHOOSING your clothes and accessories always remember that it is not necessary to paint the lily. You are outgoing with a colourful personality and Leo gives you plenty of natural flair and style so you should not upstage these qualities by overdressing.

Always wear something gold, your lucky metal.

When necessary, you certainly know how to dress elegantly and other people either admire or envy you.

Jewellery is a must and no matter whether it's real or synthetic, chunky or delicate it looks good on you.

Every day cooking of meals can be a bit of a bore but when you give a party you do it in a grand style.

VIRGO
Aug 24-Sept 23

YOU ARE not one to seek the limelight and you are not normally a showy, flamboyant person. Consequently you feel at ease in clothes which are somewhat conservative but which give you a well-groomed appearance.

Conservative colours and colour combinations suit you so don't overdo it with the dramatic, stunning vibrations because they swamp your subtle charm. Stop feeling that you have to wear this or that because it is the fashionable thing to do. Virgo is close to nature so jewellery made of attractively polished natural stones can suit you.

Many Virgoans are very diet-conscious and they derive great satisfaction from preparing delicious meals from natural health foods.

LIBRA
Sept 24-Oct 23

MOST LIBRANS appear to have an uncanny ability to look good at any time in almost anything.

Pastels rather than strong, dynamic colours suit you and it's unlikely you would ever choose to wear any combination of colours which clash.

Venus, your ruler, relates to jewellery and ornamentation which you use to the best effect. You should always wear something made of your lucky metal, copper.

Foods with very strong or extreme flavours do not appeal but you certainly enjoy sweets.

SCORPIO
Oct 24-Nov 22

SCORPIO, THE sexy ones! It is often true that your style of dress, whether formal or casual, accentuates your natural sex appeal. Those of you in the romantic age groups look good in, and will often wear, clothes which cling to the body and give an attractively sensuous look.

Wishy-washy colours are not your cup of tea. You prefer those which make an impact and often any of the dark red tones, burgundy, cerise, crimson and maroon, look good on Scorpio, because they suggest hidden power ready to be released.

Scorpio is intense and concentrated so don't wear jewellery and accessories which have a scattered or frivolous look.

Eat plenty of the foods which give you strength, energy and stamina because your lifestyle requires lots of vitality and reserves of inner power.

SAGITTARIUS
Nov 23-Dec 21

PURPLE IS related to Jupiter, your ruler, and although it is not a shade which suits everyone it is your lucky colour so try to have a touch of it in your home or on your person. An amethyst ring, brooch or necklace is an ideal way of wearing purple.

Because you love to have a sense of freedom you'll feel uncomfortable in tight-fitting clothes. Even the word "formal" turns you off. Sagittarius is a "fire" Sign so bright, happy colours are good for you.

You're a very active person, always on the go, so you use up lots of energy. Consequently you should eat well and avoid a tendency to grab a meal on the run. Domestic work, including cooking, doesn't appeal to you.

CAPRICORN
Dec 22-Jan 20

CAPRICORN RELATES to formal, conservative, responsible and traditional qualities so you will feel at ease in clothes which are accepted as "normal" by those in your own age group.

Saturn, your ruler, relates to all dark shades including black, brown and dark green so these can be safe, basic colours for you.

Saturn rules black onyx, your lucky stone, so you should have one to wear in a ring, brooch or necklace. Almost any type of good quality jewellery suits you.

You admire "austerity", so many Capricornians are not big eaters. You may acquire a taste for gourmet cooking for social reasons but you really prefer the basic style meal.

AQUARIUS
Jan 21-Feb 19

IT'S ALMOST impossible to predict what an Aquarian will do because you are naturally enigmatic.

You delight in surprising people and you will often do something to gently shock them, so you'll often wear something stunning or outrageous.

You can also appear to be very conservative and proper when it suits you, in which case you can look the epitome of elegance and style.

Your lucky stone is the opal, which you should always wear. An assortment of jewellery will reflect your complex personality.

You love to discover, to experiment and to try different things, so you enjoy new recipes, exotic foods.

PISCES
Feb 20-Mar 20

PISCES is the most fluid, sensitive, idealistic, imaginative and responsive of all the 12 Signs. For this reason, the harsh, competitive, materialistic world often hurts you but you can help to defend yourself by using protective colours in your clothes.

Neptune is your planet, so the various sea colours such as soft green, blue-green and sea green are ideal to wear when you feel vulnerable or on edge. You should also wear a pearl or a piece of coral or mother-of-pearl.

Harsh, strong, dominant colours are not compatible with your sensitive nature.

In the cuisine department you like moist, soft foods, especially some soups, and many Pisceans enjoy dinner wines.

NEXT WEEK

The job you do, the hobbies and music you enjoy are all affected by your star sign. Find out more in Part 3.

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Why you're safe in a woman's car

They are either very, very good or downright diabolical. Nothing in between.

That's how most men regard women drivers — when they're being honest. And it's an opinion reflected in most Western countries.

But do women deserve the regular jeers and sneers of male drivers?

As in all other battles of the sexes the answers are double-edged, as we found out when we called in the experts.

Take the old argument that women must be better drivers than men because their insurance premiums are lower. That might have been a valid counterpoint once. Not any more.

The NRMA has just completed a survey of its 600,000 policy holders and come up with surprising conclusions.

True, they found that in the 17 to 22 age group, women still tend to be better risks, but after 22 they go steadily downhill, while male drivers gradually improve as they grow older. Then most women suddenly regain their safety reputation for a short period between 28 and 30 but they slump.

Why? Nobody seems to have an explanation that's totally convincing.

This is how an NRMA expert explained it. "Women are definitely safer during their first years of driving because they regard their cars simply as means of transport.

"On the other hand, young men see their cars as virility symbols. They drive faster and are much more aggressive on the roads. Luckily, most of them soon grow out of it and become good average drivers.

"I can only assume the majority of women aren't sufficiently interested in driving for driving's sake to worry about wanting to do it well."

That view was supported by Mike Atkinson, a driver education consultant with ABC Driving Schools, Sydney.

"Most women have great application when they start to learn to drive," he said. "Men tend to feel they should know it all.

"But when you're talking about good average drivers I think there are a couple of very sound reasons why, in general, men are better drivers — they simply do a lot more milage and as a result become more practised and experienced.

"The average wife drives very little except for short runs to the shops or to take the kids to school when she's probably the most careful driver on the road.

"That general lack of interest often leads to a similar lack of awareness on the roads.

"There is also a tendency among women drivers to look at their passengers when talking to them rather than watching the road.

"Some women drive in high-heeled shoes, thick wedges and other footwear which not only prevent them using their foot controls properly, but can be downright dangerous.

"But women who do drive a lot and are interested in driving almost inevitably become very fine drivers — far better than the majority of men."

It's a pity there aren't statistics to prove that point. If you take the tragic accident figures for the past 12 months in NSW at face value, women clearly would seem to be the safer drivers.

Accident figures

Compared with more than 12,000 men drivers killed or injured in crashes, only 4000 women were hurt or died. Fewer than a third. But remember that women make up only little more than a third of all drivers.

More significant are the damage-only accident figures currently running at about 125,000 a year. Women were involved in almost half of those with an equally high proportion of responsibility.

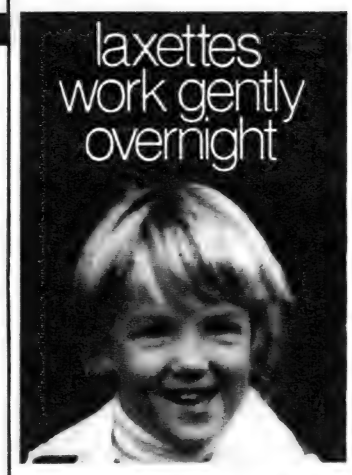
We put the same question to two of Australia's top women drivers, racing champion Sue Ransome and her fastest rival, Verona Larkin.

"As long as a woman's reactions are normal, of course she can drive as well as any man, but, like racing, she has to want to do it," said Verona. "Experience and practice make all the difference and I think that's where a lot of women miss out."

Sue Ransome said almost the same thing, but posed an interesting point. She said: "As long as a woman driver is not dangerous, what does it matter if she's a bit over-cautious?"

But perhaps an anonymous Highway Patrolman best summed up the dilemma of women behind the wheel. Watching homeward-bound cars streaming across Sydney's Harbour Bridge, he said: "Women drivers do some funny things, but we rarely catch them for speeding and almost never for drunkenness — and those are the real killers on the road.

"If they are bad — and I'm not saying they are — I wish there were more drivers like them." — **BILL WELLS**



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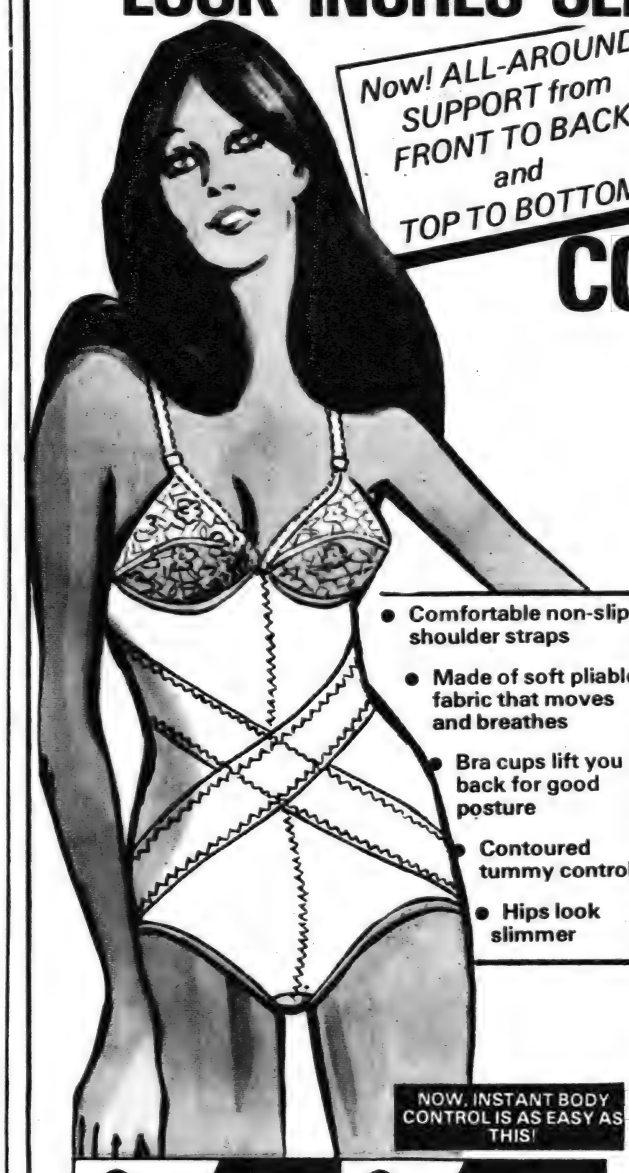

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WD 16/8/76

From page 42

given a stringently expurgated account of what actually happened. Claire, who interviewed her in the Delatour kitchen, kept it vague. "A strange illness — all over now — I'm sure." Claire used a lot of long words: "Abreaction", "Early trauma", "Adolescent fantasies not unusual", "Imaginative identification with past Meads, due to a need for acceptance," etc.

From all this, Sarah seized on one motif. She still thought of Claire as an MD, and found her pleasant — if incomprehensible. "Well —" Sarah said finally, "I guess Amy *does* get something from my side — way back in the Revolution, I think Dr Amos Mead was my ancestor. I've never bothered to trace back through all the Meads, but my cousins in Cos Cob have the family tree. I remember they talked about Dr Amos, and that he owned acres and acres of land along Deerfield Drive north of the Post Road. Except how would Amy know that?"

How, indeed? Claire thought. How were any of the singular links from the past — explicable? But she had seen with her own eyes, and there *were* facts to prove that Acadian exiles from Nova Scotia had been allocated to Greenwich in 1756. Would it help Sarah to try and explain this? Claire thought rapidly, and decided, no.

"Well, Amy's read a lot of books," she said temperately. "She has great intelligence, mixed as it often is at her age, with fantasy. With make-believe," she amended, as her listener looked uncertain.

Then Claire smiled her warm understanding smile, for she began to understand the mother's distress, her feelings of exclusion, her inability to share the temperaments of her daughter and father-in-law, and her ever suppressed grief for the son who was dead.

"But, many things," Claire added, "happen to all of us which are hard to explain. Mrs Delayter — I think Amy's almost well now. But she *wasn't*. From now on, will you try to give her some freedom, and," said Claire slowly, "to accept and love her?"

Sarah flushed. "Of course I love my child. How dare you say anything else?"

"Okay," said Claire, "then make her feel it sometimes, by letting her do as she wants — and by not resenting her grandfather.

"You might try loving *him* too. He needs it." She gestured towards the bedroom where the old man could be heard snoring gently. "I know you aren't well yourself, Amy told me. She feels for you more than either of you realise."

Sarah swallowed. She blinked back the shameful tears. Many years of resentment and self-pity were invaded, but she was not going to show it to this strange young woman doctor.

★ ★ ★

Amy had no idea that she had been the subject of several grave consultations among her teachers, nor of Martin's steady championship and pleas to wait before disturbing her, nor, of course, that he had incurred considerable criticism by his attitude.

The next afternoon, after school, Martin was summoned to the housemaster's office and again confronted by the frowning housemaster, who said that the guidance counsellor had been unable to "reach" Amy at all; that the girl smiled vaguely, and simply did not listen.

"That girl's got herself very shaky results this term," said the housemaster, "even in French, and stick up for her as you will, Stone, I see she's not doing well in English, either, *your* course." The older man's scowl deepened. "What's the matter with her? Sudden attention from Mac Wilton addled her brain?"

"No!" said Martin explosively. "She's had a lot of home stresses, give her time — and you must admit that her appearance has greatly improved."

"I do," said the housemaster dryly. "Stone, it seems to me that you take an undue interest in this girl. You're a good teacher and this is a lax moral era we live in, but the school would have to put a decisive stop to any fooling around like that. *Immediate, decisive stop*," he repeated, tapping the table angrily with his pen.

Martin flushed, perfectly understanding the threat of dismissal in disgrace. He rapidly considered telling the whole story, and at once realised that he couldn't. Who would believe or condone the hypnotic sessions, the evocation of what seemed to be a past life over two hundred years ago — the pyrophobia, the sudden burns and welts for which there was no reasonable explanation, or the terrible and pathetic scene by Horseneck Brook. They'd send *me* to the loony bin, Martin thought, looking at the disapproving face across the table, or have me up for corrupting the morals of a minor. Those hours alone in my flat — Jesus! He drew a sharp breath.

"My fiancee and I *both* take an interest in Amy," Martin said crisply, over an interior shock. He certainly handn't asked Claire to marry him, nor thought of anything but an all-out affair, though considerably miffed recently that despite their intimacy while they were helping Amy, and his impression that Claire was attracted to him, she had always

Page 56, please

Sheaffer 506 Ballpoint and Valentine card set.
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Woman's Day

SPICE

Allspice

The tiny dried berries of a tree from myrtle family. Sold either whole or ground, it is called allspice because of its aroma and taste which resemble a combination of cinnamon, cloves, nutmeg. Use as a flavouring for cakes, soups, meat dishes, milk puddings and vegetables. Berries are often tied in muslin for flavouring preserves, pickles, and chutney. Mixed with cinnamon, ground allspice gives pot pourri its spicy fragrance.

Cardamom Pods

A creamy green pod which holds highly aromatic seeds with a strong eucalyptus-scented flavour. An ingredient of curry powder, indispensable in garam marsala and used in other Indian dishes. Popular in Scandinavian cakes, biscuits and desserts, gingerbread, coffee cake, delicious in fruit dishes and rice pudding. Bedouins enjoy the exotic flavour it gives to coffee. An expensive spice which loses its aroma quickly so buy in small quantities.

Cinnamon

The bark of a tree, native to Ceylon. Esteemed for its preservative and medicinal qualities (oil of cinnamon) and a warm flavouring for food and beverages. Bark is peeled into slim quills, dried in the sun and either ground or left whole. Cinnamon sugar on hot buttered toast is an old favourite. Flavours milk puddings, mulled wines, chutneys and cakes, stewed fruit, rice dishes and many Eastern dishes. Cinnamon stick stirred in black coffee gives a wonderful Eastern flavour.

Ginger

An aromatic root of the tuberous ginger plant from Asia. A warm pungent flavour often used in Eastern foods. Dried ground ginger is popular with the English and used in their cakes, biscuits and puddings, as well as ginger beer and wine. Preserved in sweet syrup, root ginger makes a delicious sweetmeat coated in dark chocolate. Slice stem ginger into fresh fruit salad, sweetened cream cheese or ice-cream.

Mace

The lacy cage surrounding the nutmeg. The cage is removed, pressed flat and dried. Flavour is similar to nutmeg but stronger so should be used sparingly. May be bought ground or whole; use in sauces, soups, stews, stuffings, meat and shellfish, cakes and desserts. Oil of mace was once reputed to cure insomnia.

Nutmeg

The hard dried seed of a tropical tree with a warm aromatic flavour easily lost when ground. Buy whole nutmeg and grate as required. An indispensable flavouring in Italian, French and English cuisine. Heightens flavour of cheese dishes, with fish and veal dishes, with spinach and carrots, in eggnogs, cakes and many desserts, and nearly all beverages made with milk. Widely used in Middle and Far East and is supposed to have soothing effect on the digestive system.

Cayenne and Chilli

The ground product from various species of dried capsicum or red chilli peppers. Extremely fiery, it should be used sparingly in cheese dishes, sauces, egg dishes and with shellfish. Whole chillies may be added, fresh or dried, to curries, chutneys and pickles and are often found in pickling spice. Used extensively in the Mexican kitchen.

Pickling Spice

This usually comprises mustard seed, bay leaf, allspice, cinnamon bark, coriander seed and black peppercorns. Sometimes dried ginger root, chilli and mace are added. The proportions vary in different recipes but many people rely on one of the excellent ready mixed pickling spices packaged by well-known spice companies. Used in pickles, chutneys and spiced vinegars.

Saffron

The orange-coloured stigmas of a crocus native to Asia and parts of Europe. It is estimated that approximately a quarter of a million flowers produce 500g (1lb) saffron. Therefore it is expensive but only a pinch is necessary to give a golden colour and aromatic flavour. Essential in bouillabaisse, paella, rice pilafs, Eastern spiced meat dishes and risotto from Milan. Infuse in a little boiling water until a deep bright orange colour before using.

CHART

Cloves

Whole cloves are the dried flower bud of an aromatic evergreen tree native to Zanzibar. Used either whole or ground, an indispensable ingredient in Christmas mincemeat and puddings. Used to flavour preserves, mulled wines, stewed fruits, meat dishes and soups. Simmer a whole onion studded with cloves in stews or soups. A clove-studded orange is used to scent clothes cupboards and repel insects. Cloves contain a volatile oil, a powerful antiseptic and a great relief to toothache sufferers.

Coriander

Coriander seeds are small, slightly oval and bleached looking, with an aromatic, orange flavour, particularly favoured in the kitchens of Eastern countries. Ground coriander is used in curry powder, for flavouring sausages and pickling mixtures. A teaspoon of crushed seeds gives a subtle taste to casseroles and soups.

Cumin

The seed from a small annual herb, the flavour of which holds the key to the pungent taste of curry powder. Mainly used in the blending of curry powder, chilli powder, and in flavouring dishes from the Near and Middle East. Often used in rye bread, pickles, chutneys; in rice, cabbage and bean dishes; with meat and to mash into cottage cheese with a little lemon juice for a spread or dip. Essential in chilled Spanish soup, gazpacho.

Paprika

The ground seed of the sweet pepper, it is sometimes blended with other peppers of the same family that differ in pungency to vary flavour. Best paprika is said to come from Hungary and gives their goulash its characteristic colour and flavour. Paprika should be a rich, bright red with a warm, sweet aroma. Also used to flavour delicate textured food such as crab, chicken, cream sauces, egg and cheese dishes. Often used only as a garnish.

Black Pepper

Berries from a climbing vine native to the East Indies. Picked green and dried. Has a highly aromatic hot flavour. Black pepper is best appreciated when ground fresh in a pepper mill. Use to flavour stocks, soups, stews, casseroles and boiled meats. Also in pickles, spice vinegars and sauces. Green peppercorns, now available canned, have a more pungent fresh flavour and will flavour pates, stuffings, sauces, meat and fish dishes.

White Pepper

This is the same fruit as black pepper but the dark outer husk is removed, leaving the smooth parchment coloured core. Has a milder flavour than black pepper. Its special value comes from its being white since it seasons white or light meats, sauces, vegetables, soups and salads without the black flecks of pepper showing.

Salt

We have included salt because it is essential in all types of cooking. It is mined from rocks, evaporated from sea water or comes from the earth. Kitchen salt is either coarse salt, large salt crystals or common salt which is ground sea salt. Use sparingly and leave the final adjustment of seasoning to the end. It has been used since time immemorial as a preservative for meats, fish and vegetables.

Vanilla Pod

The vanilla pod is the fruit of a climbing orchid native to Central America. It is approximately 15cm (6in) long when dried for kitchen use and is black and shiny like licorice. Its sweet perfume flavours ice-creams, custards and milk puddings, also may be infused in the milk for cake making. A 5cm (2in) piece of pod should be cut and slit down the centre before use. The piece of pod may be rinsed and used several times.

Turmeric

The powdered root of a plant belonging to the ginger family. This aromatic bright yellow powder gives most commercial curry powders their characteristic colour. Used to colour certain foods such as mustard, pickles, and sweets. Loses its aroma quickly so is best purchased in small quantities. A small amount may be used for colouring cakes and is excellent in rice dishes. Often added to fish kedgeree and devilled eggs.

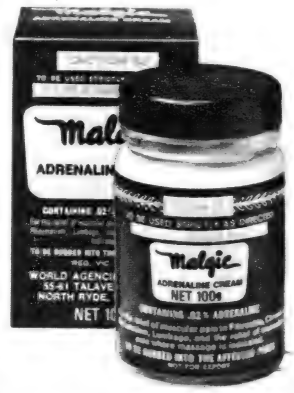
Page 54, please

RELIEF FOR RHEUMATIC SUFFERERS

There has never been an easy way to relieve the agonies of rheumatic and muscular aches and pains.

One answer however, is Malgic Adrenaline Cream, a product that has helped relieve muscular aches and pains — Fibrositis, Lumbago, Neuritis ... for Australian men and women of all ages.

Malgic's Adrenaline formula goes to work on pain caused by the sudden contraction of a muscle in a particular spot. The Trigger Chart which is free with every jar of Malgic helps you find that vital spot quickly, so that you can have Malgic's soothing relief at the first twinges of rheumatic aches and pains.



Help for Muscular Pain

Malgic Adrenaline Cream has for 30 years helped bring relief to sufferers from muscular aches and rheumatic pain.

Malgic's soothing action, helped by its Adrenaline formulation, goes to work right where the pain is triggered ... at the Trigger spots.

You'll find these trigger spots easily with the Trigger Chart, free with every jar of Malgic.

Read what Mrs Yardiner of 8 Renway Ave., Lugarno, NSW says about Malgic Adrenaline Cream:

*"After suffering with pain from Fibrositis, I bought your product after being recommended to it by another happy user. We too have found relief and only today my husband has passed the name to 4 other sufferers at work ... Thank you so much for your wonderful product."**

*Complete letter available on request.

Malgic Adrenaline Cream helps to penetrate deep down to relax and relieve muscular pain.

From chemists everywhere.

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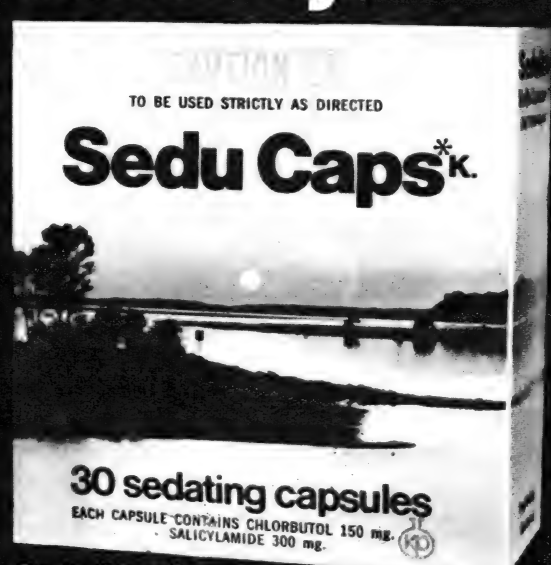
When sleep is hard to come by.



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in the kitchen

Loaves and fishes

with Margaret Fulton

I'll be sending away for the new *Australian Fisheries* colour folder. This folder contains a coloured map of Australia, naming the various marine products found in each State. Also illustrated are all the different fish and shellfish found in Australia's waters.

Australian Fisheries colour folder costs $1.95 at Australian Government Publishing Service bookshops in all capital cities.

This decorative folder will be a must in most homes where there is an interest in fishing and the coloured map is interesting enough to be put up on a kitchen or study wall or bookshelf, for easy reference. In addition there is an interesting 10-page booklet called *Fish, A Nutritional Dish.*

Also there are 10 colour prints of delightful paintings by Robert Ingpen of the main fish. These are almost collector's pieces. Each painting is on heavy art paper and if it were not for the interesting information on the back I would be tempted to have them framed.

The prawn print tells of East Coast prawns, the different species, Eastern King prawn, Banana prawn, Brown tiger prawn, Greentail prawn and School prawn, where the prawns are distributed in the fishing grounds and what sort of boats were used in the past.

Each print is a source of information, perfect for school projects or for those interested in the Australian fishing industry.

Calling all Fishermen!

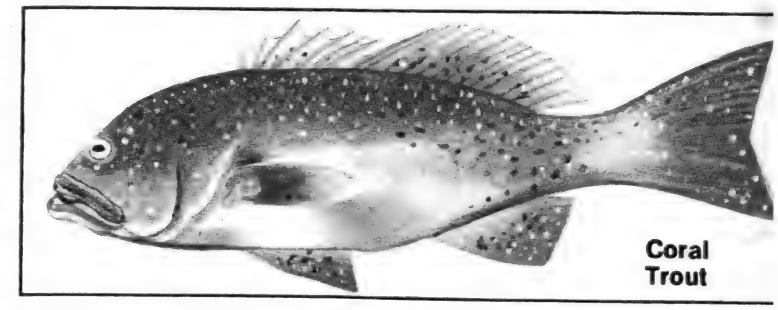
You could win a National Australian fish recipe contest.

If you fancy yourself as something of a dab at cooking fish here's a chance to prove it to the world. Just enter your favourite way of cooking fish in this new contest, arranged by the *Australian Fisheries* magazine as part of the Australian Fishexpo '76, which is being held in Melbourne from September 21-23, 1976. Fishexpo '76 will be the place to go if you're in Melbourne on those dates or if you have an interest in the Australian fishing industry.

The contest is open to all those interested in cooking, eating or catching fish. Submit your favourite family-type recipe for Australian-caught sea-fish. The recipe should not include rock-lobster, prawns and crabs, scallops, abalone, or oysters.

You could have a chance to win the following prizes: A return trip to Melbourne by TAA, free admission to Fishexpo, an invitation to the Fishexpo '76 banquet, a copy of *The Complete Margaret Fulton Cookbook* autographed by me and a gift selection of Australian canned fish.

So send your entries in soon, as the contest closes Friday, August 20, 1976. Send entries to National Australian Fish Recipe Contest, Australian Fisheries, Department of Primary Industry, Canberra, ACT 2600. Attach your name and address to the recipe.



Coral Trout

HOMEMADE BREAD, THE EASY WAY

By now you would have heard about Rich's frozen bread dough. This versatile frozen dough enables you to have freshly baked bread at any time. All you need to do is thaw, leave to rise and bake. It's as simple as that!

Rich's have just released convenient frozen bread rolls, in two sizes, and a frozen brown bread dough, Golden Wheat Bread.

The bread rolls come in two different sizes for lunch or dinner. The lunch rolls come in a pack of 10 while the dinner rolls, slightly smaller than the lunch rolls, come in a pack of 20. The Golden Wheat bread dough is available in a pack of two, each weighing 450g (a little less than 1lb each).

The dough carries a six month freezer storage warranty, overcoming problems of storage and wastage. It means that fresh bread is available every day of the week, even over holiday breaks and long weekends.

The frozen dough contains a special formula, process and ingredients which enable the yeast to be held in suspension while it is frozen. The secret of Rich's formula is that the yeast reactivates during the thawing process.

The advantage with frozen dough is that it is so easy to use. The bread roll dough takes only 30 minutes – 1 hour to thaw in a warm place, and is ready for baking in a hot oven (200 deg C — 400 deg F) for 15-20 minutes. The family can now enjoy hot, freshly baked rolls with every meal.

The Golden Wheat dough takes slightly longer to thaw, about 2 hours, and is baked for about 30 minutes in a hot oven. The result is delectable fresh-baked brown bread whenever you want it, without the work — even kneading is eliminated.

Recommended retail price: Golden Wheat Bread dough, 70 cents pkt. Pack of 10 lunch rolls, 70 cents and smaller dinner rolls, 80 cents for 20.

Freshly baked lunch and dinner rolls

Tips on Tempting

In the royal art of getting her King, Madame Pompadour had no equal. History doesn't record her seductive recipe for Temptation Pie but palace gossip handed down from courtesan to courtesan cannot be denied.
In this mischievous tradition Continental brand Bacon Stock Cubes add that sinful something that makes a dish, and you, irresistible.
N.B.: Modern Pompadours add three Continental brand Bacon Stock Cubes in place of bacon for a completely irresistible flavour so that they can save their gold for other tempting things.

TEMPTATION PIE

3 cups cooked chicken pieces
¾ cup drained champignons
1 tablespoon butter
1 tablespoon flour
1 cup water
3 Continental brand Bacon Stock Cubes
500g (1 lb) packet frozen puff pastry

Method: Spread chicken pieces, champignons over greased pie plate. Melt butter, add flour. Cook until mixture is light brown. Add water, Bacon Cubes. Stir until mixture boils and thickens. Pour over chicken. Roll out pastry to fit pie plate. Chill for 20 mins. Brush pastry with egg and milk mixture. Cook at 220°C (425°F) for 10 minutes then 180°C (350°F) for a further 15-20 minutes till pastry is cooked. Serve with baked tomatoes and coleslaw. Serves 4-5.

Continental* BACON STOCK CUBES

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SPICE RECIPES

From page 51

Indian Ghee Rice

The Indians, as we know, are avid users of many spices, some having originated in their own country such as cardamom. This mild delicate flavoured rice pilaf complements so well the heat of a fiery curry. May also be served as a main dish.

60g (2oz) ghee or butter
2 large onions, finely sliced
1 tspn turmeric
2 cups long grain rice
3½ cups stock
8 peppercorns
2 whole cloves
4 bruised cardamom pods
1 stick cinnamon
2 tspns salt
1 cup cooked peas

Heat ghee or butter in heavy saucepan with lid. Fry half onions until golden brown, add turmeric and stir well for 1 minute. Add rice and fry a few minutes, stirring until it is transparent and well coated with ghee. Add boiling stock, spices, salt and remaining onions. Stir lightly to mix ingredients, cover tightly and cook over a low heat for 20-25 minutes. Turn off heat, keep covered until ready to serve. A few minutes before serving uncover and fluff up rice with a fork. Garnish with peas.

Spiced Pot-Roasted Chicken

size 14 chicken
1 tspn ground coriander
freshly ground pepper
½ tspn ground cardamom
1 tspn salt
good pinch saffron threads (optional)
2cm (1in) piece green ginger
75g (2½oz) butter

Wipe chicken well with kitchen towel. Combine spices with salt, saffron, finely chopped peeled ginger and 15g (½oz) butter and blend well together. Spread mixture inside and out of chicken then tie chicken into a neat shape with string. Leave to marinate for 30 minutes.

In a heavy flameproof casserole, large enough to fit chicken snugly, heat remaining butter. When butter is foaming place chicken on its side in pan. Cover and place in a moderate oven (180 deg C — 350 deg F) for 1½ hours, turning over on to other side halfway during cooking. Remove lid, place chicken breast up and roast a further 15 minutes. Serve chicken with a rice pilaf and pour over the juices from the pan.

Devilled Almonds

Something spicy that makes an excellent nibble to hand round with drinks at a party.

Blanch 250g (8oz) almonds, dry thoroughly. Heat 3 tablespoons olive oil in a frying pan, add almonds and fry, stirring constantly, until golden. Drain on kitchen towel and sprinkle with a little salt and chilli powder, about 1/8 teaspoon chilli powder to a teaspoon salt. Dust off excess seasoning and serve in small bowls.

Sambal Dip

For those of us watching the calories this is an ideal party dip. The sour cream can be replaced by yogurt.

1 small cucumber
½ green pepper
1 small white onion
1 clove garlic
4 radishes
2 sticks celery
½ tspn salt
½ tspn turmeric
½ tspn ground ginger
pinch chilli powder
pinch ground cumin
3 tspns tomato paste
1 cup thick sour cream

Peel cucumber, cut into halves lengthwise and remove seeds. Wash pepper and remove seeds. Finely chop cucumber, pepper, onion, garlic, radishes and celery. Season with salt, turmeric, ginger, chilli powder and cumin. Mix thoroughly. Blend in tomato paste, then stir in sour cream, mixing thoroughly. Place in a bowl and chill until ready to serve. Serve as a dip with crackers, fried prawn crisps or potato crisps.

Spiced Orange Slices in Red Wine

Oranges take on a new life when chilled in a spicy syrup.

¾ cup sugar
1 cup water
1 cup dry red wine
2 whole cloves
1 stick cinnamon
2 slices mandarin (optional)
2 slices lemon
6-8 oranges

Heat sugar in water until dissolved then add wine. Add cloves, cinnamon, mandarin and lemon. Bring to the boil and cook until mixture is thick and syrupy. Cool slightly. Peel oranges with a sharp knife, removing all white pith. Cut into slices and add to wine syrup, chill. Serve with a jug of pouring cream.

Honey Spice Snaps

2¼ cups plain flour
1½ tspns bicarbonate of soda
½ tspn salt
1 tspn ground ginger
½ tspn ground cinnamon
¼ tspn ground cloves
1 cup firmly packed brown sugar
185g (6oz) butter
1 egg
¼ cup honey

Sift flour, bicarbonate of soda, salt and spices. Cream sugar and butter well, then beat in egg and honey. When well creamed, gradually mix in dry ingredients. Chill mixture for easy handling. Shape rounded teaspoons of dough into balls. Dip top of each ball into cup of cold water, then in caster sugar. Place sugar side up on ungreased baking trays and bake in a moderate oven (180 deg C — 350 deg F) for 12-15 minutes.

Finnish Spice Cake

This moist spicy cake improves with keeping and is flavoured with cardamom, a spice much used by the Scandinavians. Cardamom was carried along the spice routes from the East to Europe where it was adopted by the Scandinavians and is used in many of their sweet dishes such as cakes, waffles, pastries, yeast doughs, desserts and mulled wines.

2 eggs, beaten
2 cups light sour cream
2 cups caster sugar
2-3 drops almond essence
3 cups plain flour
1 tspn bicarbonate of soda
½ tspn salt
½ tspn ground cinnamon
½ tspn ground cardamom

Preheat oven to moderate (180 deg C — 350 deg F). Grease two size 20 (8in) deep ring tins and dust lightly with sugar.

Combine eggs with sour cream, sugar and almond essence. Sift flour with dry ingredients and add gradually to egg mixture, beating until batter is smooth and well combined. Pour into prepared tins and bake in a moderate oven for 1 hour. Leave to stand for 10 minutes before turning out.

All measurements in our recipes are standard metric cups and spoons approved by the Standards Association of Australia. These are available at leading department and hardware stores. All measurements are level.

Sarah Coventry Salutes..

Mrs. Pat White

Mrs. Jeanette Brown

Mrs. Dorothy Schick

The increasing popularity of Sarah Coventry - the world-famous costume jewellery firm - has enabled these girls, who come from various walks of life, to become very successful as representatives for the company. These girls were the three most successful in the company's recent sales period. Sarah Coventry salutes their success.

Sarah Coventry representatives (or Fashion Show Directors) can work whatever hours they wish (full or part time). they control their own level of income, they have fun while they work, make many lasting friendships, and all enjoy the prestige of representing the world's largest costume jewellery firm in Australia.

If you are interested in joining them we still have some vacancies, so please write to us at

Sarah Coventry

Sarah Coventry Park
Hume Highway
Wodonga, 3690

prize recipes

Mrs L. Wamsley, of Wyong, NSW, wins our first prize this week for an Apple Tart, with a filling of apple puree, topped with an egg, sugar and coconut mixture. An easy hearty soup wins our second prize this week for Mrs B. Cash, of Woomera, SA.

APPLE TART

125g (4oz) shortcrust pastry, 30g (1oz) butter, ¼ cup sugar, 1 tspn vanilla, 1 egg, ½ cup desiccated coconut, 1½ cups apple puree.

Set oven temperature at moderate (180 deg C — 350 deg F). Roll pastry out thinly on a lightly floured board and use to line a size 20 (8in) pie plate. Chill while preparing filling.

Cream butter until soft and add sugar and vanilla, beat until creamy. Add lightly beaten egg and enough coconut to form a thick spreading consistency. Spoon apple puree over the prepared pastry case and spread coconut mixture over apples. Bake in a preheated moderate oven for 30-40 minutes or until topping is golden and pastry cooked.

SOUP FOR A CROWD

1kg (2lb) gravy beef, 2 large onions, 2 cloves garlic, salt, freshly ground pepper, ½ tspn each dried oregano and sage, 1½ cups broken spaghetti or small noodles, 2 medium cans tomatoes, 1 cup mixed chopped vegetables (peas, corn, carrot, potatoes, turnips).

Chop gravy beef into large cubes, chop onions finely and crush garlic with a large pinch salt. Place beef, onions, garlic and seasonings in a large pan. Cover with cold water and bring to the boil. Simmer covered until meat is very tender, about 1½-2 hours. Remove beef and shred, discarding any fat or gristle. Add noodles, chopped undrained tomatoes and mixed vegetables to pan and bring to the boil, cook until noodles and vegetables are tender. Return meat to pan and season to taste with salt and freshly ground pepper. Serve with thick slices of crusty bread.

Each week prizes of $10 and $5 are awarded for the best recipes. Address letters to "Woman's Day" Home Service, PO Box 161, Beaconsfield, NSW, 2014. Spoon measurements are level and the standard cup is used.

Revlon re-invents the Red! Introducing...

'Daring Young Red'

It's a red to wear with everything. (Or nothing.) Rich with the hint of mahogany, lush with the hue of ripe plums. Wear it creamy or frosted on your lips...on your nails. And start living dangerously.

Revlon

World's Leading Colour Authority

From page 48

evaded physical contact. He hadn't even seen her in ten days: the two times he tried to phone there was no answer. Oh, to hell with her, he had thought, not for the first time.

"Fiancee!" exclaimed the housemaster, startled and relieved, "Didn't know you had one, but we prefer teachers to lead regular lives, sets a good example — getting married soon?"

Martin flushed. "I — I guess so," he said, feeling like a fool, and then proceeded rapidly. "She's a PhD in psychology, works with troubled kids. She thinks, and I think, Amy will pull out from this dreamy, no-achievement phase — and at least the girl's happier than she was."

The housemaster snorted. "The 'happiness' may be marijuana or worse, far as I know. I've seen this slap-happy, drifting behaviour too often, and she'd *better* pull out next term, or drop out. We have our standards. Far as I'm concerned, she needs psychiatric help, but you keep bucking that — afraid she'll talk too much?" he added, his eyes again suspicious.

"Of course not." Martin found himself flushing again. "Good God, I tell you I'm engaged. I just don't think Amy needs psychiatry. She'll shape up," he added faintly with a confidence he did not quite feel. The housemaster had punctured it. Amy had improved in so many ways, a tragic ghost was laid for her, she obviously bloomed under Mac's attentions, but Martin was compelled to face the face that scholastically the girl was not 'with it' any more." She drifted through classes like a zombie.

Martin's thoughts were gloomy as he drove off after school. What possessed him to say that about Claire? He had never considered marriage with anyone, except in some indefinite future, if he wanted kids — and to please his mother. And as for Claire, he had come to doubt the attraction to him she had seemed to show. Probably that Charles, whoever he was, was now making time with her.

He was guiltily aware that cowardice had made him claim a fiancee he did not have.

But, he thought despondently, it was self-preservation, since I couldn't tell the real reasons for my interest in Amy, and I *don't* want to be kicked out like that. Damn it, I like teaching at Greenwich High, and I've never had a blot on my academic record.

He unlocked the door of his apartment and was greeted by the aroma of heavily roasted coffee with chicory, like the smell of the French quarter in New Orleans. There was also a whiff of something baking with cloves, peanut butter, molasses. "What the hell ..." he said, frowning, for he heard a clatter in his kitchen. He strode to the door and saw Claire, intently basting a small ham.

She looked up quickly and made a rueful face. "An impulse," she said, reddening at his stare, which seemed anything but pleased. "I hope you don't mind, but my afternoon classes were cancelled, and I thought you might like a real Louisiana dinner. See, I've made us a gumbo, and there's our own kind of coffee — have a cup? I brought all the stuff from town," she added nervously, for he continued to frown.

"Of course I don't *mind*," said Martin slowly, still staring. She was tousled and flushed, her neat cap of glossy black hair had swung loose into little curls on her cheeks, and a dish towel was pinned around her slender waist over the expensive bottle-green suit. The slight dishevellment made her look very charming — and different.

"How *did* you get in?" asked Martin, whose chest had begun to quiver with a mixture of anxiety and excitement. "I've got the only latch key."

"The janitor let me in. He's seen me around enough."

"Not for a while, he hasn't! I've tried to phone you, but no answer. I'd decided you were easing me out, now Amy's problem doesn't occupy you. Though maybe it should — the girl's failing all her subjects."

"Oh, Lord ..." exclaimed Claire with a sigh. She did not want to hear about Amy just now, but she answered him carefully. "I'm not surprised, really, though I hoped for the best. Amy's weathered too many shocks in too short a time. She's barely convalescent emotionally. A total change would do Amy good, I think," she said. She glanced up at Martin under her thick black lashes, an enigmatic look.

Martin reddened without knowing why. "I've a confession to make," he said roughly, "and for God's sake, please quit that cooking for a moment, much as I appreciate it. Come into the living room."

Claire gave an uncertain little laugh. "Okay," she said. She took off her dish-towel apron, smoothed her hair into place.

Martin poured them both a scotch and they settled on the living room divan, sitting decorously far apart.

"Confession all that hard?" asked Claire lightly, glancing at Martin's second scotch. "I presume you haven't been robbing a till, or gone in for rape, or become a junkie, wait — perhaps you've found another girl student to hypnotise."

"None of those," he said, scowling down at the rug. "It's to do with *you*. I've made a donkey of myself."

"Oh?" Claire became very still and pale, noting with annoyance that her hands were trembling.

"It began with Amy," he said in a muffled voice. "They've had me on

Page 66, please

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Inflation hits the pocket money set

with Jacqueline Kemeny

"Can I have an extra 9.6 cents this week, Dad?" said my 14-year-old son. "That's 6.4 per cent of my $1.50 pocket money; the national wage has gone up by 6.4"

"Fair enough," said my husband. "But remember that wage earners have to pay tax out of the 6.4 per cent rise. You won't have to do that. So how about settling for nine cents? It's a bit easier to give you than 9.6 cents — and you'll still be better off than the taxpayer."

So our teenager got his rise, but I notice he's still having trouble keeping pace.

"I'd never thought about how inflation must hit at kids' pocket money," my husband said to me after the "pay rise" discussion with our son. "But I suppose it does."

"Yes, I think so," I said — and decided to look more closely into the matter.

I began by getting the opinion of Anne Lampe, our writer on money matters. Anne said:

"Some parents are far too liberal with pocket money and their children more often than not do not appreciate its worth — especially when they don't have to work for it.

"On the other hand, getting an allowance gives a child the opportunity to learn about money management from an early age, and to plan for the things he or she wants, providing the allowance does not come too easily or in too large an amount.

"It is wise to take into account what your child's friends and school mates receive so that your child does not get a lot more than them, nor a lot less.

"As a general rule, no allowance should be expected to be automatic or a right; children should be encouraged to do chores to earn their allowance. They should be encouraged to take opportunities for adding to this allowance outside the home by, for example, looking after neighbours' children or delivering newspapers.

"Early on, children should learn where the family's money comes from and the effort that goes into earning it.

"To help develop expertise in money matters, children should be given full responsibility for spending their allowance, although advice should be available if required. The child should recognise responsibility for mistakes and their results — such as missing out on a movie because he spent all his allowance on something else.

"Encouragement should be given to saving part of the allowance for large or unexpected expenditures. The child should become familiar with the mechanics of opening and operating a savings account and later a cheque account.

"With basic guidelines, your child should develop a responsible attitude to money so he can eventually manage his pay packet."

What of the opinion of children themselves? To find out, I talked to several — and heard an almost unanimous "whinge".

"It's terribly hard," said pretty, dark-haired, 13-year-old Rhonda. "In the past few months, bus fares have gone up and so has the cost of school lunches — not that I buy them very often — and it costs much more if I go out with my girlfriend.

'I don't like to go to my parents for hand-outs'

"I get $2 a week but I'm supposed to pay for all my expenses out of that.

"I'm a bit envious of some of my friends, who just go to their parents whenever they need money for anything."

Lorraine, another 13-year-old who has her "own money to manage", disagreed with Rhonda.

"I get $2 a week and I'm supposed to pay for nearly everything," said Lorraine. "It HAS got harder, but I still think it's better to have your own money because you can save here and there, like packing your lunch instead of buying it.

"I used to buy my lunch two or three times a week. Now, I buy it about once every two weeks and I hardly ever buy milk shakes or sweets on the way home any more. They're no good for your skin, anyway."

For 15-year-old David, inflation has another meaning. "You have to work harder and I'm finding out I don't mind that," he said with a note of satisfaction. "I never used to have enough time to do my homework and my other jobs at home, so my mother didn't want me to take a job as a chemists's delivery boy after school. But I needed the money and I finally talked her into it.

"Well, the funny thing is that now I'm working after school I seem to be able to organise my time. I'm getting my homework done better than I used to and, at last, I have money of my own. I don't have to keep on going to my parents for handouts."

Jonathon, aged 11, has no "handout" problem.

"Mum gives me all the money I need and never asks me what I spend it on," he said. "I used to get 50 cents a week and had to take my lunch to school every day. But Mum went back to work about a year ago and, now, she gives me money every morning for my lunch and anything else I need."

It seems, however, that few parents are as generous (or as careless) about pocket money as Jonathon's mother.

Many I talked to shared Anne Lampe's view and were quite adamant that pocket money was not a kind of "divine right" but a clear-cut payment for work done.

"My children don't get pocket money willy nilly," said a 38-year-old divorcee, who supports her 15-year-old son and 13-year-old daughter without help from her ex-husband. "They are paid for the jobs they do around the house and, if the jobs don't get done, they don't get paid.

'It's better to have your own money to manage'

"The trouble is that, with inflation, I've had to increase the amount I pay them, especially for big jobs, they just can't manage on what they used to get."

The whole question of money as the incentive for jobs around the house was frowned on by other parents I talked to.

"My husband and I both feel that there are certain everyday jobs, such as washing-up and putting out the garbage, which everyone living in the house has a

Page 59, please

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Adding delicious Italian flavour to Beef Casserole Romano is as simple as this. LE704

CHICKEN - 'Chicken Cacciatore'

1½ kg (2½ lb.) chicken pieces
60 g (2 oz.) flour, seasoned
½ cup olive oil or 4 oz. butter
1 medium onion, sliced
1 can 445 g Leggo's Italian Cooking Sauce
¼ cup dry white wine (optional)

METHOD: Toss chicken into seasoned flour. Heat oil in a pan and fry chicken pieces until brown. Remove and set aside. Add sliced onion and fry until tender. Return chicken to pan and pour over Leggo's Italian Cooking Sauce and wine. Cover and simmer 1¼ hours. Serve with noodles and a tossed salad. Serves 4.

MEAT - 'Beef Casserole Romano'

(illustrated above right)

750 g (1½ lb.) stewing steak
3 tablespoons plain flour, seasoned
3 tablespoons oil or butter
2 rashers of bacon, chopped
¼ cup dry red wine or stock if preferred
½ teaspoon of thyme
1 can 445 g Leggo's Italian Cooking Sauce
2 carrots cut into 1" slices
1 zucchini, sliced
1 red and green pepper, sliced
8 small onions

METHOD: Toss meat cubes in seasoned flour. Fry bacon in oil or butter, add meat and brown. Place in a casserole dish and add wine or stock, thyme and Leggo's Italian Cooking Sauce and vegetables. Place in a moderate oven (350°F, 180°C) for 1½ hours. Serve with baby potatoes. Serves 4-6.

FISH - 'Baked Fish Italienne'

6 fillets flake, sliced thinly
1½ cups soft white breadcrumbs
1 teaspoon rosemary
grated rind of 1 lemon
¼ cup grated parmesan
1 egg, beaten
6 slices cheddar
4 tablespoons butter
1 can 445 g Leggo's Italian Cooking Sauce

METHOD: Combine breadcrumbs, rosemary, lemon rind, grated parmesan and egg. Spread over fish and fold fillets in half. Secure with a toothpick. Melt butter in a pan and fry fish until lightly brown. Place on an ovenproof dish. Cover each with a slice of cheese. Heat Leggo's Italian Cooking Sauce and pour over fish. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F, 180°C) for 20 minutes. Garnish with lemon and parsley. Serves 4.

For more exciting recipes with Leggo's Italian Cooking Sauce pick up a FREE recipe booklet at your supermarket.

Leggo's. The authentic Italian touch

Has baby got a hole in the head?

I am a first-time mother, and am not too sure about lots of baby problems. But one that seems odd to me is that my baby seems to have a hole in his head! Sounds crazy I know, but the skin seems to cover what is a very soft patch. Is this normal, or is part of baby's skull actually missing?

A: Don't panic new mother. This is perfectly normal. The part you can feel is baby's fontanelle. This is the part where the skull bones meet, and it takes some time for them to grow and unite. The skull bones are very pliable and movable at birth. This helps baby's skull fit through the bony passageways on his way into the world. The bones gradually firm up and unite with the passage of time.

Penicillin for a cold?

Q: Should I give my baby penicillin for his cold? I have a half bottle left over from a previous illness of one of the older children (tonsillitis). What dose should I give baby?

A: Antibiotics are often totally useless in babies with common colds. In any case, it is quite unwise to give one patient the left-overs from another patient. Antibiotic liquids often have a definite "shelf life" — that means they reduce in potency after a certain lapse of time. In my opinion, if all the medication is not taken during an illness, the rest should be discarded when the patient is better. Potent medication must be given only under medical direction, and that means a doctor's instructions.

Baby doesn't react to sounds

Q: I am wondering if my baby can hear me all right. Often if I walk into the room or disturb him or talk to him, there is little if any reaction. This is quite different from my other babies who were all reacting to these sounds at his age.

A: Most mothers are very astute and can gauge the reactions of their babies to noise, particularly their own voice, which baby soon comes to recognise promptly. This may be even more noticeable when compared with previous babies. So my advice is to get baby along to the baby specialist as soon as you can. It is essential that hearing defects be diagnosed as early in life as possible. Then, even in the early months, hearing devices can be fitted, and this assures that baby will have a much better chance of coping with his problem. No doubt the baby expert will enlist the aid of an ear, nose and throat specialist also.

Vaccination against measles

Q: At what age is it best to give baby vaccination against measles, and does this protect her against rubella also?

A: The best time to give the measles injection is at 12 months of age — some doctors suggest 10 months. If given too early, it seems the value may be destroyed by antibodies in the baby's blood which have been acquired from the mother. Ordinary measles and german measles (rubella) are two totally different diseases, produced by different viruses. So there is no cross immunity. Maybe, at the age of 12 to 15 years, if she has not already contracted rubella, an injection against that may be advised.

A 'hanging' problem

Q: My baby is now nearly two weeks old. Yet the shrivelled up remains of his umbilical cord still hang on to his navel. It looks a bit of a mess. I feel like giving it a good tug to get rid of it.

A: Don't tug. Little by little it will continue to shrivel up and become progressively loose. Then one day it will simply come adrift of its own accord. Pulling may initiate bleeding or open the way for infection. Nature has its own way of dealing with this and it is usually successful. It is not abnormal, and the less you fiddle the better. Clean the base twice a day with surgical spirit.

by Dr James Wright

If you have a baby problem, write to Dr James Wright, Baby Clinic, "Woman's Day", PO Box 161, Beaconsfield, NSW, 2014. Suitable queries will be answered in this column. Dr Wright regrets that personal replies are not possible.

ENTER THE GRAVOX SAUCE MIX RECIPE CONTEST TODAY!
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CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

Recipes should be for an economical, family meal using any Gravox Sauce Mix and will be judged on originality and neatness.

Entries must be received by August 30, 1976.

The contest will be judged during September by Margaret Fulton (Cookery Editor of *Woman's Day*), Jean Harper (Cookery Editor of *Woman's World*) and Jean Scott (Home Economist, Cerebos).

Results will be published in the October 18 issue of *Woman's Day* and *Woman's World* (October 20th).

All winners will be notified by mail. Entry in the competition indicates acceptance of all rules and conditions.

All entries will become the property of Cerebos (Australia) Ltd. The judges' decision is final. This competition is open to residents of Australia only.

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Send your recipe (on a separate piece of paper) to:
The GRAVOX SAUCE RECIPE CONTEST,
PO Box 174, Beaconsfield, 2014.

Contest closes on August 30, 1976.

Name .....

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parent continued

From page 57

duty to share without expecting payment," said a mother of three children, two girls and a boy, aged 10, 12 and 15.

"They all get basic pocket money according to their age, ranging from $1 to $1.50. They're expected to pay incidental expenses and also save something out of that. Occasionally, we do pay them an extra amount for some out-of-the-ordinary job, but not often.

"If they need money for something extraordinary, they can ask for it. But we don't like them to ask too often, their savings should cover things."

A widower who has two teenage children agreed that part-time jobs during the school year are not too desirable.

"Homework should come first and they also need time for leisure and recreation," he said. "Of course, in some homes it's necessary for the children to make their own money. But when it isn't strictly necessary, I don't think it's advisable.

"I give my two a daily allowance. I don't ask for a detailed account of how they spend it but I know they both save some. They have to justify a request such as a large sum for a school excursion.

"I've definitely noticed an increase in the amount they need each day ... Inflation probably has something to do with it, too."

The overall impression I gained from the parents I talked to is that, although most people think children should have pocket money, there are varying opinons about the "details" — such as whether or not it should be given for work done and at what age it should begin.

This impression was confirmed by letters we received in answer to our recent Housework Survey questionnaire (published in our issue of May 24), responding to question 11 — Do You Expect Children To Help With Housework? — and question 12 — Do They Receive Pocket Money?

Here are interesting excerpts from some of the letters:

... "Children should get pocket money regardless of whether they do chores or not. Our children have learnt at an early age the value of saving."

... "I believe children should know that money has to be earnt, so they get a certain amount as pocket money and extra has to be earnt around the house."

... "Give little children pocket money without expecting anything in return. But as they get older they should help with the housework."

... "I expect them to help but there's such a row over it I'd rather do it myself. When my daughter receives money she always says it isn't enough so, to avoid this, I give her a lump sum once a month."

... "One has to be careful of giving pocket money only if children have helped with the housework; it is better to try to get the children to want to help rather than having to."

... "Our children receive an allowance which they are free to use as they see fit — however, they are encouraged to save for special items they require and then we may stretch our budget to meet half the cost. This way they have contributed to all sorts of items they regard as 'dreams' and that we feel are a mite extravagant as outright gifts."

'I don't believe in making slaves of children'

... "Children should do something to earn their pocket money but I don't think they should be burdened too heavily with housework."

... "My older sons, aged seven and five, do simple household chores for a small amount of pocket money at the end of each week. But I don't believe in making slaves of children."

And when should parents begin paying pocket money? Here again, there were differences of opinion.

... "In order to learn the value of money, children should receive a fixed amount each week, gradually increasing as they get older. This should start at three or four years of age."

... "Our seven-year-old son does not receive pocket money because we don't think he is mature enough to realise the value of money yet. In a year or two he'll probably be getting some pocket money but *not* as payment for household jobs."

For a final word on the subject here's an excerpt from a Survey letter written by a grandmother who raised her children during the Depression:

"During their childhood there wasn't enough money to live on — so *forget* pocket money. I managed because I never bought anything I could make. And the children never went without. They got home-made toys and sweets and they always had special occasion celebrations for birthdays and Christmas."

HELP FOR HYPER-ACTIVE CHILDREN

Interest in our article on the Feingold diet for hyperactive children (published in our July 5 issue), has been overwhelming. Information on the care of hyperactive children, including details of the Feingold diet, is available from the newly formed National Association for Hyperactivity, PO Box 100, Narrabeen, NSW, 2101.

— JACQUELINE KEMENY

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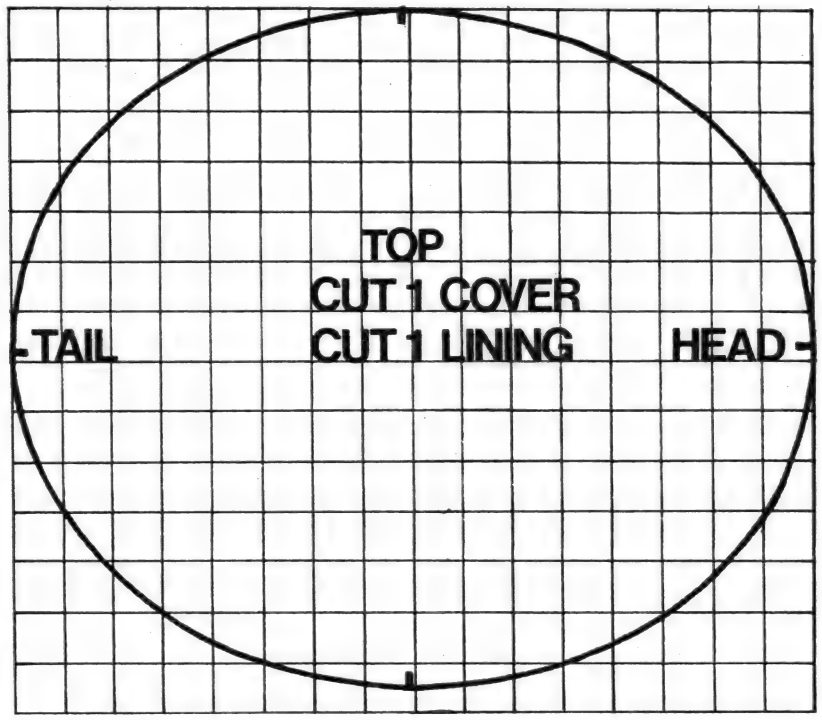
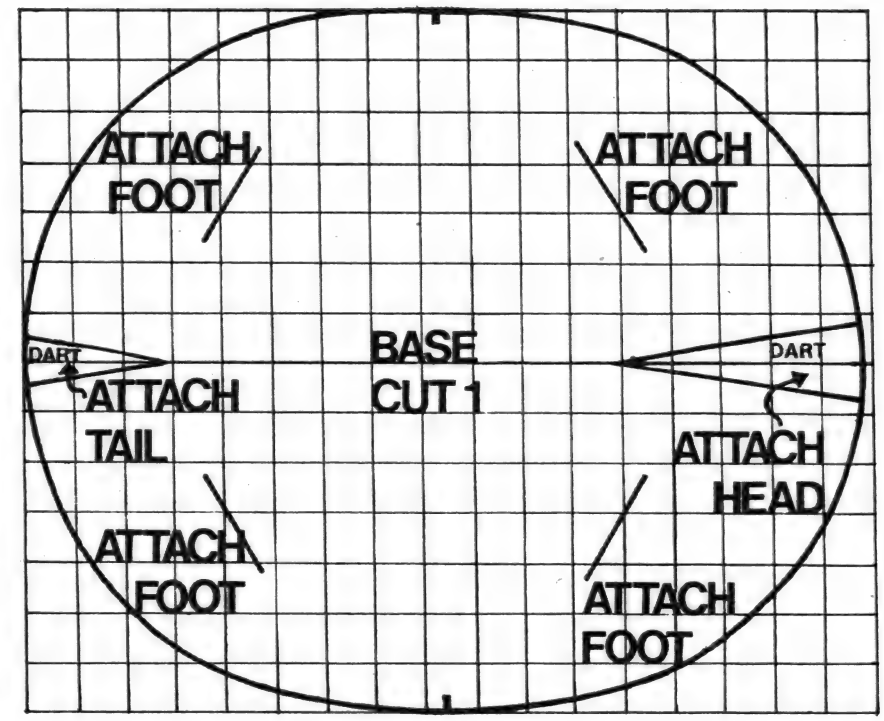
Please turn to next page for diagrams and sewing instructions

Photographs by Wal Easton. Doll, book, racquets, from Grace Bros.

From previous page





1 sq equals 4 cm

WHAT WAS THE SECRET BEHIND FRANK SINATRA'S MARRIAGE WITH BARBARA MARX ?

A Pix/People special reporter investigates the surprise wedding and what will be the outcome.

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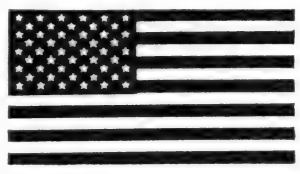


America's Mystery Femme Fatale, Elizabeth Ray, talks: "My lovers in high places"

- Beautiful star Susannah York on Fraser Island clowns with Noel Ferrier and the Mornington Island tribe.
- Meet Alex Joseph . . . He's got 12 wives!
- Natural gas at last for Sydney! Behind-the-scenes with $800-a-week pipeline welders and their families.

All in Pix/People dated August 19

To make the pattern: Enlarge pattern pieces from graphs; one square equals 4 cm.

Note: 1cm seams allowed.

Materials: 1.50m x 90cm wide fabric for base, head, feet, tail and underneath frill. A piece of lining fabric 64cm x 54cm for top lining. Coloured scraps of fabric 11cm square for top cover and top frill. Two small pieces of fabric for eyes and eye centres. Foam filling from two standard size pillows.

To cut out: Cut one base piece; two heads and eight feet. Also cut three frill pieces 11cm wide x 120cm long, and two tail pieces, 22cm x 22cm x 9cm. Cut one top cover in patchwork and one in lining.

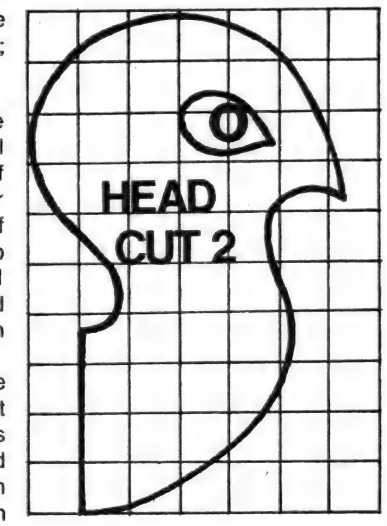
To make the patchwork: Make a template from cardboard 11cm square and use as pattern for patchwork squares. Cut out squares, making sure all edges are on straight grain. With right sides together, join patches either lengthways or crossways. Press all seams open.

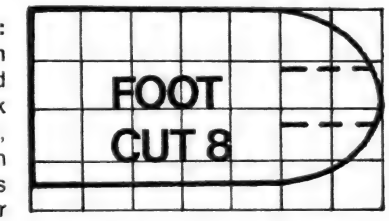
With right sides together, match seams and stitch down the length or across the width, until you have joined up enough patches for the cover. Press firmly, then cut out. Join patches end on end for frill, to measure approx 360cm.

To make: Applique or stitch eye centres to eyes, then stitch eyes to head pieces where marked on pattern. With right sides together, stitch head pieces, leaving straight edge open. Clip around curves, turn to right side and fill firmly with filling.

Stitch straight edge together. Stitch straight edge of head to base where marked on pattern, then join the dart together. (It may be easier to use a zipper or cording foot.)

Join tail pieces, leaving straight edge open. Fill and stitch. Stitch to base where marked on pattern, then stitch dart together.





With right sides together, stitch around two foot pieces, leaving base open. Clip around curves, turn to right side. Run two rows of stitching down foot where marked by broken lines to form toes. Fill and stitch across base. Make the other three feet, stitch to base where marked.

Join underneath frill together end on end to make one long piece. With right sides together, stitch underneath frill and patchwork frill along one long edge, then join frill seam together. Fold frill in half and press.

Run a row of stitching around raw edge of frill to hold. Then, run two rows of gathering stitch around this edge and ease on to top edge of base piece.

Stitch patchwork to lining, then with right sides together stitch cover to base, leaving a space along one side. Fill firmly, slipstitch opening.

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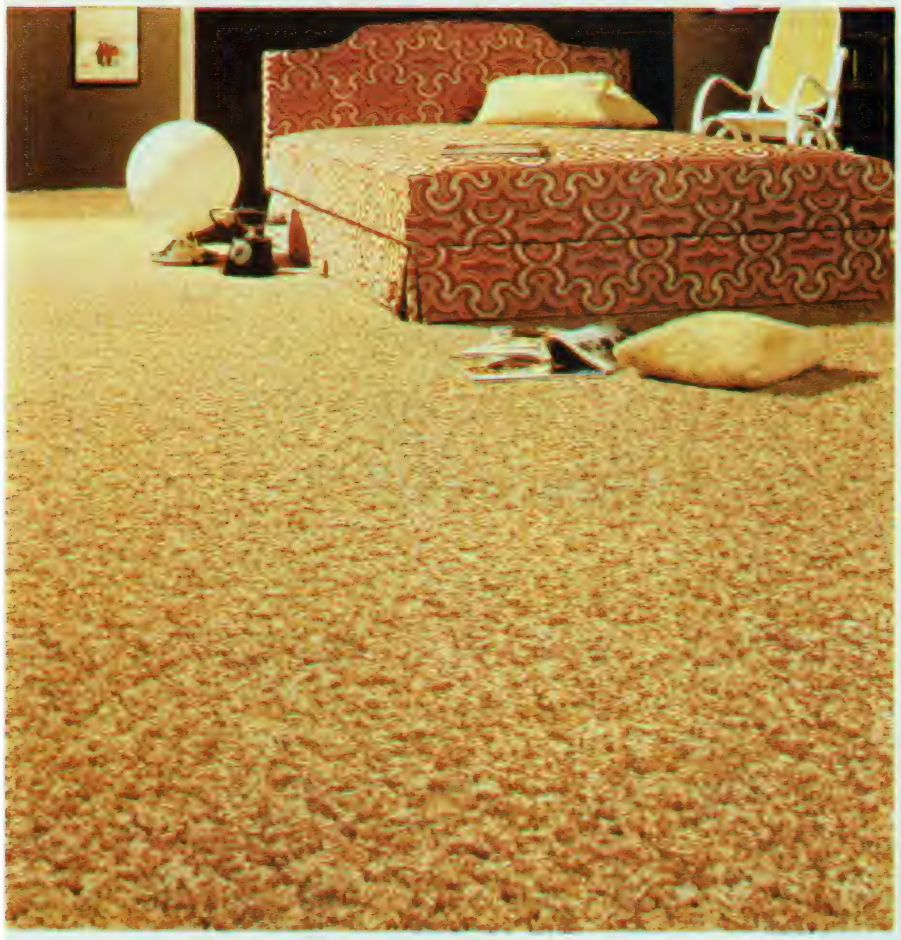

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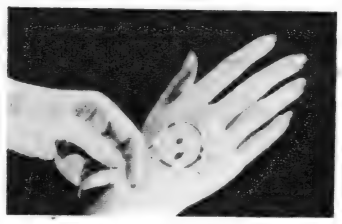
age spots*



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medicine

A question of 'find the allergy'

Of all the problems seen in a GP's surgery, one of the most constant is the wheezing child. And when an attack comes on they are a misery to themselves and a worry to their parents.

Just after dinner last night I had a call to visit the McArdle family because young Peter, aged five, had an attack of wheezing.

Peter was sitting on his father's lap before a log fire, and was having some difficulty with his breathing. He was nursing the family cat.

"There was nothing wrong with him when he came home from school," Mrs McArdle said. "But as soon as he started running wild with that family next door it came on . . . just like that."

"Boys need to play, dear," her husband said. "And it's quite normal for them to enjoy a bit of rough-house."

"Yes, but Peter can't seem to do it like the others."

"What happens?" I asked.

"Well, whenever he gets over-excited," she explained, "it seems to bring on a fit of wheezing like he has now."

"Let's just have a listen to that chest," I suggested.

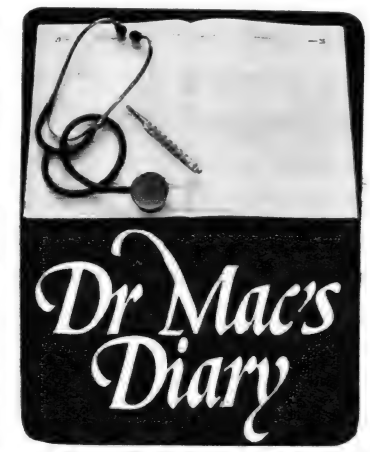
Peter is the McArdle's only child, and I wanted to avoid making too much of the ailment in front of him. Quite a number of children learn how to influence their parents' attitudes by manipulating their symptoms and I didn't want Peter to learn the trick, too.

I found he had only a very slight temperature, but his breathing was rapid and wheezy. On questioning it turned out that Mrs McArdle suffered from hay-fever, as did all the members of her family. As far as she knew Peter was not allergic to any particular foods.

The point to these questions was that most asthmatic children have allergies of some kind, and allergic reaction is known to be an important factor in most attacks. Other things, such as infection and emotions, play their part, but in the main these children have a biochemical reaction to irritating substances.

After Peter had taken a dose of bronchodilator mixture for me, I asked for him to be put to bed.

"I would like him to see a specialist and have some allergy tests done," I said to Mr McArdle as I packed up my bag.



"There are so many things you can be allergic to. House dust, for example, and even domestic pets. How long have you had the cat by the way?"

He looked thoughtful for a second or two then he said: "Good God, it's about the same time Peter started getting these attacks. You don't think . . .?"

"It's possible. Cat's fur, or rather the tiny scales on their skin, is a common cause of allergy."

When I arrived home my son, David, who is a trainee physician at a nearby hospital, had just beaten me inside. Bridget, my wife, was fussing over him.

"Typical oldest child," I murmured to Melissa, our teenage daughter, with a wink. "Over-protected and molly-coddled by his mother."

"You can say THAT again." Melissa spoke with obvious feelings of envy.

"No wonder he had asthma as a child."

"That was only because we didn't know he was allergic to cow's milk." Bridget sprang hotly to his defence. "Anyway, he grew out of it by the time he was 12."

"So do 80 per cent of all children," David said. "Didn't you send me off to a physio for breathing exercises, Dad?"

"I did."

Suddenly he started to laugh. "She didn't tell you at the time," he said, "but Mum used to tie camphor on a piece of string around my neck."

"Bridget!" I said in amazement. "You didn't, did you?"

"You doctors don't know everything," she said, when the laughter died down at last. "I treated the children's warts with thistle-milk, too . . . if you must know. And you thought they were for the canary."

Real names are not used in this diary.

serial continued

From page 56

the carpet for defending her, they think I've been taking 'undue interest.' The housemaster practically threatened me with instant dismissal — they fired a male teacher last year for —" he stopped.

Claire compressed her lips. *Amy* again! She liked the girl, had been very glad to help her out, but it was not because of Amy that she had made herself unavailable for ten days; then when the longing to see Martin grew unbearable, she had cancelled classes, bought food, and jumped on a train armed with one of the oldest feminine ploys. "The way to a man's heart is through his stomach," her mother used to say complacently.

Martin still scowling at the rug spoke in a rush. "Well, you see I was chicken, and for Amy's sake, too, I couldn't explain — you know that — not to that suspicious old guy, so I said *you* and I were helping Amy, and I claimed you for a fiancee, said we'd be married soon. It was *unpardonable!*"

Claire looked quickly at his embarrassed face, then away. In the apartment there was a long silence, except that sleet began to hiss against the window. At length she spoke in a small voice. "*I* don't find it unpardonable, Martin, except that you obviously didn't mean it."

His wits were slightly fuddled and it took him a moment to understand this. He transferred his scowl to her face which was tender, vulnerable, subtly beseeching — as he had never seen it. "You mean you'd *like* to marry me?" he asked incredulously. "I thought you'd be angry — and what about the other guy, the one you told me about?"

"Oh yes, Charles — he's very fond of me, his intentions are serious, as we used to say in New Orleans, but I don't happen to *feel* for him." Unconsciously she put her hand over her heart, and to his astonishment, he saw her bright sapphire eyes cloud with tears. The poised, incisive Claire suddenly looked like an unhappy little girl, and in that moment Martin's defences crumbled.

He drew her silently into his arms and began to kiss her. At first tenderly, then with mounting desire. She responded, nestling against him, though the tears spilled over and ran down her face. But she freed herself determinedly. "Oh, sure," she said half laughing, half sobbing. "I'd *like* to go to bed with you, but I don't want *just* that. I happen to love you, you idiot. For keeps. I have for a long time, and —" she added with a touch of the usual Claire practicality, "we have the same interests, and I think could make each other happy."

Martin hesitated, while her sincerity pierced through and calmed the rampant physical urge. "I think so, too," he said in a wondering awed tone. "It just never occurred to me — marriage." He kissed the top of her head. "But you know, I'm beginning to like the idea." He picked up his scotch then put it down untouched. He turned again to look at her. "Yes, I do like it; but, if you're going to turn into an ante-bellum flower of the old South, and hold off my bestial passions, let's get married *soon!*"

"Sure," she said, with a long sigh of the ecstatic relief which comes but seldom in a lifetime.

Martin having taken the plunge, felt himself suddenly and utterly content. A new sensation. They lay for a while in each other's arms, kissing and murmuring, deep in their timeless moment, until there came a sizzling spatter from the kitchen.

Claire jumped up. "Oh, darling — the ham! Maybe the oven's on fire — the grease!" She ran to the kitchen. He stayed quietly on the divan, thinking.

She came back soon. "It's okay. This *will* be a celebration dinner!"

"Uh-huh," he said, "and it smells great. But look, my love, you know what? Christmas vacation next week. Let's fly home, to my mother's, she'll put on a beautiful wedding at Bellerive. And *you've* no parents left."

Claire, though startled and thrilled, yet hesitated. "But won't she object? Her only child . . . and so sudden."

"God, no — she won't object," said Martin chuckling, "she's been after me to marry for ages, and she'll be so relieved that the bride isn't a damn Yankee! I'll phone her when we've eaten. You'll see."

They did scant justice to Claire's excellent Louisiana dinner, though Martin produced a treasured bottle of burgundy, and they toasted each other, smiling, both suffused by a glow which needed neither food nor drink for enhancement. As they finished with the special roast black coffee in demitasses, Claire was imbued with the joy that breeds universal good will and the wish to share it.

"Martin," she said, "you know it's poor little Amy who is really responsible for our finding each other. And you know what?"

"What?" he said, running his fingers down the side of her cheek. "I never realised what lovely bone structure you have! Like that Praxiteles 'Aphrodite'."

"Thanks, darling," she said turning her head and kissing his finger, "but my bone structure will last a while, Amy needs *immediate* help, from what you tell me."

"Oh Lord." He sighed. "But I don't know how." And now *he* did not wish to be worried by Amy's problems.

"Let's take the Delatours to Louisiana for the wedding!" she exclaimed. "Amy needs a pleasant jolt, and I'd love to have her for my bridesmaid. I've so few friends or relations left down there."

"What, all *three* Delatours!" cried Martin laughing, and trying to examine the idea. "I must say there's plenty of room at Bellerive, and you can count on Mother's hospitality, but honestly, can you see *Sarah* on the Bayou Teche?" He thought of the lazy elegance of Bellerive. The black servants, some of whose forebears had once served Azilde's forebears — back and back into slavery days. He thought of the afternoons on the cool galleries, the mint juleps, the gentle gossip, the sumptuous meals lasting hours, the fragrance of gardenia and jasmine from the gardens which ran — near

Page 71, please

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Italian Semolina Cakes

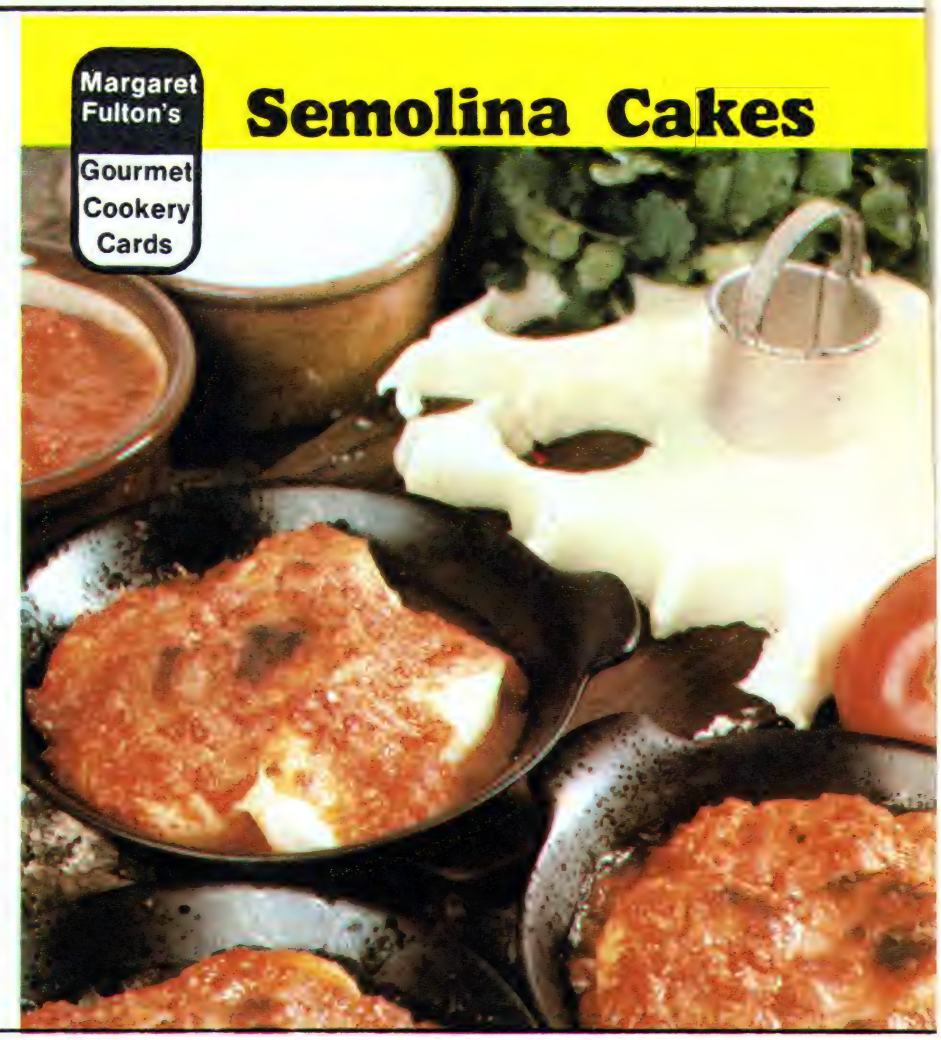
These Italian Semolina Cakes, a type of gnocchi, may be served as an entree or main course with a tossed green salad. We have prepared our dish in the Roman style coated with a thick, well-seasoned tomato sauce. There are many ways of preparing gnocchi and we chose semolina for its lightness and delicate taste.

1 onion
1 bay leaf
3¾ cups milk
¾ cup semolina or cornmeal
1½ tspns salt
Tomato Sauce:
2 tblspns olive oil
1 small onion
medium can tomatoes
½ tspn salt
½ tspn sugar
pepper to taste
¾ cup grated parmesan cheese
60g (2oz) butter
½ tspn dry mustard
¼ tspn pepper
sprig basil or oregano
1 bay leaf
1 tblspn tomato paste

Peel onion, cut in half and put in pan with bay leaf and milk. Bring slowly to the boil, remove onion and bay leaf, add semolina, salt and pepper. Cook, stirring over a low heat, for about 20 minutes or until very thick. Remove from heat, stir in half cheese, 15g (½oz) butter and mustard. Spread into a well-buttered baking tin to an oblong slightly less than 1cm (½in) thick. When cold turn out, cut into rounds with a small cutter or into squares with a knife.

Arrange, slightly overlapping, in a well-buttered shallow ovenproof dish. Spoon over Tomato Sauce and sprinkle with remaining cheese. Melt remaining butter and drizzle over top. Bake in a moderate oven (180 deg C — 350 deg F) for 15 minutes, then place under a hot grill until brown and crisp. Serve immediately while still bubbling.

Tomato Sauce: Heat oil, add finely chopped onion and cook over a high heat until pale golden. Add tomatoes which have been drained and chopped. Add salt, sugar, pepper, basil or oregano, bay leaf and tomato paste. Cover and simmer gently for 45 minutes, stirring occasionally.



No specs for Charles

"I'd like you to look at Charles' right eye for me please, Doctor. I think there is a film, or something, growing over it and at times I'm sure he doesn't see too well," said Margery Osborne, as she placed her spaniel on the examination bench.

"How old is Charles?" I asked.

"About 10, he may even be 11," she replied.

Examination revealed severe clouding of the pupil of the old dog's right eye and I explained that I could detect well developed opacity of the lens — that in fact Charles had a cataract in one eye.

Mrs Osborne, being within that human age group at which cataracts occur relatively often, knew a little about the condition and asked if it were feasible to remove the affected lens by surgery, as is done for humans.

I pointed out that, while it was possible to do so, the operation was carried out only rarely in dogs, and was not really successful

"You see," I explained, "when you remove the affected lens or cataract from an eye, the patient still cannot see until you compensate him for the loss of the lens by prescribing spectacles. Dogs, generally, would not tolerate glasses."

Anyway, Charles still had normal sight in one eye, as well as perhaps some 10 per cent of vision in the affected one and it was most unlikely that he would become totally blind before he died.

Fortunately, Mrs Osborne is an intelligent person who will accept the situation now that she knows what's wrong with her dog and that nothing can be done about it.

Dr H. R. Todd, Veterinarian

Leather patches on his elbows

What is the treatment for a condition in dogs that looks like "leather patches" on elbows. I have an idea it is a parasite — or is it a virus? I have a young irish terrier who has a tiny "O" patch just starting and I should like to stop it before it gets established and is hard to cure.

— Balding

"Leather patches" (a good description) on the elbows and hocks are relatively common in dogs, especially larger breeds.

Basically, they're like bedsores in humans. Cause is pressure when the animal is resting. Timber floors or cement runs are often the factor.

Treatment consist of softening creams or ointments, such as lanolin, applied thoroughly two to three times a day. Removal of the cause will retard callus development but not prevent it.

So there you have it. Softening creams and comfortable, soft sleeping spots such as carpet or cushions will do the trick.

Magpies like mince

I need your advice about the care and feeding of a pet magpie. We have had him for six months and he is whistling very well. I feed him on mince but was told I should only feed him steak. He loves to get out into the garden.

— Curious

Magpies are carnivorous. They do well on mince meat, chopped or diced meat, worms, grubs, beatles, etc. As with all animals, particularly those confined, variations in the diet are greatly appreciated. The care of magpies is the same as that of other cage and aviary birds such as budgerigars and parrots.

The cat who can't help dribbling

My cat is five years old and for the last 12 months has been dribbling saliva from his mouth. It is getting worse recently. When it first started we took him to the vet who said it was a flu that cats get and it couldn't be cured, but gave him two injections. The cat was all right for two months.

After about six months he was really bad again, so we took him to another vet who said the cat had tartar on his teeth and gave him a general anaesthetic and cleaned his teeth. This vet also found an infection on the tongue and prescribed antibiotics for the infection. But as soon as the cat finished each bottle of medicine he started dribbling again.

What should we do?

— Mouth-water

The symptoms are typical, mouth infection, decaying teeth, etc. They sound as though a thorough inspection is required under full anaesthesia. Once the seat of the trouble has been discovered and removed, antibiotic therapy should clear up the infection. One of the best drugs for that purpose is Flagyl, from the veterinary surgeon.

If you have any problem about your pet we invite you to write to Dr H.R. Todd, Pet Care Advice, C/- Woman's Day, Box 161, Beaconsfield, NSW, 2014. A selection of letters will be answered in this column each week. ALL other letters will be answered personally without charge. All information by the experts at the Pet Care Information Advisory Service.

Sex and Janet's son

"Come on, Danny," I called to our spaniel. "Come on, the rain's stopped, the sun's out and I need to think. Let's go for a walk in the park."

It was a Sunday morning and as I sat for a while on a park seat a little girl on a tricycle came up for a chat while on the park oval a football game was in swing.

Jane Murray would no doubt be down at the park watching the boys play football, but not, I thought grimly, for long now. In less than two months Jane would be going away with her family to live in Perth, then maybe I'd have my son back again.

I certainly didn't have him now. The boy who looked like John, who slept in John's room and answered to his name was nothing like the cheerful, outgoing young chap who, since his father had left home, had tried in so many ways to be the man of the house.

No, this John was sullen, bad-tempered, unhelpful, silent.

"I don't think I can put up with it much longer," I'd said only yesterday to Marion Field, my neighbour and friend from across the road. "It's like living in the house with a stranger."

"Oh, it'll be all right once the Murrays actually move," Marion assured me. "I've always believed that absence makes the heart grow fonder for somebody else, especially when you're as young as John is."

"Well," I said, "I only hope the next one isn't like Jane Murray."

Marion looked at me questioningly. Her eyes were very candid and somehow I felt a little uncomfortable. "Of course, Janet, you could be wronging this girl Jane totally, couldn't you? After all, you've never met her. You've only heard vague rumours that she's not a very nice sort of girl."

"Look, Marion, if you saw Jane you'd know exactly what I mean."

"Sexy, eh?"

"Very. Sex oozes out of her. Not that she can help it, I guess. She's just made that way."

"Look, Janet, if you don't mind me saying so, I think you're being a bit hennish about all this."

"Hennish?"

"Like an old hen with her chickens. If it's going to worry you to death every time your sons start casting devoted looks at a girl, you're in for a bad time.

"If I were you, Janet, the thing that would really worry me is the state of Miss Murray's sex education. I mean, does she or does she not take the Pill?"

"At 15!" I felt quite sick at the thought of it, then I remembered that Jane was supposed to have had an abortion already.

"Marion, I'm a prude, I guess. The thought of a young girl like that being on the Pill gives me the horrors."

"And does the thought of John having his first taste of sex really worry you so much — I mean if it doesn't have any ill consequences?"

"Not really as much as it would if he was a daughter, Marion. I don't know why, but it doesn't."

"I know why," Marion said. "It's because you've been brought up along the traditional lines. You've been conditioned into believing that it's all right for the men to sleep around but not for women. The Pill's upset the traditional balance between male and female. It's made us women as free sexually as men, if we want to be.

"I can remember as a little girl my parents talking in hushed voices about an aunt who had gone away with a married man.

"These days no one would think anything much about it."

"Except," I rejoined a little sourly, "the deserted wife maybe."

"Oh, sorry, Janet, I forgot about Bob for the moment."

"Don't worry. That wound has long since healed."

"Emotionally, of course, but I suppose it always remains a blow to your pride when your husband goes away with another woman."

"Now who's being old-fashioned," I accused her. "Yes, you feel the blow to your pride at first but you get over that, too. Nothing lasts in this world, Marion — nothing except the love a mother feels for her children."

"Well," Marion said, and there was something like a warning note in her voice, "just don't mistake mother-love for smother-love, will you, Janet?"

As I got off the park bench this morning and walked round the edge of the muddy football field, with Danny a golden flash somewhere ahead, I thought of what Marion had said.

Did I really tend to smother rather than mother the boys? Was it a result of their father's defection from the home front? Did I subconsciously feel I had to cling to my sons because I had no husband?

I shrugged the thought away. If I really needed a male to cling to I'd have long ago said yes to Jock Barrington, dependable, generous, easy-going Jock, who was also not short of income.

Or I could have seized the opportunity to go back to Bob Middleton, when Elsa broke up with him and he got his posting to New Zealand.

And there was always my boss, Jim Court. He had never in so many words told me that he loved me, but all the same I knew he did. I only had to let him see what I wanted and Jim Court would have asked me to marry him.

No, the lack of a husband wasn't the reason why Marion felt I was in danger of smothering my sons. It was something else, but for the life of me I couldn't think what.

And Danny, who came darting back to see why I was loitering so much, couldn't help me.

Real names are not used in this diary.

Does Janet tend to smother rather than mother her boys? As she sits ruminating on a bench, Janet has a few words with a small inquisitive park visitor.

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From page 66

an avenue of the mysterious trailing grey of spanish moss — down to the old steamboat landing on the bayou. And he thought of his own mother, plumply voluptuous in the black velvets and laces she always wore, still in mourning for his father, as was the custom down there, and of the jewelled crucifix around her neck — the tapers she burned to the saints in St. Peter's Church. The vision of Sarah Mead Delatour, puritanical, inhibited, bigoted, bony as a rake in her cheap nylon prints and —

"No, my love," said Martin, "it's a charitable thought, but I won't have Sarah throwing our wedding into a deep freeze, and I can't see her letting Amy go without her. She hasn't changed *that* much. Besides, I'm not sure Amy would go if permitted — even with Grandpere. She's besotted over the Wilton youth."

"I know how the poor girl feels — besotted," said Claire with a rueful smile. "Nevertheless, the change might help, and if you're thinking of the fares . . ." she added timidly, "I've quite a bit saved, and . . ."

"Good Lord, sugar," he interrupted, pulling her around the little table on to his lap and shutting her up with a kiss. After a moment he continued, "I've enough for the fares though I want to spend a lot on a big splashy old-fashioned engagement ring — if you'd like that, of course," he added belatedly, realising through the insight of this new tenderness how dictatorial he had often been in his relations to women.

"Yes, I'd like anything. *I'm* in the dithering state of whatever thou wanteth, I want." She got off his lap and pushed him gently towards the living room. "Please, darling, phone your mother. I really do *so* hope that she approves. I guess I'm a pretty conventional type, after all."

For this remark Martin loved her even better. Generations of convention and of the ingrained chivalric attitude towards beloved women could not be erased by a few years of racketing around in the new permissive society.

Martin picked up the receiver and dialled New Iberia, Louisiana. Claire tactfully retired to the kitchen and shut the door. But there was no need for tact, Azilde after the first startled moments of listening to her son was genuinely delighted and asked to speak to Claire.

"Welcome, honey, to the family, and to Bellerive. I met your papa, the doctor, once or twice in N'yawlins when the Judge and I were livin' there, but ever'body knew about Dr Colbert. Oh, this is the very nicest Christmas gift I evah did get! This big old house hasn't had a weddin' in it since my own." The warm drawl went on and on, happily oblivious to Martin's phone bill, thought Claire with amusement after she gave the phone back to Martin.

Martin at the telephone looked up at Claire once. "Mother wants to know if we have any northern guests we'd like to bring."

"Please tell her that it's possible," answered Claire, "three of them," and saw Martin's eyebrows raise, though he relayed the message.

When the phone call finally ended, he made a face at Claire and said, "If I weren't so much in love with you, I'd think you a stubborn little cuss. I thought we'd settled the Delatour question. I simply don't *want* any of that weird threesome at Bellerive. Actually, I wish to forget them for a while."

Claire inwardly flinched at the disapproval in his face, but she said staunchly, "We started to help Amy, and we haven't finished. Besides what you told me — I've a kind of premonition. I never used to have things like that, I still think they're dubious, but, Martin, if you start meddling with psyches, you *can't* suddenly lose interest, one has to persevere."

Claire left for town on a late train, though it was very hard to leave him. She had a mass of work and preparations to surmount before going with Martin to Louisiana. "I'll be out early Saturday morning," she assured him, "to help you tackle the Delatours, then I can stay until late Sunday."

"In your usual state of dogged purity?" he said chuckling. "My God, if it weren't for the way you kiss me, I'd think you frigid. I did begin to believe you found me repulsive — those nights here you made me sleep on the divan! You baffled me."

"Isn't anything worthwhile worth waiting for?" asked Claire softly. "If it's any satisfaction to you, the janitor believes the worst. He gave me a distinct leer today — Oh, Martin," she added, suddenly serious, "I'm so *happy*. I guess I've loved you ever since our first dates at Tulane — though naturally I was too proud to show it."

Martin could not honestly say the same. His love had burst on him this very day, at least consciously, and all due to an outrageous lie he had told to protect himself and Amy. How bizarre, he thought — an ignoble action, not punished but gloriously rewarded. And Amy's problems would surely all be miraculously resolved, too; he felt buoyantly certain of this as he kissed Claire on the station platform and settled her in the train as though she were a fragile piece of porcelain.

But he was wrong. Amy's problems were not resolved.

★ ★ ★

When Claire came out to Greenwich on Saturday morning,

Page 80, please

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Soft living at super prices in FOAM

Foam is shaping the furniture of the future — and no wonder. Not only comfortable and light, it's amazingly versatile, too — a chair becomes a bed, a mattress turns into seating — cutting your furniture costs. And you can save more by making your own.

Top: Cleverly designed child's desk made of foam. It's light, yet firm and with its vinyl upholstery is very easy to clean. It costs $26.60 from Clark Rubber Stores throughout Australia. Above: To create an informal look for a living area, why not start off with a combination of divans and large cushions? The mattress is exactly the same thickness as the base and they can be lined up or used separately for really comfy seating. Great for putting up overnight guests, too. Relaxafoam 8in mattress and base in top grade HR (high resilience) foam — which means it quickly bounces back to its original shape — costs approximately $170, complete with floral ticking envelope, and is available from most leading retailers throughout Australia. Scatter/floor cushions in crumb foam with zip-off calico cover, also by Relaxafoam. Fabric covering is "Ripple" by Austfield Fabrics, from $2.99 a metre at David Jones, Sydney, and soft furnishing retailers throughout Australia.

with Babette Hayes

Photography by
Bob Donaldson
and Lewis Morley

Above: Ideal for homes with limited space — both sofa and chairs convert to beds, and you can store linen in the pouffe. Club sofa, $150, club chairs, $110 each, pouffe $43.85 (including fabric). Right: Square, chunky club chair converts to single bed. In cord velvet, $110, including fabric. Below: Three-in-one piece of furniture: You can sit upright or relax with it half folded out or fully folded out. Zip-off covering. Contour chair, in blue, brown or red denim-look fabric, $47.75. All above from Clark Rubber Stores throughout Australia.

Page 75 please

CHICKEN CARIBBEAN

With Maggi it's as easy as...

1

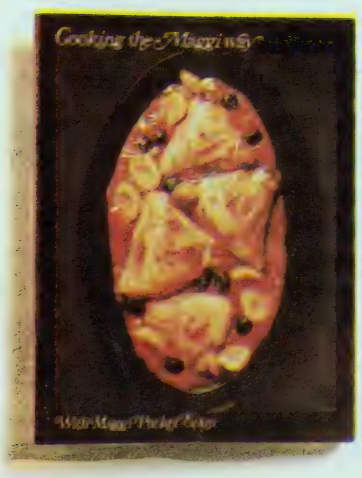
Take 4 chicken thighs, 1 packet of Maggi Savoury Onion Soup, 400ml apricot or peach nectar (2 baby cans), 8 apricot halves, fresh or canned, and 12 black olives (optional).

2

Place chicken in a casserole dish and sprinkle with Maggi Savoury Onion Soup. Pour apricot nectar over all and add apricots and olives (if used).

3

Cover and bake in a moderate oven (180 deg. C to 190 deg. C) or (350 deg. F to 375 deg. F), for 50 minutes or until cooked.
Serves four.



Your free Maggi Recipe Booklet.

"Cooking the Maggi Way with Maggi Packet Soups" is a beautifully illustrated booklet available at your supermarket and packed with 17 delicious recipes using Maggi Packet Soups. It's a way of adding flavour to your cooking you may never have thought of... and as well as being delicious, the meals you'll prepare with the help of Maggi are simple and quick to prepare. Remember to look for your copy next time you're shopping.

Maggi

Maggi makes the flavour the closest thing to home.

*If not available in your local supermarket, please write to:
The Nestlé Company (Australia) Limited, Box 144 Lidcombe, N.S.W. 2141 and we'll send you your free copy.

120.0033

From page 73

DEEP-SEATED bliss, contented sleep, strength, lightness, versatility . . . these are just some of the advantages of using foam for furniture.

As well as squares and rectangles, there's a whole new range of shapes, cleverly curved and contoured to add variety, interest and comfort.

The life of foam depends on its grade. It can be solid, squashy or inbetween. For firm support in the backs of chairs, choose the most solid grade. For firmness with comfort, try a soft overlay on a solid base. Each grade comes in a different colour.

One of the greatest breakthroughs in the foam field is the HR (high resilience) grade polyurethane, which is the best kind for quickly bouncing back to its original shape. And its open-cell structure allows air to circulate.

All of the Cablemakers Relaxafoam products come in HR foam. Clark Rubber also use HR foam for their ready-made pieces of furniture.

Do your own thing with foam — you can have it cut to the size you want. And Clark Rubber retailers sell special glue to use with foam.

A circle of foam attached to the wall above a seat of the same width, covered in a plain or patterned fabric, will make a big impression in your living room. Or go for free-form shapes.

Buying guide

Clark Rubber foam comes in various depths. The widest size is 4ft 6in x 6ft (they are still working in feet and inches). Cost per square foot with a 5in depth is $1.50. A sheet 6ft x 3ft x 5in is $22. Half sheet (either 6ft x 18in, or 3ft x 3ft) is $11.70.

Round bolsters are also available, 3ft and 4ft 6in long (approx 9in dia). They are solid foam inside with a thin outer layer of spongey foam.

Also available from Clark Rubber are ready-cut foam furniture shapes, already upholstered. As well as those shown in our photographs, there is a continental bed which comes covered in a fleecy acrylic medium pile fabric, price $220. There are single and double fold-out beds in blue or fawn stripe fabric, $148.50. Divans with bolster backs in florals, vinyl or denim are available at $111.

Cablemakers' Relaxafoam daybeds, mattresses, scatter/floor cushions and foam chairs and sofas are available through most leading department stores in Australia.

Mattresses range in price from $13 (for 3ft) to $130 depending on thickness and quality of foam and covering. Crumb foam cushions come with zip-off calico covers.

A complete Relaxafoam bed, ie mattress and base, both 8in deep, costs around $170.

Cablemakers foam chairs in the club style, and sofa style, fold into beds. The divan style becomes two single beds or a double bed.

Foam sheets are also on sale at Nock and Kirby Stores, Sydney; Mitre 10 hardware stores throughout Australia; Ossie Disposals, Melbourne; Mulfors Pty Ltd, Adelaide; Randalls Pty Ltd, Brisbane.

Above: You can copy this seating idea using Relaxafoam — shops will cut it to size — and inexpensive fabric. Lift-up lid under mattress gives storage. To get the rounded effect on seats cut the edges with scissors.
Left: "Wrap-around seating" — a piece of foam (3ft x 3ft, 15in high) in varying densities, hard at bottom, soft on top, was used for seat, and another piece (3ft x 3ft, 3in thick) for the backrest. Approx cost to make unit, $52. Photographed at Finlandia, Woollahra, NSW. Fabric, "Safari" 152cm wide, $9.30 a metre, and accessories from Finlandia.

Above: Distinctive semi-circular backrest makes a change from cushions. To make from a piece of foam 2ft x 6ft, 5in thick, would cost about $12.85. This divan and backrest designed by Rudi Dorr, Hamburg. Left: Mattress, floor cushions and storage stool cushion all from Relaxafoam. We covered them in royal blue corduroy. The 8in mattress in floral ticking costs about $45. From most leading retail stores. Fabric by Arthur G. Wilson, Mayfair CV2232.

Bedroom furniture by Modulus, Manly Vale, NSW. Plia chair from Presidea, St Leonards, NSW. Heuga shag carpet tiles in Bamboo. Curtain fabric "Fish" from Finlandia, Woollahra, NSW. Red Concord light from Barden & Mulligan, Darlinghurst, NSW. Prints by Warn Pike & Assoc, Mordialloc, Vic. White wall paint by British Paints. All on display at the Sydney Building Information Centre.

Labour~savers...every kitchen should have some!

with Babette

I am a great believer in labour-saving devices, especially in the kitchen. Being a very keen cook myself, a mother of three, and working the long hours that I do, I rely on a really good stove and some useful gadgets to make life run more smoothly in the kitchen.

I also believe in being sure that what you buy is of top quality and will last, and that it's as up-to-date as possible.

So if you're planning to buy some labour-savers — and I include a good stove under that title — here are a few ideas.

Choosing a stove

Look at as many different styles as possible. Make sure that the model you are shown is the latest design.

Should you buy an upright stove or a bench stove-top and wall oven? It depends on the layout of your kitchen, the amount of bench space you have and the type of cooking you do.

Whatever you choose, remember that it's going to last for years, so buy the best.

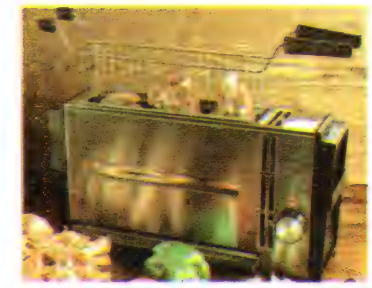
For working mothers, an oven timer that automatically switches itself on at a set hour can be very helpful. A clock is also useful. Rotisseries are marvellous for fat-free cooking, too.

The ultimate in stoves is the Vulcan-Chef Heritage model (pictured below) and you can see it in the *Woman's Day* Living House at the Sydney Building Information Centre. It has a satin-finish black ceramic cook-top. There's a digital clock, an automatic time-controlled oven and rotisserie plus light. If you prefer to have a basic model upright stove, the Vulcan-Chef Console (ECL) is a no-fuss, 3-hot-plate variety.

Clever gadgets

I could not manage without my liquidiser and if, like me, you want the freshest of coffee, a coffee grinder is marvellous. And for those who grill there's the vertical griller for fat-free cooking. Frypans are a boon if you need a second oven; they are ideal for people with cramped cooking arrangements.

Eggbeaters and food mixers are exceptionally useful. I cannot recommend highly enough the Kenwood Chef mixer which has a dough hook attachment.



Above: General Electric's Vertical Grill cooks food (fat-free) on both sides at once. About $53.95, from Grace Bros, department stores and electrical retailers in all States.

The Vulcan-Chef Heritage upright stove, with ceramic cook-top and party oven, shown here in yellow ochre finish. It's not cheap, at $1040, but its design is beautiful, with many practical features. From branches of the County Council and major electrical retailers in all States.

This 8-speed Power Blender from Sunbeam certainly takes the drudgery out of food preparation, and does everything from chopping nuts and making breadcrumbs to liquefying fresh or cooked fruit and vegetables. In black and chrome, price about $56.95. From Grace Bros; department stores; electrical retailers in all States.

The Braun Coffee Grinder ensures that you'll always have freshly ground coffee, just to your liking. The grinder's unobtrusive and neat shape makes for easy storage when not in use. It retails for around $39.95 from Grace Bros, department stores and electrical retailers in all States.

OFFICIAL ENTRY FORM

Woman's Day

ELECTRIC RANGE MONTH

"WIN A STOVE"

CONTEST

5 ELECTRIC RANGES TO BE WON !

You could win the stove of your choice. Or if you **buy** one during Electric Range Month (August 1 – September 10) and you enter and win, the **cost** will be refunded **and** you'll get a new set of saucepans!

HERE'S ALL YOU DO:

What do you think the housewife in our cartoon is saying to her husband? PRINT your suggestion in not more than 10 words: . . . . . .

. . . . . .

Now name the electric range you would most like to win, and its model number

NAME OF RANGE. . . . . MODEL NUMBER. . . . . .

NAME . . . . . .

ADDRESS . . . . . POSTCODE . . . . .

I have read the rules of the Woman's Day – Electric Range Month "Win a Stove" Contest and I agree to abide by them. . . . . .

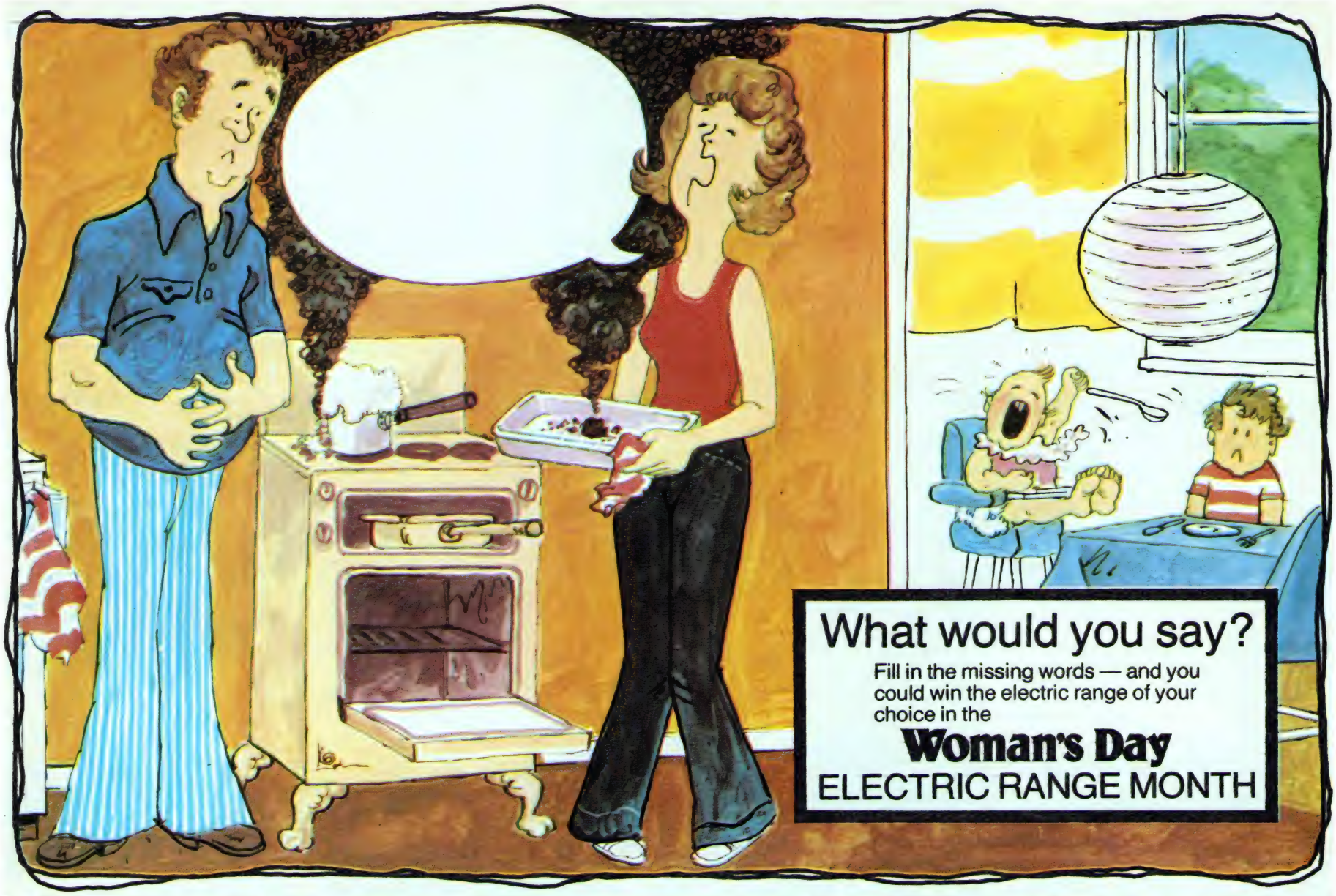
(Signature)

This contest is open only to residents of Australia and closes last mail September 10. Send your completed entry form to "Win a Stove" Contest, P.O. Box 78, St. Leonards, N.S.W. 2065. Enter as often as you like – additional entry forms available from electrical stores. FILL IN AND POST AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

All entries must be clearly printed, and must contain a signature. You may enter as often as you like, but each entry must be on the Official Entry Form, extra copies of which may be obtained free of charge from electric range retailers. Every entry will be judged for aptness, neatness and originality by a qualified panel of judges headed by Babette Hayes.

Contest closes on September 10, 1976 and entries postmarked after that date will be ineligible. Winners will be advised by telegram on September 22 and published in Woman's Day. The judges' decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into. All winners will be notified by mail and a complete list of winners will be published in Woman's Day. Australian residents only are eligible to enter. All entries become the property of the Electric Range Mfg Assn. This competition is not to give rise to any legally enforceable rights, duties or consequences. It is binding in honour only. Entry in the competition indicates acceptance of all rules and conditions.



"WIN A STOVE" CONTEST

Ranges depicted are not facsimile

5 Electric ranges to be won!

No wonder she's lost for words — but we're sure you won't be! It's Electric Range Month, off to a flying start, we're offering a feature-packed new electric range for each of the five best entries received. Interior Design Editor Babette Hayes will choose the winners. You'll find hints to help you in the Woman's Day issue of August 2, or in the article opposite. Your electrical retailer can help too!

And if you buy an electric range during Electric Range Month (August 1-September 10), *and* you win, the *cost* will be refunded to you, *and* you'll be given a new set of saucepans.

Which one would you like?

Go see your favourite electrical retailer and see the full range of electric beauties for yourself, then select the range you'd most like to win and write in the details on the entry form.

Enter as often as you like

Extra entry forms are available wherever new electric ranges are sold. Contest closes on September 10, so hurry!

There's never been a better time to buy a new electric range

Now look opposite for hints and entry form.

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They shape you superbly like bras over double this price ...and the quality is guaranteed.
Look for this 'Get Acquainted' symbol and experience St. Mark value for yourself.
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More beautiful St. Mark shape-makers that give you the quality of a famous maker and a money-back guarantee.

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WHITE OR SKIN
32-36AB, 34-38C, 38B

B. PRETTY LACE CONTOUR BRA WITH STRETCH STRAPS
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From page 71

after a blissful reunion with Martin, she phoned the Delatour flat, and got Sarah at once.

"I'm right glad to hear from you, Doctor," Sarah said, her acid voice lowered almost to a whisper. "Was even thinking of calling Mr Stone, since I don't know anyone else to help. Amy's gone queer again. Leastways, she's been shut up in her room since yesterday. Locked the door, won't come out, won't eat, and in the night I think I heard her crying. Even Mr Delayter can't get at her."

"I'll be right over," said Claire slowly. She put down the receiver and stared at Martin, her arched brows drawn together in an anxious frown. "Trouble," she said in answer to his questioning look, and told him Sarah's report. "I'll see what it's all about."

"I'll come with you," said Martin, sighing. He had planned a special day for them. First, inspect some quite beautiful engagement rings he had selected at the local jeweller's; then, lunch at an expensive topflight French country restaurant, while making honeymoon plans. A week in Jamaica? Barbados?

"No, darling," said Claire, who understood him very well. "Don't come to the Delatours now, you'd be impatient, and I think this is a woman's job."

She kissed him and then walked briskly through the sparkling December cold up Steamboat Road, and Greenwich Avenue to the delicatessen, noting that the windows were full of Christmas tinsel, and hearing a poignant blare of carols from a radio.

In the Delatour flat there were no signs of approaching Christmas. Sarah did not hold with useless fripperies. The kitchen was, of course, immaculate, but it smelled of stale cooking and detergent.

Sarah and Pierre Delatour had been sitting silently at the table, until the former answered Claire's knock. "Silly to have bothered you," said Sarah gruffly, "and I'm sick and tired of Amy's carryings-on. She's been moony for weeks, like she wasn't really here, but you *said* to give her freedom, and what's come of *that?*" Sarah angrily waved a letter under Claire's nose. "School says she's not doing *any work.* That's what!"

Claire glanced at the letter from the high school, then at Amy's shut door.

"Can you make 'er come out?" asked the old man anxiously. "*Ma pauvre petite* Ange-Marie, she is un'appy, she is 'ow you say? Like a wounded beast 'iding in its lair."

Claire concealed her own dismay. "I'll try," she said quietly. She looked at the two faces, one exasperated, one beseeching, though both showed deep concern. "Would you mind going out? There must be some errand," she spoke with the authority she had often had to use towards a worried family.

Sarah, immediately affronted, began indignant expostulation, but the old man rose at once and took Sarah's coat and his own from the corner coat rack.

"Come," he said to Sarah, "*venez!* Zis lady doctor maybe know best."

When their descending footsteps had died away, Claire took a deep breath and knocked on Amy's door. There was silence, until she heard the girl's muffled voice. "Oh, leave me *alone!*" It was a piteous wail, with an undertone of despair.

"It's Claire, dear — only Claire. Your mother and grandfather have gone out. I've come especially to see you. Please unlock the door."

Again Claire waited, willing that the girl would obey. "I've a surprise for you," she said almost gaily. "A pleasant one. I can't tell you it through a *door.*"

She thought she had failed, and began to envision grim measures — summoning the police, breaking in, force — no, better get Martin first, she *should* have let him come — when the key suddenly turned, the door was flung open, and Amy stood on the centre of the hooked rug in her tiny room, her hands clenched, her head thrown back defiantly, but the look in her grey eyes was of stark suffering.

Claire advanced quickly and kissed her. "Now, what's all this?" she said matter-of-factly, holding the rigid little body close, and stroking the tangled chestnut hair.

"I'm no good —" whispered Amy through her teeth. "Mother says so, the school says so ... and ... and now ..."

Claire began to get an inkling and her heart sank. "Well, Martin and I don't think so," she said cheerfully, "and your grandfather doesn't. Nor does your mother, really." She drew the girl over to her and made her sit down close. "Any strange dreams lately?" she asked.

Amy shook her head, though she relaxed a little. "This happened in the *now.* Four days ago on Wednesday." Her voice was muffled against Claire's delicately scented blouse. "And then, after — and he doesn't even care enough to ... to ..." she gave a gulp, and began to tremble.

"*Who* doesn't? Mac Wilton?" breathed Claire, though she was certain. It was not hard to remember the anguish of rejected love at sixteen, nor, she thought, was it so different at twenty-seven, except that one had learned better methods of coping, the heart was not *totally* shattered. She lifted Amy's face and looked into the wild, frightened eyes. "Tell me, dear —" she said.

A dull red appeared in Amy's pale

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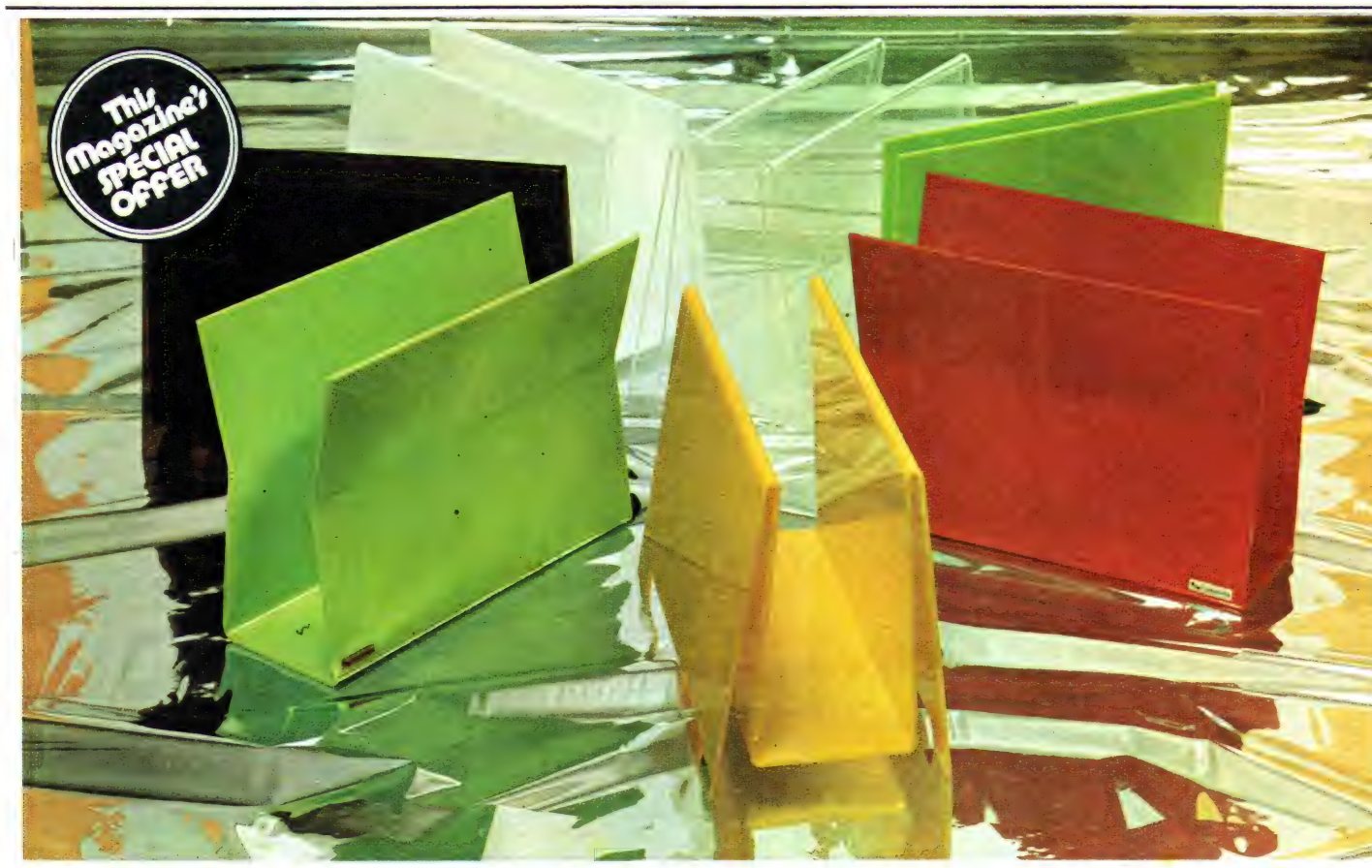

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WD 16/8/76

HOOVER CELEBRITY. THE NEW SUPERPOWERS.

Three Models. Three Price Tags

We made three different Hoover Celebrity Superpower cleaners to make sure one of them would be just right for you. And all of them have a strong sturdy steel construction. But regardless of size or price, all three models have all the power you need to fly through your cleaning.

The Hoover Celebrity Custom*

This is the top of the Celebrity Superpower range. There's a powerful 1500 watt motor for super powerful suction with 3 controls to ensure you have the correct suction power for every cleaning task. The three suction controls, the bag full indicator and the on/off switch are grouped together on one control console on top of the machine. So everything is at your fingertips.

All the attachments you need for cleaning are within easy reach, too. Because the Celebrity Custom carries them on its back — on a built in tool deck.

And there's a giant size dust bag that doesn't need emptying for ages. Big easy-glide wheels make moving from room to room a breeze instead of a drag. And the all round bumper protects any furniture from accidental damage.

The cord rewind retracts the cord in a jiffy. And stores it away.

The Cleaning Head*

This has almost as many features as the machine itself. Big easy-glide wheels for cleaning on any surface. An automatically adjusting brush for going from carpets to hard floors — and back again — without stopping. With a turn of the dial you get super powerful suction to clean right up to the skirting board — no need to change tools.

The Power Pulse Remote Switch*

Something you've always wanted — right where you've always wanted it.

A power pulse switch right at your fingertips — on the tuflex cleaning hose. So you can turn the machine on or off from the hose. No bending. No stooping. And no wires, either — the power pulse is a safe air-operated control.

SUPERPOWER, PERFORMANCE, APPEARANCE.

HOOVER WAS HERE.

*These features are available only on the Celebrity Custom in the main illustration.

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serial continued

From page 80

cheeks. "I'm no good!" she cried again. "Mother warned me — even Grandpere would despise me now — as *he* does, M-Mac." She began pleating and unpleating a corner of her cheap blue bedspread. She was silent.

"I think I can guess," said Claire at last. "Let me help you talk. You and Mac ..." she hesitated, searching for words which would not further evoke guilt, revulsion, or disturb Amy's extraordinary innocence. "You and Mac, well, something more intimate than you meant has happened — which is not the end of the world, Amy, and *has* been happening since the beginning of time. Why, I've treated dozens of other girls in your predicament, if it *is* one."

"I'm not dozens of other girls," cried Amy fiercely. "I'm different, I've always been."

That's true, for once, Claire thought. Aloud, she said, "You had a date with Mac, Wednesday, I gather. Where did you go?"

Amy spoke in a flat monotone. "We went to Mac's home on Lake Avenue. His folks had all gone out for the evening. We sat in the den and watched TV a while. Mac was drinking rum and Coke. I *asked* for one, Mac was always teasing me about my Puritan blood, he said I was hopelessly square, he'd like to see me liven up. The drink tasted good, I had another, then I felt fire in my veins. I used to be afraid of fire. I wasn't afraid of this, it was a sweet, warm fire. I wanted to melt in it when Mac kissed me. He'd never kissed me like that before. He said he loved me. He tore open my dress — I wasn't even embarrassed. I *wanted* him to, I *wanted* more — can you understand *that?*"

"Perfectly," said Claire with a dry little laugh.

Amy was not listening, she went on in the same dead voice. "Later Mac took me home, he didn't say much, but I didn't either, I lay here on this bed all night, so keyed up, feeling that fire in my veins. But next day at school, Mac didn't come near me. I couldn't understand it; we'd been making plans for the weekend, and I thought I'd see him a lot during the Christmas vacation. Thursday night he phoned me here. He sounded mean and strange. He said he had to go to New York this weekend with his parents, and that he was afraid he wouldn't be here for the vacation, he was going ski-ing in Vermont — he knew I couldn't ski. He'd see me around after New Year's maybe."

Amy stopped. Her eyes were dry, but Claire's were not. "I told you I was no good," said Amy.

"Nonsense!" Claire exploded furiously, wishing she could strangle Mac Wilton with her bare hands, "and though I don't suppose anybody likes to hear of other people's happiness when they're miserable, I wish you to share mine. Martin and I are being married at Christmas in Louisiana, you and your family are invited, and I ask *you* to be my bridesmaid."

It took Amy a moment to understand, then the woefulness turned puzzled. "Louisiana wedding? And you want *me!*"

"More than anything in the world — except Martin," answered Claire. "I came here today to invite you all to my wedding, and now I see how important the trip will be to keep you from moping during the vacation."

"Mother'd *never* —" whispered Amy. "I'm trapped — trapped," she repeated, turning from Claire. "No way out."

"You're not!" cried Claire vehemently. She had heard those hopeless words from youngsters who attempted suicide. "You're strong, Amy. Your Acadian blood, your Yankee blood, both come from strong, brave people. The first Ange-Marie was strong to endure." She saw that the girl heard her, the dangerous desperation slowly left her eyes, now she merely looked forlorn.

Claire spoke in sharp command, "I want you to eat something, and try to behave normally until everything's settled. I know you're suffering, and I understand it, but your mother and Mr Delatour have also suffered about *you*. Think of *them*, too, dear."

Leaving Amy apathetically drinking milk, Claire let herself out of the drab flat, and just managed to miss the returning Delatours. She was in no mood to be questioned, and fairly certain that, temporarily relieved by confession, Amy *would* act normal, but Claire's own anger grew until it exploded again in Martin's apartment. "My God, what a callous bastard!" she cried of Mac, after she had told Amy's story. "I'd like to *murder* him!"

"Whoa, sugar!" said Martin, laughing a little. "I didn't know I'd got me such a wildcat."

She was not listening. "He ought to be horse-whipped, seducing her, then giving her the brush-off like that. Amy's not strong enough to take it, I'm afraid for her, and gosh, she may be pregnant, and that *would* ruin her, so much guilt already, and if ..."

"Sit *down* quietly," said Martin. "Listen to me and stop spluttering." He waited until Claire collapsed on the divan and lit a cigarette. "Now, first —" he went on, "I've seen a fair amount of Mac, I know his record, I think he's a decent guy. In the second place Amy seems to have asked for it, but I think there's an explanation. At least, I mean to find out, though it's not a job I relish."

"You'll talk to Mac?" she looked up at him hopefully, then made a discouraged sound. "What good'd *that* do? We know the facts, and males having had their will *do* get suddenly bored, though it's beastly."

"I detect —" said Martin, "in that pessimistic speech, not only echoes of the Victorian era, but overtones of Women's Lib. Men aren't *all* heels, Claire."

"No," she said, her anger fading. "Of course not. It's just that Amy is so vulnerable — and I'm very fond of her. Besides, you *can't* talk to Mac today. He told Amy he would be in New York."

"I doubt it," said Martin dryly. "Anyway, I'll track him down. I don't want the entire weekend ruined for *us*."

Mac was not in New York; he was at his home with some of his friends, preparing to watch an afternoon sports program on TV. "I won't keep you long," said Martin on the phone, "but I want to talk to you on a matter of great importance."

"What about, Mr Stone?" Mac sounded angry and defensive.

"Not on the phone, but it's urgent. I'll be at Boodle's in ten minutes, and expect to meet you there."

"Okay," said the boyish voice sulkily, after a minute.

Boodles was the restaurant and bar in high favour just now with young people. It was also about midway between Mac's house and Martin's apartment. Neutral ground.

Martin got there first and ordered two beers. He was relieved when he

Page 84, please

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From page 82

saw the handsome, frowning face above huge shoulders in a leather jacket. Martin stood up and signalled.

"I don't get this," said Mac, glancing around at the nearly empty bar, but accepting the beer. "What's there to talk about?"

"Amy Delatour," said Martin.

Mac's mouth tightened. "Any business of *yours?*"

"Yes," said Martin, "of mine and my fiancee, Claire Colbert. We're being married at Christmas in Louisiana. We're taking Amy with us, I hope. You're giving that girl an awfully rough time, Mac, but I'm not here to moralise, I want bare facts."

The boy's frown cleared somewhat. He took a long swig of beer. "Such as?" he said more amiably. "I don't want to hurt the girl, but I think she's nuts. I did like her a lot."

"Has it occurred to you that she might be pregnant?" asked Martin quietly, "and *that,* even in this day and age, is a mess."

Mac flushed. Despite Boodle's tactful gloom, one could see the dark blood rise. "Not by *me* she isn't pregnant," said Mac grimly. "No way. I guess I shouldn't have let her have those drinks, and we both got worked up and how she acted, I was sure it wasn't the first time for her. I don't say it wasn't a near-miss — but she turned me off."

"How so?" asked Martin.

"Because she called me 'Paul' twice. She jabbered about fire in her veins, she got sort of wild, her voice changed, got deeper, and then she began speaking French. Floods of French. She acted like I *was* Paul, and I didn't like it. I got turned off. I'm not going to make it — make love to any girl who doesn't even remember my name, or who she's with."

"I see ..." said Martin after a pause. "I don't know as I blame you. I can only explain that Amy has a psychological problem, and she hasn't been involved with any Paul, and if you'd gone on, it *would* have been the first time for her. You'll have to believe me. She isn't technically nuts, though she doesn't *know* what she said to you."

Mac looked unconvinced, yet perturbed.

They both stood up. "I guess there's nothing more," said Martin, "thanks for explaining. It's relieved my mind in one way."

They walked together towards the door, as they parted Mac spoke gruffly. "Don't get me wrong, Mr Stone. I *like* Amy, I like her a lot. I know she liked me, but there's something screwy, I guess it scared me." He gave a sheepish grin. "She's really a damn sweet kid."

"Okay, Mac, I understand how it was."

Claire had been sitting impatiently by Martin's big window, watching the first drift of snowflakes fall on the harbour; she turned as he came in. "That didn't take long," she said. "Didn't you see Mac?"

"Sure" — he filled his pipe and smiled at her — "and he has an explanation which I totally believe. First, Amy's *not* pregnant, since they never really got to first base. Second, she 'Turned him off' to use his own repeated phrase."

"*How?* She's mad about him."

"After the drinks took hold, the sexual 'Fire in her veins' apparently threw her back into the Nova Scotian life, and her great love then. She kept calling poor Mac, 'Paul' and she reverted to vehement French. She seems to have frightened Mac, as well as making him think she'd been messing around with some Paul."

"I see," said Claire after a moment. "Yes, fear and love, the most dynamic emotions, strong enough to carry over — transcend the barrier. We conquered the fear for Amy, or *she* did, with our help, but the second — the passionate love she bore Paul, the waiting, the yearning — the fierce joy of complete union at last — and of course that thing with Mac is the first sexual encounter in *this* life. It made the link."

Martin quirked his eyebrows. "So you've really come around to the reincarnation theory?"

"Not certain," said Claire, frowning. "I suppose that in some mysterious way, this *could* be genetic memory, the Acadian Ange-Marie was Amy's ancestress — but the point is, what do we do now? On one level it would relieve Amy's dreadful hurt if we told her the truth. On the other hand I think it would be dangerous for her to think she is even more abnormal than she suspects. Martin" — she looked up at him tenderly — "could you use hypnosis just *once* more? This time not from scientific curiosity, but to help calm and reassure her. Her unconscious will accept, I hope, what the conscious mind can't face."

★ ★ ★

On Saturday, December 2, on a Delta plane bound for New Orleans, Amy sat by the window in tourist class section next to her grandfather, immediately behind Martin and Claire.

Amy had been momentarily interested in the take-off, and now by the stupendous view of limitless blue

sky with a bank of clouds beneath them, though the real Amy still seemed to be veiled away from the oustide world. She was not nearly as thrilled as Grandpere, who kept craning over her to see, and making excited comments in French. "*Incroyable ... ! Magnifique!*"

Grandpere's eyes were bright, his cheeks ruddy above the neatly trimmed beard. He wore his only good suit, a black one, bought long ago in Riviere du Loup, and last worn for the funerals of his son, Louis, and then his grandson, Amy's brother. The association did not disturb him. Those griefs were long past, and after all, death happened to everyone, and must be accepted, as one accepted the leafless trees, and the snows of winter, secure in the certainty of renewed spring at last. In this world, or the next, according to God's will. He had, however, dipped into his tiny savings, which he hid under a board in his shop — as his forefathers had hid theirs. The savings were destined for Amy, in time, but he had decided that a new striped shirt and a bright magenta tie would please her more right now. He constantly thought of things which might cheer Amy, saddened that she no longer was close to him, nor laughed and joked in private, as she used to. Besides, he did not want Amy or the charming young couple who had made this trip possible to be ashamed of his appearance. One should observe "*les convenances,*" thought Grandpere, happily accepting a beer from the pretty stewardess, and glad that his daughter-in-law had not wished to go South.

Martin and Claire also rejoiced that Sarah had not come. "No junketings around the country for *me,*" she said when Claire first broached the subject. "You couldn't get me in one of those aeroplanes for love nor money, besides, I'm tuckered out, and my cousins'll be glad to have me. Amy can go with Mr Delayter since you and Mr Stone are kind enough to invite 'em. Frankly, Doctor, I'll be glad of a rest; my leg hurts and I've been more worried about Amy than I let on."

"I know," Claire had said with sympathy, "but she's been okay this week, hasn't she?" Martin's hypnosis seemed to work well. He had calmed, reassured, then given a very strong post-hypnotic suggestion that during the last few days Amy would ignore Mac Wilton, scarcely realise that he was at school, that she could concentrate on the trip to Louisiana, and not worry about anything.

"Dunno," said Sarah slowly. "Oh, she hasn't done anything wild again, like locking herself in her room, but she acts beat ... That Wilton boy throw her over?" she added crisply.

Claire's startled silence was assent enough. She had not expected that much insight.

"I got jilted once," said Sarah, "'twasn't pleasant, but I held my head high and showed some spunk, though I don't say that if I'd had the chance to get clear away for a while, like Amy's doing, I mightn't've taken it." Before Claire — who was touched by this confidence — could speak, Sarah had reverted to her usual tartness. "But why that Mr Delayter, the old fool, wants to go off gallivanting at his age, and with his bad heart — crazy."

Claire had said quietly that he was well supplied with nitro-glycerine tablets, and his doctor had sanctioned the trip.

Sarah snorted — and that was the end of the interview.

The plane landed on time at the New Orleans airport. Azilde had sent Old Ben, the middle-aged chauffeur-handyman, to meet them in the ancient but gleaming dark blue Cadillac, which was part of Martin's boyhood memories. Azilde used it seldom, and had seen no reason for buying a new one.

Ben, his chocolate-brown face beaming, pumped Martin's hand, then Claire's. "Welcome home, Mistah Martin," he cried. "Yo' Ma's powerful excited. She'd a come too, only she was tired after fussin' all day in the kitchen, stirrin' Chris'mus cake with Cindy, an' beatin' the biscuits her own se'f, like she allus does. Mighty purty bride yo' got, Mistah Martin," added Ben, showing his white teeth in a dazzling smile. His kindly eyes rested on the Delatours. "These the no'thern weddin' guests?"

Page 88, please

Why not add a window box?

Window boxes can give you extra growing space for colourful plants — and give your home a new appearance, too.

Don't struggle to squeeze another potted plant on to your balcony, or attempt to coax annuals to grow in a garden shaded by trees.

Window boxes could be what you need.

There is nothing as practical as a windowbox outside your kitchen window with a collection of herbs.

You could make your own troughs, if you're a practical person; if not, ready-made troughs come in a variety of sizes and materials.

Look for lightweight ones made in asbestos, plastic or polystyrene foam.

Window boxes should be strong, and installed securely with metal brackets screwed or bolted to the wall. All timber used should be treated for white ants and painted or stained to suit the house background.

Fill the boxes with a good friable soil mix made from half commercial potting mix and half spent mushroom compost or peat moss. If you have a compost heap use composted soil, otherwise buy a small bag from the nursery.

Add a handful of all purpose fertiliser and mix it through the soil. After planting give regular doses of a liquid fertiliser such as Thrive.

Contrast colours

Plan your window box flowers to suit your house. Use light colours against dark or strongly coloured brick — plenty of white mixed with pastel pink, blue and yellow for instance. Avoid using red flowers against red brick and white against white brick — they won't show up. Splash vivid red, orange and gold mixed with blue and white against a light background.

To get the maximum effect from your window boxes they should be kept filled with flowers all the time. To do this you will need to use advanced bedding plants which will flower quickly.

There are some plants which, in most parts of Australia, will flower almost all year round, like bedding begonias, usually sold as "Thousand Wonders". These are compact, rounded plants which cover themselves with white, pink and red flowers for many months and are ideal in a sunny or partly shaded position.

Geraniums are a good standard plant for the sunny window box. Ivy geraniums which trail over will give a lot of colour with very little effort and can be used with some of the upright growing zonal geraniums to give height.

If you have a white window box against a dark red-brick wall, choose blues, pinks and white — perhaps pale pink petunias, white alyssum and blue torenia.

Against white brick or woodwork, a green window box would be attractive. Fill it with splashes of red and pink, with touches of blue — geraniums and torenia nemesia.

Other easily grown trailing plants include verbena, nasturtiums, blue flowered convolvulus and, for a difficult position, trailing asparagus fern.

Annuals that provide a long-lasting display include primula and alyssum for winter/spring; pansies and violas which will flower right up to summer if you pinch off the dead heads; phlox and petunias and dwarf marigolds for summer.

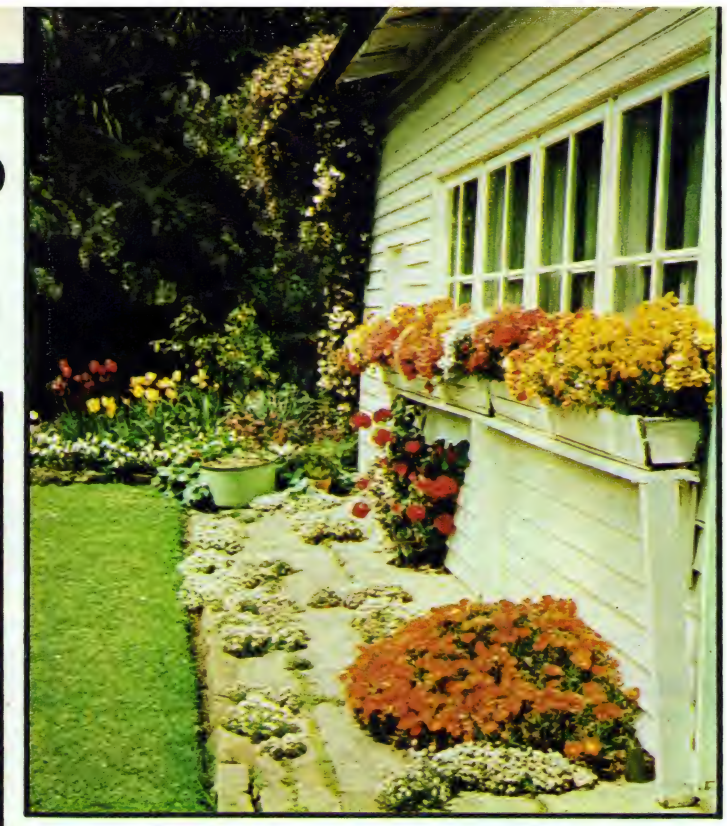
For instant flowers, buy potted chrysanthemums and poinsettia available year-round in bloom.

Another version of the window box is to sit troughs along the wide top of a brick or stone wall. Older houses often have a wide veranda wall of solid stone or brick which can be dressed up with window box plantings. Use heavy concrete troughs in this situation.

For a kitchen window-box plant herbs like parsley, chives, marjoram, thyme and basil. These can be planted now either from seed or as container plants. Strawberries make good window-box plants, being attractive and edible as well. May is the usual time for planting strawberries, but in many parts of Australia you can buy strawberry plants in pots ready to fruit and these can be planted out at any time.

Tiny Tim tomatoes and mignonette lettuce can also be grown in a kitchen window box, and these can be planted now, too.

By Gardening Editor SHIRLEY STACKHOUSE



White boxes against a white painted house give you the chance to mass colour dramatically. You can add variety by selecting complementary plants to grow underneath.

Sandstone or grey stone walls are the perfect foil for a stained timber box, massed with blue and mauve petunias, with white cascading petunias and trailing verbena.

Choose a darker stained timber box for a beige brick wall, and fill it with hot orange and sunny yellow nasturtiums mixed with orange bronze dwarf marigolds and white gypsophlia.

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ARE YOU THAT COSMOPOLITAN GIRL?

your stars

by Richard Sterling

A difficult time for the country

August 16-August 22: Because Pluto is the slowest moving planet, it remains in conflict with the birth position of the Sun in Australia's National Horoscope for many months in 1976, creating a difficult time for the country. So the adverse Sun-Pluto star pattern of August 17-18 is not likely to improve matters.

Aries Mar 21-Apr 20

Mars, your ruler, remains in the sector of work, daily routine and health until August 23 and, since Mercury and Venus are now benefiting those matters you can achieve progress and success in them. It's also a favourable time to do anything which involves lots of details or small components. Warn your partner and eldest child to avoid anything which could involve trouble.

Taurus Apr 21-May 21

Mercury, Mars and your ruler, Venus, continue to transit the sector which relates to creative abilities, pleasure, social affairs, romance and love life, speculation and your offspring so August 16 to 22 highlights these matters with happiness, success and achievement except during the adverse Venus-Neptune and Sun-Pluto star patterns August 17-18 when hidden pitfalls are hazards to avoid.

Gemini May 22-June 21

During the week August 16 to 22, Venus, Mars and your ruling planet, Mercury, all continue to transit your domestic sector, so much of your time and attention will focus on the home front and family matters. Visitors, guests, plans, decorating, repairs, construction are all possibilities. However, some person, event or circumstance could be the cause of a problem.

Cancer June 22-July 22

Saturn is the ruler of your sector of partnership, marriage and close personal relationships. It is now in your financial sector and forms a prolonged, favourable star pattern with slow moving Pluto from around August 19 to early September. This brings matters which are either profound, basic, long-term or historical to the forefront and it will also involve or affect your partner.

Leo July 23-Aug 23

During the Sun-Pluto star pattern August 17-18 you could be forced into something or feel compelled to act in a particular way. Destiny could replace your free-will then. An adverse Venus-Neptune star pattern also overshadows August 17-18 so be very wary of financial pitfalls. Don't lend or risk money and avoid making major purchases then because of hidden defects or phony value.

Virgo Aug 24-Sept 23

Venus, Mars and your ruling planet, Mercury, continue to transit Virgo during the week August 16 to 22 so you are in an interesting, exciting, busy cycle. This is a successful period because you can get things done swiftly and efficiently. Go after what you want, advertise your own abilities, mix with people because opportunities, information and contacts can be useful now.

Libra Sept 24-Oct 23

During the week starting August 16, Mercury, Mars and your ruler, Venus, continue to accent the sector of your Solar Horoscope which relates to private and confidential matters, seclusion, secrets, confinement, behind-the-scenes activities, fears, complexes, inhibitions. Each Libran will react differently, depending on your make-up, but many will be more withdrawn than usual.

Scorpio Oct 24-Nov 22

Saturn forms a favourable star pattern with Pluto, your ruler, and because both planets are moving very slowly, this good combination will be effective from around August 19 into early September. Something inevitable, as though destined will develop and it will have a profound effect on you. This can manifest in several ways, such as a link with the past, added responsibility, or perhaps a long-term commitment.

Sagittarius Nov 23-Dec 21

During the week starting August 16 the sector of your Solar Horoscope which rules career, prestige, achievements, goals and worldly activities will be strongly stimulated by Mercury, Venus and Mars so a great variety of people, contacts, plans, events and activities will keep you fully occupied. August 17-18 needs extra care because things can get out of control or someone lets you down.

Capricorn Dec 22-Jan 20

Saturn, your ruler, forms a favourable star pattern with Pluto and, because both planets are moving very slowly, they will be interacting from around August 19 into early September. There are so many possible effects, depending upon your age, position and sex, that it's impossible to list them all but certainly you can expect something big to eventuate.

Aquarius Jan 21-Feb 19

Jupiter has been transiting your domestic sector for several months, during which time many Aquarians will have improved or extended their home or moved to a larger or better residence. If these benefits have not yet come for other Aquarians who are dissatisfied with domestic conditions, you can look forward to improvements any time between now and April 1977.

Pisces Feb 20-Mar 20

Mercury, Venus and Mars continue to transit your sector of partnership, marriage and close personal relationships during the week starting August 16 so you will enjoy communicating with others or you'll be sharing, love and togetherness with someone special. If lonely, now is the time to mix with people because you can form friendly or romantic associations.

Dos and Don'ts

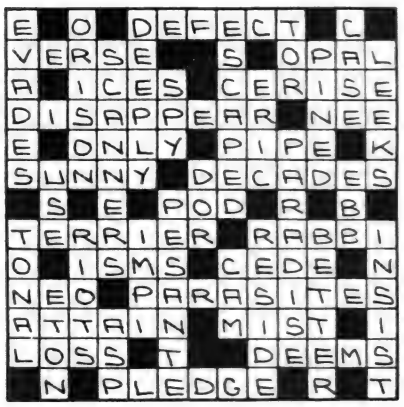
Have check-ups or take other appropriate steps to improve your health now while Mercury, Venus and Mars are benefiting Virgo, the Sign of the Zodiac which relates to health matters in general. The Waning Moon in Gemini during August 19-20 is excellent for weeding, destroying pests and noxious growth, digging and preparing garden beds but not for planting anything.

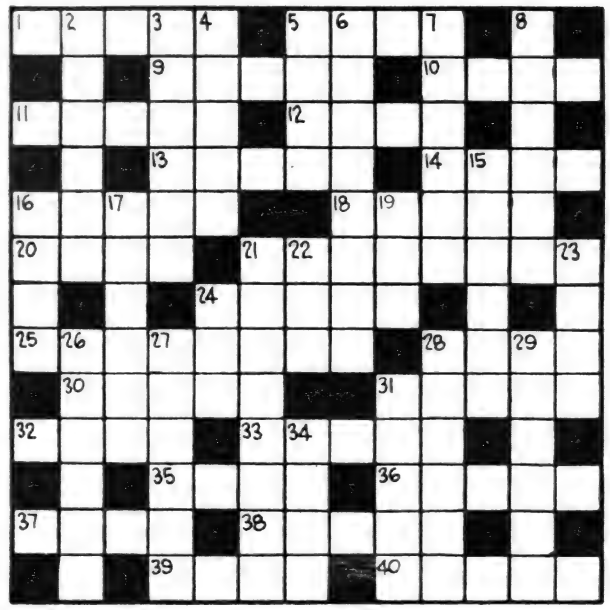
Destiny Link

If you were born on APRIL 29, 1957, you have a LINK OF DESTINY with someone born NOVEMBER 30 to DECEMBER 10 or MAY 29 to JUNE 8 inclusive. Contact with this person can occur at any period of your life.

crossword

LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION



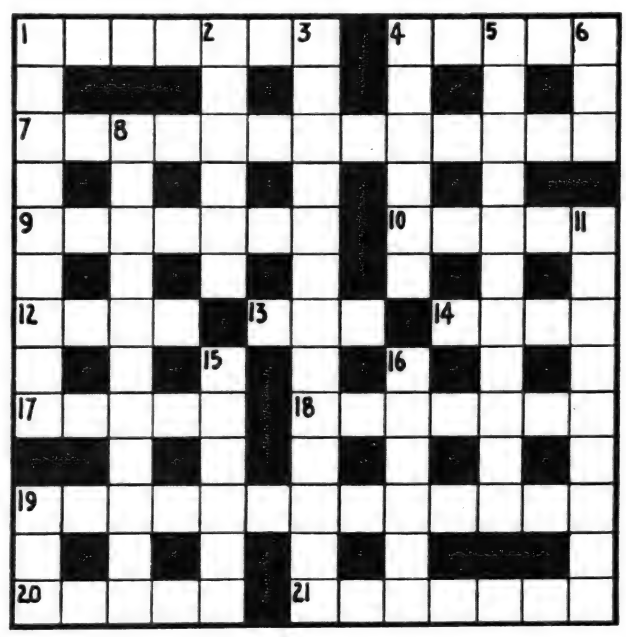


ACROSS
1. Old woman. (5)
5. Fish. (4)
9. Constellation. (5)
10. Masticate. (4)
11. Sharp. (5)
12. Jewish month. (4)
13. Mites. (5)
14. Bird. (4)
16. Separately. (5)
18. Bird. (5)
20. Extremely. (4)
21. Of spoken sounds. (8)
24. Girl's name. (5)
25. Plotters. (8)
28. Summit. (4)
30. Cuts down. (5)
31. Code. (5)
32. Trees. (4)
33. Multitude of fish. (5)
35. Genuine. (4)
36. Unbending. (5)
37. Climbing plant (4)
38. Tortures. (5)
39. Regretted. (4)
40. Plumb. (5)

DOWN
2. Cookery instructions. (6)
3. Certifying official. (6)
4. Upright. (5)
5. Animal. (4)
6. Fire-dogs. (8)
7. Writer. (6)
8. Sign of zodiac. (6)
15. Acrimonious. (6)
16. Birds as a class of vertebrates. (4)
17. Bowman. (6)
19. United. (3)
21. Urgency. (8)
22. Pronoun. (3)
23. Flattened mass formed by pressure or drying. (4)
24. Little devil. (3)
26. Turning-point. (6)
27. Pacific island. (6)
28. Shine. (6)
29. Aim at high things. (6)
31. Signs. (5)
34. The brain. (4)

cryptic crossword

LAST WEEK'S CRYPTIC SOLUTION



ACROSS
1. Does a pupil get cleaned up in such nonsense as he carelessly linked with two trees? (7)
4. I must be in the baby carriage with an old Trojan ruler. (5)
7. Pole interrupting a supplier of paper, paper-clips etc is a railway worker. (7-6)
9. Small farmer who gets credit more frequently. (7)
10. Secret cable for a biblical spy. (5)
12. Voraciously eager to get a sixpence. (4)
13. Not even love divine nodded when Kelly's away. (3)
14. Parliament as viewed by the cannibals? (4)
17. Again struck with their characters. (2-3)
18. By no means moderate characters to be included in the next remembrances. (7)
19. Short given top replacement during a sojourn between evening touch-down and morning take-off. (9,4)
20. Was foolishly fond of Dorothy and the editor. (5)
21. Sourest sailor going to international cricket. (7)

DOWN
1. A push-over professorship? (4-5)
2. A place for making money with a dramatic poem by Tasso, thanks to Uganda's ruler. (6)
3. Where thudding is mismanaged with eight stones. (13)
4. Fish location wherein I must be found. (6)
5. Batting with a Swiss patriot, one gentleman is by no means stupid. (11)
6. Butter up mother right and spoil the weightless grammar. (3)
8. The getting rid of a nimble host when squiffy. (11)
11. A wooden spatula-like utensil gets a ram or billy-goat to strike. (6-3)
15. Drunk doesn't change. (6)
16. Who says in writing that this is old Greek money? (6)
19. Venerable Thorold being deserted by the thundergod. (3)

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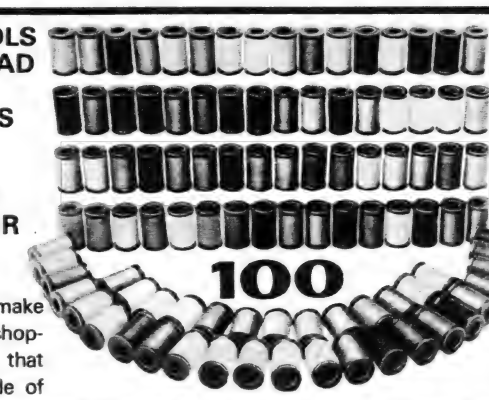

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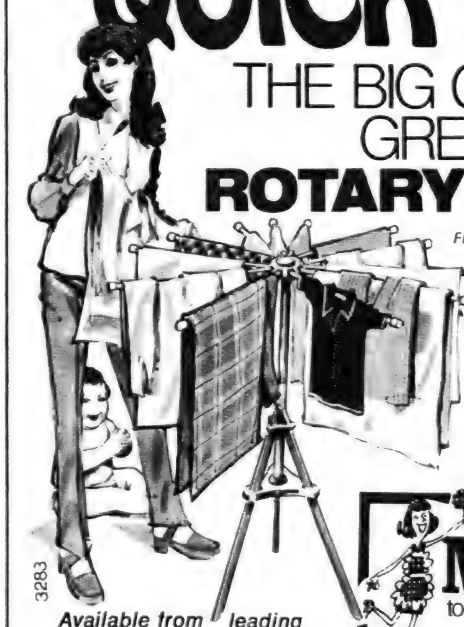

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From page 84

"Yes, Ben," said Martin, laughing. He had forgotten Ben's curiosity, his garrulousness, and his involvement with the family, of which he was totally a part — something they didn't understand up North. "This is Mr Pierre Delatour and his grand-daughter."

"Pleased to meet you foks," said Ben, shaking their hands. "Delatour, you say? There's a family o' Cajuns called Delatour, up the road apiece from Bellerive — nearer Ma'tinville."

"Oh?" said Martin, startled. He had been raised in New Orleans, spending only holidays and an occasional summer month at Bellerive, and had never really much explored the Bayou Teche contry. It was only since his father's death that Azilde had moved permanently back to her old home.

Pierre did not understand what Ben had said in the strange drawling accent, and was furthermore dazzled by the novelty of this adventure — the smells, the warm breeze, the flickering lights, the long blue Cadillac awaiting them.

But Amy understood, and her dazed apathy was punctured. "Delatours ...?" she whispered, "and the black man pronounced it *right*. How funny."

Nobody heard her for Martin swooped Claire under his arm, stowed her in the front seat, and cried exuberantly, "I'll drive, Ben — you get in back with the others. Gosh, it's good to be home, and under *these* circumstances!" He gave Claire's knee a squeeze, then put the car in gear.

Martin crossed the Teche, skirted the industrial part of New Iberia, with some help from Ben at the turns, speeded north along the river road, and gave a grunt of satisfaction as he saw a picket fence and two white gateposts on the right. He swung the car into a gravelled drive which ran for over a mile up an avenue of live oaks festooned with trailing spanish moss, long enough in places to brush the car top. The headlights illumined the eerie beauty of the hanging grey moss.

Amy, on the back seat, leaned forward and spoke so suddenly that Martin and Claire both jumped. "*That's* what Longfellow thought he meant in 'Evangeline'," said the girl in a clear, critical voice. "'The murmuring pines and the hemlocks ... bearded with moss ... stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms'. *Pines* and *hemlocks* don't have beards. They didn't have in Nova Scotia, either. I *said* he was all mixed up."

"So you did," answered Martin, glad that the girl had broken her long silences with a spontaneous remark, yet somewhat disturbed. He and Claire thought Amy cured of her compulsive interest in that poem, and all its melancholy evocation of the far past.

"We're almost in this *southern* Evangeline country," he added slowly, "We might show you tomorrow, if you want, and I suspect you'll feel a lot of inaccuracies, but they hardly matter, it is really the concept that matters of tragic, patient fidelity — that is what has made the story endure — Evangeline's practically a saint down here —" he broke off as he saw the great plantation house ahead, its many windows sparkling with lighted candles, the front door open wide behind the six white Doric columns. In the doorway, silhouetted against the light, stood a tall black figure with its arms outstretched.

He stopped the car, and ran towards the woman in black.

Claire had a lump in her throat as she watched the reunion of mother and son, and heard through the car window the sound of happy weeping and broken murmurs. A quiver of jealousy constricted her throat for she saw the warmth of Martin's hug, and the way he bent to kiss her. The feeling passed when Azilde disengaged herself and came down the steps to the car, crying in a voice of great sweetness. "Claire? Let me see you honey — where's my Martin's bride?"

Then Claire was enfolded against a black velvet bosom scented with jasmine, and drawn into the house followed by a smiling Martin.

Ramon, the butler, stood bowing by the door; he held an ornate silver tray bearing little silver cups of eggnog. He was old and lean, his creased black skin had a bluish cast, his features were as austere as Ben's were jolly; his ancestors had come into the famly with the Santiagos two hundred years ago; he was proud of that, and of the Spanish Christian name he bore, but he was no less devoted to Azilde than Ben was.

Azilde, still bubbling with welcome, started to offer the first ceremonial eggnog to Claire, when she caught herself with a cry of contrition. "I decleah, Martin, I've forgotten your guests. That's dreadful. Where *are* they?"

Claire and Martin, too, had forgotten, but Ben had not. They were waiting in the doorway. "Mistah and Miss Delatour," said Ben importantly, shooing them into the great central hall. "They've had a long journey, fust plane trip, too. I 'spect they're famished."

"But o' *course!*" cried Azilde. Her large smiling black eyes surveyed the

Page 94, please

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where you have your say

New horizons — at 40

"Nearly Forty" (Talking Place, 12/7/76) need not resign herself to not being wanted by her family. Young people usually have a hard time in their teens, and their search for identity usually coincides with the identity crisis of a mother who has devoted years to a family, and now realises with dismay that they will soon be able to cope without her. I went through the same thing a few years ago: I was sure my daughters didn't love me, and felt just like an unpaid domestic. Now they are both married, and we get along marvellously together. Since I turned 40, life seems better than ever. I have a small button organ which I have learned to play for my own satisfaction; I am doing a course in writing; I play tennis and try to keep a lively interest in current affairs. It isn't the years we have to worry about, but our own mental attitude. Now is the time, "Nearly Forty", to be a little selfish. Remember you are a person, too, and get on with the job of making that person so interesting, busy and attractive that you won't have to rely on your young adults for a reason for living.

— **Cillay, Ipswich, Qld.**

I can hardly wait to turn 40! I have five children, close together in age, and the last one starts school next year. Then I'll be able to do all the things I have longed to, but had to push aside. I've let myself go as to hair, nails, skin and figure, and even my mind has stagnated. I'm longing for the time when I'll be able to have my hair done every week and have time to look after my skin and nails. I'll be able to sit and sketch in the countryside, learn a foreign language, and even take up dancing lessons. I know it's late, but who cares? I'll pack more living into the years between 40 and 60 than I've ever had before. My husband is also looking forward to the time when we can do things together again.

— **B.C., Balingup, W.A.**

For me the over-40 years have been wonderful. I went to work in an aircraft factory during the war — I was then 41. At 46 I worked in a pram factory; from 48 to 52 I worked in the staff dining-room of a car factory; then, until I was 64, I worked in a pressed metal factory. Since 1944 I have travelled all over Australia and to New Zealand. I am now 76 and have my own car and house. I have had a far better time since I turned 40 than I had when I was younger — I was married in 1920 and the Depression hit us hard.

— **Life Does Begin at Forty, Woodville North, SA.**

Good on you! Your enthusiasm and zest for living would put many 20-year-olds to shame. Long may you enjoy the over-40 years! — **Mary F.**

Let's extend the family – with 'new' relatives

The nuclear family, lacking the support and loving concern of close relatives, can be a sad, deprived little unit, says a reader who wants to start a new community scheme.

As a housewife with three pre-school children, I am increasingly disturbed by the ways in which the concept of the small, inward-looking nuclear family is affecting children and the relationship between parents. Neither my husband nor I have relatives, except for mothers whom we seldom see, and our friends can offer no support as they have problems of their own. We consider that our marriage is as stable as most, and we share the work equally, yet we have no social life, and no sex life, and in six years of marriage we have had no holiday or even a free weekend. This constant deprivation is having its effect on our children; our marriage has become sterile and bleak although we do care for each other, and this has led to infidelity on my part, just for a bit of a break. The realisation that our children have no relations is a constant worry; they have friends, but it is not the same as having caring relations who can offer some alternatives to Mum and Dad. I would like to see the development of some sort of community program for families and single parents with no relatives that would offer support for the adults, and an alternative source of communication and care for the children. I am sure there are people in the community who would like to become "Aunties", "Uncles" or "Grans" to families with no relatives. Those families would be happier, and the new "relatives" would feel wanted and loved by someone. I would like to begin such a scheme in my own suburb, even if only in a small way.

— **Deprived, Cronulla, NSW.**

Very strange gravy

My friend was ill and her husband had cooked dinner for the family. After the meal her son came to the bedroom and told her they had meat, vegetables and dumplings. My friend was surprised, thinking it unlikely that her husband knew how to make dumplings. "Oh, I didn't make them," he later explained. "They just appeared when I thickened the gravy flour."

— **Regular Reader, New Farm, Qld.**

Supermarket bliss

I think supermarkets are beaut. It fascinates me to see how quickly I can get through the checkout despite a long queue of loaded trolleys in front of me. It reminds me of the days when I would stand in a crowded grocery shop with aching feet while waiting for my turn at the counter. It seemed to take an eternity for the person behind the counter to fill a big order, walking backwards and forwards to shelves. Then came the slow adding up of the bill and a big, awkward parcel to carry out into the street and home. Yet those were "the good old days" they talk about!

— **T.A., Townsville.**

Stamp on it

The mail has just come and I'm furious! I have received three letters from the same mail order firm, all containing the same information, and each printed on four sheets of glossy paper. Their business must be booming if they can afford to print such expensive letters, but they've lost me. If the PMG's department could discourage this postal advertising by increasing postal charges for such letters it might bring extra revenue for them, and help to save paper at the same time.

— **Anti-Bug, Berowra, NSW.**

Source of friendship

My sympathy certainly goes out to "Lonely Housewife" who feels that she is at a disadvantage socially because she is a Christian who neither drinks nor smokes (Talking Place, 5/7/76). But surely her local church has a Parents and Friends Association for the Sunday school, or an indoor bowls or friendship club? And I have yet to find a church without its ladies' guild. Women involved in these clubs derive great satisfaction from being members, and are usually far too busy to sit down and think of being lonely. I don't drink or smoke either, but many of my friends do one or the other and they don't consider me weird because I am different and enjoy going to church. They accept me for what I am, as I do them. I think we get out of this life what we put into it, and if we want more friends, we ourselves must be friendly to others, and not too intolerant of their habits.

— **Not Lonely, Southport, Qld.**

Our thanks to the many other readers who wrote similar letters in answer to "Lonely Housewife" — particularly those who wrote to her through us offering their help and personal friendship. — **Mary F.**

Work or stay home?

Like "Mixed Up Housewife" (Talking Place, 12/7/76) I, too, feel restless and mixed up. Three months ago I left work for personal reasons and now find myself nearly climbing the walls with boredom on my "off" days, although on other days I find plenty to do, and do it happily. I have always been an independent person and cannot shake the feeling that I am bludging; I feel terribly guilty if I'm tired at the end of the day, whether it's been slack or busy. I can't bear the thought of another three months of not working, so I've started looking for another job. Of course, I have no children.

— **Restless, Ballina, NSW.**

I have been married for 20 years and have not had to go out to work. As the mother of three children I have felt a great need to be a home body; from various experiences with working housewives I feel that a mother's place is in the home, and I find this most rewarding. On my so-called "off" days I find time to relax, write, play tennis and so on. I take pleasure in cooking for my family, and this takes a lot of time. I do not feel one bit lazy — just fulfilled.

— **P.T., Yagoona, NSW.**

Fast thinker, too

Friend's son was asking her insistently about the facts of life. She explained how, at conception, large numbers of sperm raced towards the unfertilised egg and how, if fertilisation took place, nine months of pregnancy would be followed by the birth of a baby. As he listened, her son's expression changed from puzzlement to understanding. Finally he leaped up, threw his arms around her and cried, "I won the race!"

— **I.S., Brighton East, Vic.**

What a nerve

We own a motel which we have put up for sale. Of course we want to see prospective purchasers, but by what right do they feel they can make arrangements for inspections, then not turn up? Not to mention the people who drive off after inspecting the property, promising faithfully that they will let us know their intentions, then don't bother to write, phone, or get in touch with the agent. We wonder whether these people realise that if and when they become owners of such a business they will be in the same position as the owners they now treat so lightly.

— **Country Motel Owner, NSW.**

Men made more fuss

Despite reports that women were the ones who complained most about the recent census, two of my friends who were census collectors say it was men who made the biggest fuss. Some men were straight-out rude to them, others slammed doors in their faces, while others refused to listen to reason or to take the forms. On the other hand they found that women generally were pleasant and co-operative.

— **Wise Gal, Moe, Vic.**

Why don't they . . .

. . . make elbow-length rubber gloves? They would be so useful for hand washing and other tasks where there is a need to dip one's arms into a deep tub.

— **Elizabeth, Aitkenvale, Qld.**

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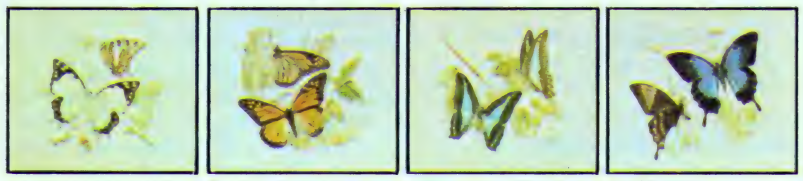

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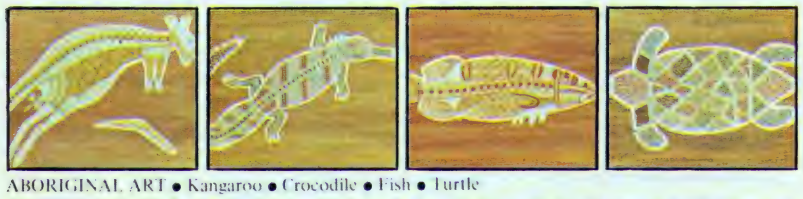

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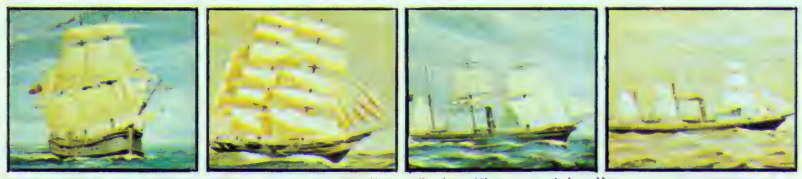

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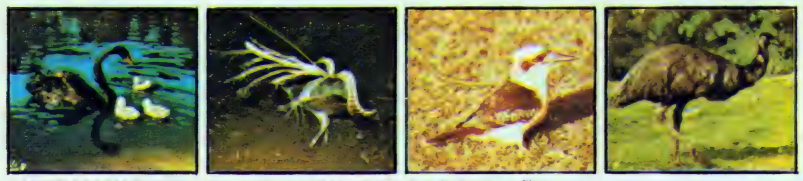

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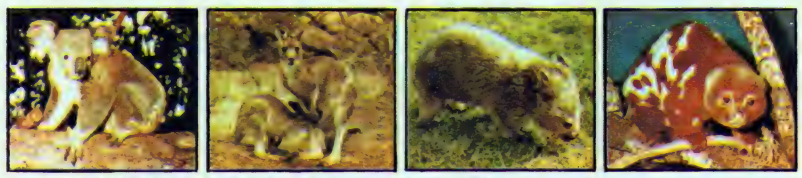

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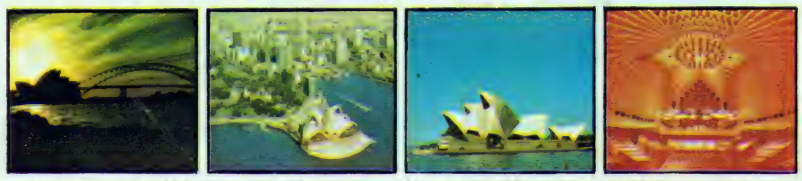

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Three times four makes 16 – and that's the horse she backed!

with Betty Fortune

Lyn Dunn, of Swan Hill (Vic), has a delightful aunt.

She seems, from Lyn's letter, to be a carbon copy of Dolly — a very special relative of mine who is one of those happy people who don't rely on the exact sciences to get the best out of life.

Lyn writes: "My aunt doesn't believe in gambling but does believe in dreams. Three nights running she dreamt that No 4 had won the Melbourne Cup. It was 1972 — the year Piping Lane won. I gave her $10 to add to $10 of her own to back No 4, and then wrote off my money when I heard on the radio that No 16 had won.

"But Aunty surprised me by bursting in and waltzing me excitedly around the room. 'How could we have won?' I asked her. 'Why not?' she said quite puzzled. 'After all, three times I dreamt No 4 would win. And three times four makes 16 — so that's the horse I backed'.

"Well, how lucky can you be!"

How lucky, indeed. Lyn's luck holds strong, for I'm sending her five dollars.

Dozens more readers from Cairns to Perth have been sharing the zanier side of their TAB experiences with me. I wish I could publish them all.

Mrs M. Stewart, of Moorooka (Qld), felt sad the day her son Samuel began his army training at Kapooka (NSW). Then she noticed that horses named Sir Samuel and Kapooka were entered for that day's races. Kapooka won and Sir Samuel got a place and Mrs Stewart collected $29.40 to cheer herself up!

Mrs K. Hall, of Bundaberg (Qld), had great luck just backing a hunch. She and her husband were on a racecourse strange to them, and could not buy a pencil, but the seller of race books lent them a stub of an old blue one. Mrs Hall backed the jockey who wore blue colours in his silks in every race, and collected on six winners.

BIG IF, that special fairy who reports back to me from all the stables, suggests you follow: in Qld, Maori Venture and Ultra Bold; and in NSW, she likes Khalefox and Tensing.

SIX-STATE FANCIES

Here are Betty's six-State selections. Please remember they are made before July 21. In the list horses named are showing fine form, with those in black type specially favoured. You should follow those which had not registered wins up to last Saturday.

In **New South Wales** special bets are: **Princess Makaila** (sht ½ hd 2nd over 1250m), **Such Fun** (½ nk 2nd over 1200m), **Royal Eze** (¾ len 2nd over 1300m), **Starstruck** (sht hd 2nd over 1550m), Reduit, **Grey Owl, Forever, Ego, Merlyn's Pride, Natural Talent,** Miss Louise, **Showcrest** (again — won by 5½ len over 1300m), **Samian, Ardeshir, Forest Gold,** Sprightly Belle, Anthonius, **Fashion Lad,** Foxing, **Ambush, Real Goddess, Khalefox.** Good track workers to follow each-way are: **Dungunnin,** Ayr, **Repat, Kleftis, Sledgehammer, Kronprinz, Rulemaker, Roughway, Great Lover,** Harmony Row, Bourbon Lassie, Ben Brace, **Zahdah,** Dangerous Dan, Melita Chimes, Lady Josh. Follow each-way: Itchy Feet, Quilonie, **Captain's Rule, Measure,** Just Topic, Tattenham Lad, **Bilgola Boy, Leonotis,** Bless You, **Tornay** (again), Wildwood Rose.

In **Victoria** special bets are: **Strike It Rich** (¾ len 2nd over 1600m), Lord Nelson (¾ len 3rd over 1200m), **Grand Harmony** (½ hd 2nd over 1400m), **Lucky Comet** (1½ len 2nd over 1000m, each-way), Sicily, **Strip Tease, Beau Chanter, Glen Dronach, True Picture, Park Glenn, Sweet Bread** (again — won by 4 len over 2000m), **Foster, Manassa, Runout, Beau Ghost** (again — won by 5 len over 1600m), Ruby Ring, **Derby Day Girl, Barclay, Metallize, Devil Legs,** Quake, **Love That Brandy** (again), **Rajan.** Good track workers to follow each-way are: **Couvossier, Sopa, Armstrong, Bukaaso, Sweet Rajah,** Frank's Advice, **Favourite Girl, Richrock, Stainvita, Cavallo D'Oro,** Chateau Mist. Follow each-way: **Terrific Form,** Prince Fantina, Sierco, Kinloch, **Paddy's Day,** Test Prince, **Royal Fusilier,** Monash Belle, Smokey Rajah, **Golden Mantle,** Neat Spirit, Hot Mail, Regal Smile, **Comic Chris.**

In **Queensland** special bets are: **Karmai** (1¾ len 2nd over 1000m), **Dual Romance** (sht nk 2nd over 1200m), **Lennox Love** (on good work), **Sphagnum** (¾ len 2nd over 1610m), **Eligible, Tangalooma Lad, Ease The Squeeze** (if still here, or in Victoria), **The Waif** (again), **Newbold Boy** (each-way), Rhompa, **Appropriate, Good Hunting,** Baratria, **Sticky Case, Mowo Gold, Rhapsody In Blue,** Cremarie, **Trocson, Hazy James.** Follow each-way: **Vagabond Prince, Cooper, Lumpar, Ima Lumley, Yo Tambien,** Bless My Heart, Red Valiant, **Tagen, Cool Kaoru,** Clover Star, **Knight Reign, Gainful Lady, Master Reubin, Gold Kina,** Paper Chips, Romeo Hill, **Padang** (if still here).

In **South Australia** special bets are: **Star Warrior** (sht ½ hd 2nd over 1200m), **Baumaniere** (¾ len second over 1600m), **Nunkalowe** (lng nk second over 1200m), **Green River** (sht ½ hd 3rd over 1200m), **Latin Tempo** (again — won by 8 len over 1200m), **Pollick,** Asgard (each-way), Konetta Miss (likes a wet track), Sunny Hi, **McKenna** (again). Follow each-way: Admission Fee, Supercilious, **Wooltone, Classic Time, Good Conduct,** La Neige, Samita, Our Catterina, Dame Elyse, Marine Land, Black Gamble, **Kymwood,** Ida Show, Steam Rally, **Siard Roen, Pennies From Heaven,** Legette.

In **Western Australia** special bets are: **Countess Donnier** (nk 2nd over 1300m), **Cheery Host** (lng nk 2nd over 2400m), **Glow Man** (¾ len 2nd over 1300m), **Rifle Bullet** (hd 3rd over 1300m), **Swift Check** (sht ½ hd 3rd over 1600m), **Grey Zor, Sir Lenray.** Follow each way: **Ronnie Renald, Romantic Party,** Janoval, Class Above, Captain Douglas, **Sonavornik, Crown Of Blue,** Optional, Irish Eclipse, Miss Sublime, **Topkapi,** Pirate's Den, **Adorina,** Liberty Hall, Indian Runner, **Keen Bid, Lucian.**

In **Tasmania** special bets are: **Test Power** (again), Villa Rose, **Porticullis,** Like A Lord (len second over 1200m), **Petal's Luck, Gambler's Courage.** Follow each-way: Island Glory, Bay Babbler, Bayline, Lord Merit, **Kirkby Lodge, Darltonian,** Watch Me Close, **Train Of Light** (again), Al Ashari, Villager, Wooraneen, Shandy Man, Just Jenni.

wonderword

No 101 by Jo Ouellet

HOW TO PLAY: First read the list of words then look at the puzzle. The words are in all directions — vertically, horizontally, diagonally, backwards. Circle each letter of a word found and strike it off list. The letters are often used more than once so do not cross them out. It is best to find the big words first. When you find all the words listed in the clues you'll have a number of letters over which spell the Wonderword.

CLUES

A
Asparagus

B
Base
Beans
Beets
Bloom
Buds

C
Cabbage
Carnations
Carrots
Cash
Celery
Chlorophyll
Climate
Cost
Cucumbers

E
Earth
Economy
Energy
Enjoy

F
Fact
Fate
Fertilizer
Flowers
Food

G
Gain
Gardeners
Greens

H
Hay
Hoses

I
Inflation
Iris

L
Lease
Leaves
Lettuce

M
Moisture

N
Nutrition

O
Onions

P
Parsnips
Patience
Peas
Plains
Planting
Potatoes
Pumpkins

R
Radishes
Rain
Rakes
Real
Ripe
Root
Roses
Rows

S
Seeding
Sell
Shortages
Soil
Spinach
Supply
Survival

T
Table
Thaw
Toil
Tomatoes
Tons
Tool
Tulips
Turnips

V
Vase
Vegetables

W
Watermelon
Weather
Weeding

Y
Yams
Years

ANSWER NEXT WEEK
Last Week's Answer: **OPTIMISTIC**

(c) 1976 Los Angeles Times

YOUR VERY OWN GARDEN — **Solution: 7 letters**

C	T	U	R	N	I	P	S	S	C	E	E	N	S	Y	L	P	P	U	S
E	T	O	N	S	G	T	A	A	N	N	G	A	I	N	N	R	O	W	S
L	L	H	R	O	O	N	S	S	E	E	T	A	F	L	O	W	E	R	S
E	L	A	E	R	I	H	I	R	T	V	E	E	B	A	I	I	P	A	T
R	E	Y	R	T	T	T	G	D	E	E	L	R	P	B	T	L	N	S	L
Y	S	A	H	R	A	Y	I	G	E	B	E	U	G	E	A	E	O	O	F
A	C	A	A	P	I	M	E	R	A	E	M	B	C	N	L	C	O	E	S
M	W	E	S	R	O	T	I	T	T	P	W	U	T	T	F	T	R	C	U
S	E	S	I	E	A	R	L	L	K	U	T	I	C	L	N	T	S	O	G
N	R	S	P	B	H	E	O	I	C	T	N	A	I	U	I	H	P	N	A
O	U	E	L	I	A	S	N	L	E	G	F	O	P	L	C	S	I	O	R
L	T	E	N	V	N	S	I	L	H	S	S	O	I	A	A	N	L	M	A
E	S	U	E	E	E	S	E	D	E	C	T	Z	N	S	R	A	U	Y	P
M	I	S	S	N	D	W	R	G	A	A	E	I	U	R	N	E	T	P	S
R	O	M	J	E	E	R	A	A	T	R	P	R	R	O	A	B	L	A	A
E	M	O	O	A	S	T	A	O	P	S	V	S	E	O	T	A	M	O	T
T	Y	F	T	O	R	O	E	G	E	I	E	P	A	T	I	E	N	C	E
A	O	H	O	O	L	S	H	K	V	S	R	A	I	N	O	P	E	A	S
W	E	I	H	O	A	B	A	A	O	L	E	A	S	E	N	S	D	U	B
R	L	S	L	V	D	R	L	R	G	N	I	D	E	E	S	R	I	P	E

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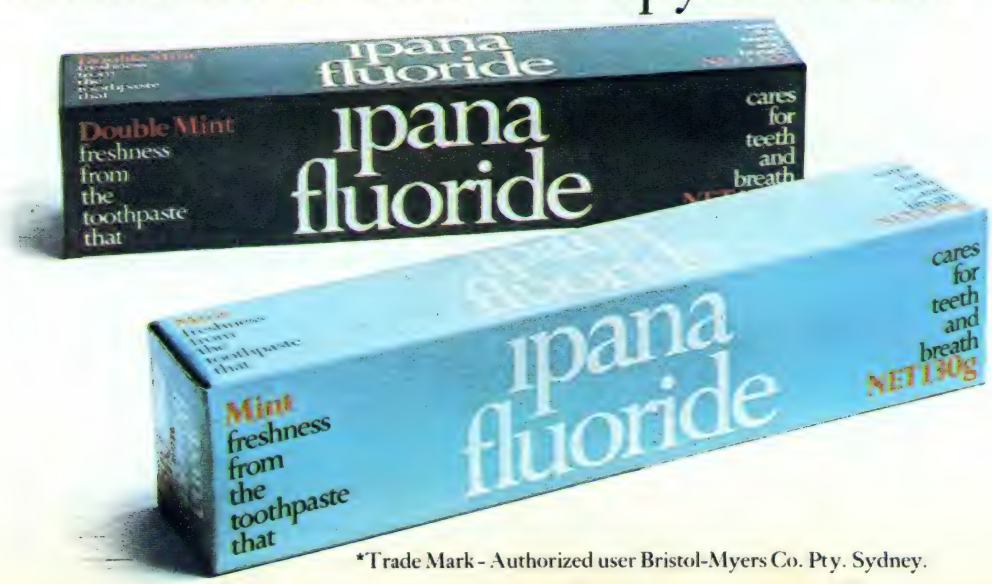

*Trade Mark - Authorized user Bristol-Myers Co. Pty. Sydney.

BMT35

From page 88

pair, and if she was surprised to see, as the very special northern guests, a chunky old man in a rusty black suit with a hideous tie, and a tight-lipped uneasy little girl who scuffed her feet, no hint of anything but cordiality showed on Azilde's lovely creamy-skinned face.

The Delatours sipped at the eggnog, but even Grandpere was speechless. He had never imagined such a place as this. Four great rooms opened off on either side of the central hall. He had glimpses of Aubusson rugs, of gilt and crystal candelabra, of ormolu tables, of tapestried chairs, and scenic wallpaper behind portraits — dozens of portraits of people in what looked like costumes to him. Then there were flowers, more flowers than at the mayor of Riviere du Loup's funeral. Dishes of velvety pink ones with waxy green leaves, flowers with strange shapes, some like a bird's head, and silvery foliage in a dozen china vases stuck everywhere in corners, on tables in lavish profusion.

"Ah ..." said Azilde, noting this, and ever careful to please any guest, "you must be tired, Mr Delatour — all of you will want to freshen up befoah dinner, I'll show you the rooms."

"Zank you, madame," said Pierre with dignity, "ze voyage was much, *peut-etre.*"

Azilde smiled, "Oh, yes, Martin told me you are French, from Canada, *nous pouvons parler francais ensemble;* my maman always spoke French to me, and then in the convent, but I've forgotten a lot."

The old man got only the gist of this, since her French phrase was not pronounced quite as he would have — though Amy understood. She had learned a Parisian accent at high school — of which place she did not wish to be reminded. And the unexpected luxury of Bellerive disquieted her as much as it did Grandpere; she felt alien, rootless. She knew that her hostess was charming, but Azilde was also overpowering in her black velvet dress with black lace sleeves, the multi-jewelled crucifix sparkling on the lush rounded bosom, and bracelets which glittered, and rings — diamonds, surely, on the very white tapering fingers. She felt Claire looking at her anxiously, and tried to smile, but Claire, too, had receded into the shimmering opulence. Moreover, Claire now wore a big square-cut diamond on *her* hand. She would soon be part of all this herself. I wish we hadn't come, Amy thought, and was at once checked by the dismal awareness that the little flat in Greenwich would have been no happier. I don't belong anywhere, she thought.

She was further daunted by her bedroom, when Azilde ushered her in and turned on the light. It seemed as big as a skating rink. Dozens of velvety scatter rugs on the gleaming mahogany floors, armchairs, a desk with crystal fittings, the enormous four-poster bed of carved rosewood, with embroidered tester, and mosquito netting neatly festooned out of the way for winter. And her bathroom! So many mirrors! And the dazzle of porcelain with a violet pattern, and *gold* taps shaped like dolphins.

Amy stared at herself in one of the full-length mirrors, and slowly shrivelled. She looked diminished, rumpled, her hair was stringy, her glasses made her look like a bulgy-eyed toad, she had a spot coming on her chin. I'm ugly, she thought, *ugly.* No wonder Mac ... wouldn't ... didn't ...

The tenuous barrier erected by Martin in hypnosis — aided by her own deepest self-protective instincts — suddenly collapsed. Suffocating waters of total rejection and abandonment engulfed her. She gasped, holding her hands tight clenched on her chest. She turned blindly, stumbling out of that mirrored bathroom and flung herself crosswise on the embroidered counterpane of the huge four-poster bed, her head buried in her arms.

To be concluded

(c) 1975 by Anya Seton Chase from the book published by Hodder and Stoughton.

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Aug. 24 - Sept. 23 VIRGO

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It's amazing how technology has reached this far, don't you think?

Fund-raising — in Sydney

Sir William and Lady Tyree opened their Darling Point, Sydney, home for a Golden Committee fund-raising luncheon for the Royal NSW Institute for Deaf and Blind Children.

Right: At the luncheon — which cost $10 a head — were Mrs Betty Wilson (on left) and Mrs Elaine Sweeney, both of Northbridge, who took the opportunity to enjoy the sun.

Right: Mrs Len Lilley of Wollstonecraft and Mrs Ross Bragg of Cheltenham were also among the fund-raising guests.

Above: Guests enjoy the glorious views from the Tyrees' home. Special guest was actor Derek Nimmo. Tickets for his show Why Not Stay For Breakfast? *were raffled to raise money. Left: Lady Tyree (in pink) chats to Mrs Kate Lloyd Jones.*

Odd guest at Government House

Victoria's Governor, Sir Henry Winneke and Lady Winneke held a reception for 800 guests. But the number became 801 when the family dog, Rufus, decided to join the evening's celebrations.

Above: Mrs Brand wore a ruby red satin coat with black facings when she arrived at the Government House reception with her husband, Robert, the US Consul-General.

Melbourne photographs: Les Teese

Above: Lady Winneke (right) and her private secretary, Mrs John Buckland, take a firm grip on the uninvited Rufus.

Above: Mrs John Blanch enters the ballroom with her husband. Left: Naval Officer-in-Charge, Victoria, Commodore Dacre Smyth and his wife and (below) Mr and Mrs Sam Wood, arrive.

Left: The Roman Catholic Archbishop of Melbourne, Archbishop Little, talks to Lady Brooks, widow of the former Governor of Victoria.

by Bill Collins

Cliff Robertson — 'A nice guy'

Just 25 minutes' drive from Cannes, along a coast road, there is the Hotel du Cap, a dream mansion, where the best people stayed during the Cannes Film Festival. You've seen the place in many movies. So had I. I almost felt like a VIP just being there.

I met Cliff Robertson there. He's someone I've liked on the screen ever since I saw him in *Picnic* more than 20 years ago.

And he proved to be a terrifically nice guy. He'd come to Cannes for the Festival, and also to work.

I told Cliff how much I liked *Charlie,* the film with which he lived for seven years before getting it to the screen. "But I was finally able to say to those pundits in Hollywood who said you can't make a movie about a retarded man, 'Well, you can and I did'."

Cliff has done three movies in the last year or so. There was *Out of Season* in England, *Obsession* and *Shoot.* And there was also a cameo part in *Battle of Midway* which he did for his friend, producer Walter Mirisch. Added to that has been a television special about astronaut Buzz Aldrin, based on Aldrin's book *Return to Earth.* "Buzz was up there on the moon, then he returned to earth and his world fell apart. It's a good story."

Now he is due to make a film for George Barrie. Cliff's main reason for coming to Cannes was to work on the script for the film which he is to direct for Barrie. Based on a play called *The Playroom,* it's about five kids who get together up in the loft of a very expensive English townhouse. These five kids have one thing in common. Their parents are very rich and have abnegated their responsibility. "The movie is really going to be an indictment of absentee parents all the world over . . ."

Cliff is going to direct the film. "I like working behind the camera. I want to do more. But I'd like to keep on acting as long as people can stomach me. But I started as a newspaperman, and as I get older I find myself going 'back home' again, to writing."

Aussie relations

Cliff has an uncle and aunt living in Australia. They have a property not far from Brisbane. "They met on a cruise around the world. She was 68 and he was 70. He chased her after that for two years. She wrote me a letter to ask what I thought. It was as if she was my daughter! They are in their 80s now, and as happy as clams."

Cliff doesn't like executives of movie companies. "They are alien to creative people. And they get in the way between people like you and me who like to get together and talk a bit. Every time you meet some of these super-rich dudes they shake hands with you without looking at you. Well, who needs that?"

Above: Cliff Robertson (left) in a scene from Picnic.

Same play, same success?

Stars of the new comedy show *Same Time, Next Year,* Lewis Fiander and Nancye Hayes, met on a double bed at Melbourne's Windsor Hotel before starting rehearsals for this raging Broadway success which opened at the Comedy Theatre in Melbourne on July 30. After its run there it will go to Sydney, Adelaide and Brisbane.

Nancye, one of Australia's most popular stage and TV stars, and Lewis, who's made his mark in London since he went there in 1966 to play in *The One Day of the Year,* are the only members of the cast, and play the roles of two people who, for 25 years, meet once a year at the same time and same place. As well as being full of fun, and very witty, the show gives a picture of the passage of times, styles and manners.

Independence celebrations

Biggest of the many American Independence Day celebration parties in Melbourne was the reception given by US Consul-General Robert Brand and Mrs Brand, with President of the American Club in Victoria, Mr E. J. Carse, and Mrs Carse, in the Southern Cross ballroom. Between 500 and 600 guests were present, and some of them are pictured here.

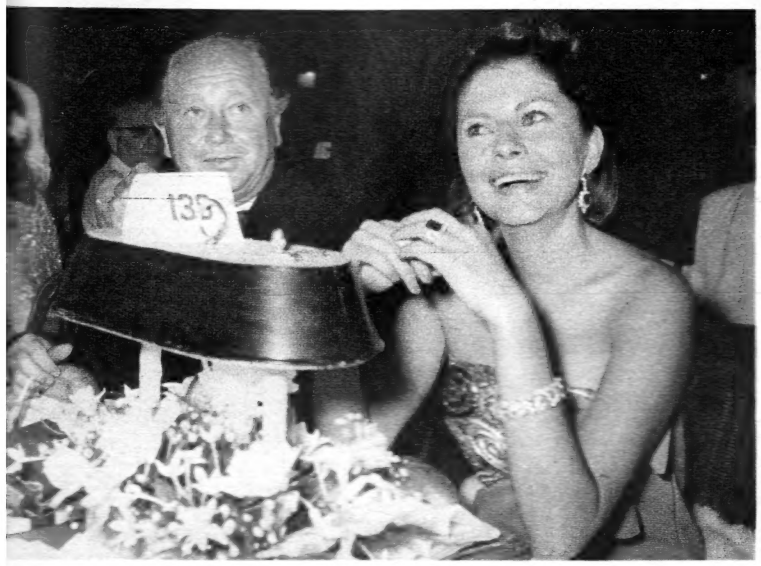
Right: Hostess Mrs Robert Brand (standing), with Pan Am Director for Victoria and Tasmania, Mr William Rolph and his wife.

Above: Joyce Moser shares a joke with Mr Robert Brand (centre), and former Test cricketer Ian Johnson.
Right: Mrs Polly Curran and her husband, James, chat to the Archbishop of Melbourne, Dr Frank Little.

'Bluey' gets off to an enthusiastic start

"Ouch," says Lucky Grills (right), as he puts his finger in the shark's mouth, much to the amusement of John Dietrich. They're two of the stars in the new police series for the HSV 7 Network *Bluey,* which opened in Sydney, Adelaide and Brisbane during the last week of July and in Melbourne during the first week of August. Lucky plays the lead role of Sgt Bluey Hills, and John is his new assistant. Below: Victoria Quilter, one of the four lead players in *Bluey,* Gerda Nicholson, producer Tom Hegarty, and executive producer Ian Jones.

people



Soraya heads for home

Beautiful Queen Soraya (above, at an official dinner), former wife of the Shah of Iran, plans to return to Teheran this month, for the first time in 18 years.

She left after the Shah divorced her when no heir was born.

Soraya is returning to show her homeland to 36-year-old Neapolitan industrialist Massimo Garcia, the new love in her life.

Soraya's life has been beset by tragedy. After her heartbreaking divorce, Soraya then became engaged to Italian film director Franco Inovino, who was killed in an air crash. Then another escort, Claude Kaovza, died of a heart attack at 28.

Close friends say that the Shah is still very much in love with his beautiful Soraya and they point to his latest gift to her — a gold necklace encrusted with rubies, sent on what would have been Soraya and the Shah's silver wedding anniversary.

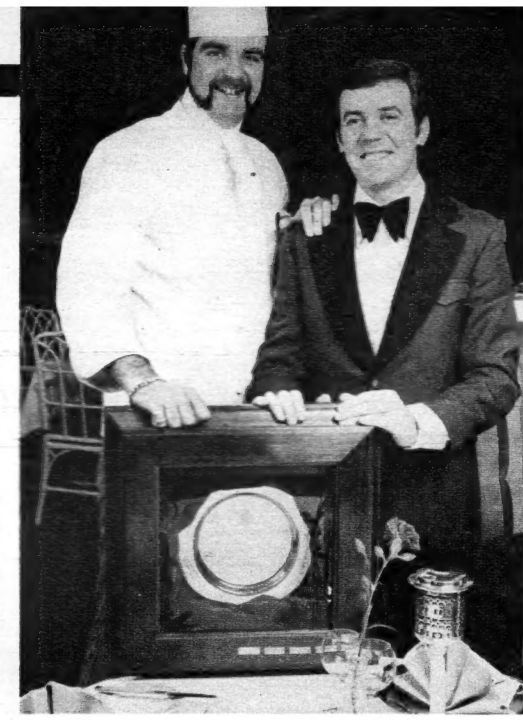
Beautiful mum

Jill Forster (right), star of *The Box,* has done exactly what she planned — had a beautiful baby girl. Polly was born on June 26, a healthy bouncing baby daughter for Jill and actor-husband John Stanton. Jill had just turned 40 when Polly, her first baby, was born and she is delighted with motherhood. "She was 9½lb at birth and the biggest baby ever born at the Berwick Bush Nursing Home," says proud mum Jill.

Jackie steps out

Working girl Jackie Onassis is having herself a ball. So she can boogaloo and hustle with the best of the jet set, Jackie (above) decided dancing lessons are in order, and she's taking them from Negro actor/model Sterling St Jacques. She met St Jacques at a charity ball, and was obviously so impressed with his boogaloo-ing she persuaded him to give her lessons.

right now



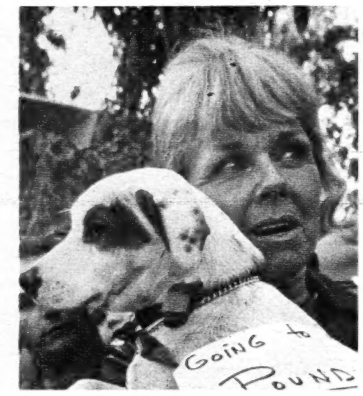
Golden takeover

Have you heard the story of the Englishman and the Irishman . . . and a coup they've just pulled off in Perth?

The hot news in Perth's gastronomy circles is how the Gold Plate Award for fine restaurants has been wrested from the Parmelia Hotel, which has held it for its Garden Restaurant for the past six years, and been won by the Sheraton Perth's River Room.

The men behind the coup are maitre d'hotel Mal McArdle, an Irishman, and executive chef William J. Moore, an Englishman (see left).

It has taken the River Room three years to strike gold, Mal and William told Hugh Schmitt, and now they have they're determined to reign at least as long as the Parmelia did. "We're not giving the plate back," says Mal McArdle.



Lucky dogs

There's going to be a change of lamppost for the lucky stray dogs that Doris Day befriended. Doris (left) at 52 is getting out of Hollywood and heading for the hills. After 25 years in Hollywood she's tired of living in the film capital and is moving to Santa Barbara.

new now

A soap, a body lotion, a perfume and a deodorant, all for only $6.50, in a super pack you can later use for flowers, make-up, hairpins, rollers or a plant pot. That's the special Lancome offer, available this month in major department stores. 'O' de Lancome is the perfume — in this pack as a light fresh eau de toilette. It's based on herbs like thyme, basil and rosemary mixed with citrus notes of lemon and orange, and is light and romantic.

film review

★★★★ Excellent
★★★ Very Good
★★ Not bad
★ Forget it

LEADBELLY

Huddi Ledbetter, best known to folk and blues connoisseurs as Leadbelly, was a musical phenomenon who sang his way out of a notorious Louisiana prison and wound up on centre-stage at Carnegie Hall.

This was no mean achievement because Leadbelly, apart from being a twice-convicted killer, was barely articulate. However, creating music was as natural to him as breathing and he was a unique repository of hundreds of Negro work songs, field hollers and black ballads.

This movie purports to deal with Leadbelly's life during his periods on the prison rock-pile and up to his release in 1934 when his discoverer, Professor John Lomax, music archivist for the US Library of Congress, took him to New York and fame.

The title role is played by a baby-faced unknown Roger E. Mosley, and Leadbelly's vocals are provided by one HiTide Harris, a singer who isn't a patch on the original.

From the studios of Paramount Pictures and directed by Gordon Parks of *Shaft* fame, it is a pedestrian production with few high-spots.

— Rating ★★

TAXI DRIVER

Assassins, mass murderers and other freakish criminals more often than not turn out to be the quiet kid down the street — the kind no one would suspect.

Taxi Driver (rated M) is a frighteningly plausible case history of such a person. The film is built like a documentary, and early on you'll pick up the overtones of Lee Harvey Oswald, the assassinator of President Kennedy. The film builds in tension as it progresses, and this is mainly due to the brilliantly controlled acting of Robert de Niro.

It's horrifyingly violent, and shows a sick, terrifying side of American life.

Those people at *Woman's Day* who have seen the movie react violently — they rate it either brilliant, or loathsome. Technically it is superb, but it is not for the squeamish or for those wanting a light night's entertainment. It is a thought-provoking documentary on man in the 1970s and what pressures of a city can do to such a man. Don't take children. Don't take anyone who has even been slightly horrified by Polanski's violence (mild compared to this) of say, *Chinatown.* For movie buffs, it's in Academy Award class. For most of us, no way.

— Rating ★★★★ for movie buffs. ★ if you're at all squeamish!

GATOR

Even Burt Reynolds, as sexy, good looking and beautiful as ever cannot save this movie. It's all about drugs, whores, violence, murder, vice, extortion, bombing, moonshining and sex (pre-marital of course). And it's one long yawn. Before going to see this movie someone had quipped it was the United Artists' answer to *Jaws* — all about alligators. Would that it were. It might be more entertaining! As it is, it's a bore and similar to, but nowhere near the standard of Reynolds' *White Lightning.* Obscurely the movie is rated NRC — lucky to get away with that we say.

— Rating ★

Take me to the kasbah!

By GEORGIE SWIFT, Fashion Editor

The Moroccan look is going to be one of the hottest high-fashion stories around this summer.

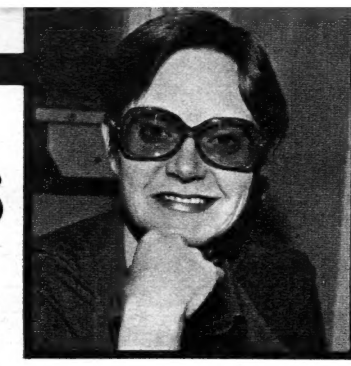
Harem pyjama pants, tan-flattering tunics, billowing tops, floating djellabas — they're cool, protective, sensuous, and perfect for steamy summer weather. With them go scarves, either plaited and tied sheik-style around the head, or knotted around waists along with silk cord belts, and lots of gold and silver in bangles, necklets, anklets. Yves Saint Laurent began the look designing from his home in Tangiers. Sportsgirl, which opens shops across Australia from late September, has adapted it to this country — with stunning results, as you can see.

Above: Romantic tiered skirt in cheesecloth, around $30, worn with a matching gathered shirt, about $24, and scarf. Left: Cheesecloth tunic with full sleeves tied at wrists, and harem pants, both about $24.

Left: Marrakesh Express-style caftan — lean, long, graceful and easy. In hot pink cheesecloth with a button through front and cuffed sleeves. Belted with silk ropes, scarves and silver. About $36.

Far left: Cream Kurta top with roll sleeves, about $10, with full tri-coloured skirt, about $30, worn with anklet, scarves and bangles. Left: A look filled with Eastern promise. Side-split cheesecloth tabard, about $36, worn over harem trousers, around $24, and tied with scarves and silk tasselled belts.

Low in the 'drink up' stakes



Lynne Bell writes from London

IT'S NOT the long executive lunch, nor drinking in the board room, that's responsible for Britain's sinking pound.

If a low alcohol consumption meant big profits, then Britain would be top of the heap. When it comes to drinking, the British are way down in the world drinking stakes.

Way out in front are the French, followed closely by the chianti-loving Italians. The hard-working West Germans should find little grounds for self-satisfaction in fifth placing.

Dr Eric Wright, Medical Adviser to Britain's Institute of Directors, who has gone to all the trouble of making sense of statistics, puts Britain 17th in a list of 35 of the hardest drinking countries.

We're next to last as wine and spirit drinkers, and even our beer consumption (200 pints per person per year) isn't anything to write home about.

The French and Italians drink 20 times as much wine as do the Brits, and the Americans consume twice as much whisky, gin and vodka.

I don't know how Australia figures in all this. Dr Wright failed to mention it.

☆ ☆ ☆

ENGLAND'S summer heatwave destroyed any lingering trust we may have had in those soothsayers who call themselves weather experts.

Not long back, after a spate of wet, cold summers, they were warning that a new Ice Age was on the way, and advised us to put in extra heating and stock up on woollies.

Now, with the roads melted, the rivers dried and the countryside's traditional lush greenery done to a nice brown, they're saying we can expect this sort of treatment each summer from now on.

What it boils (sorry about that) down to is that the weather men can no longer effectively predict anything because it's not the weather they're dealing with, but man-made pollution.

These hot-house conditions that have made us all feel like over-ripe tomatoes are caused by a solid cover of carbon dioxide from cars, domestic fires and industrial furnaces which will go on warming up the world until we find some substitute for fossil fuels like oil and coal.

Mind you, it will be a slow process, and if it snows this week nobody — least of all the World Meteorological Organisation in Geneva, which makes this prediction — will be surprised.

In the meantime, it's been interesting to note that the English (I can't vouch for mad dogs) do *go out in the mid-day sun. They ignore medical advice about wearing hats and sunbathing gradually, and fling off everything with it-won't-happen-again abandon.*

The only good thing about this particular long, hot British summer is that it has melted the stiff upper lip, along with everything else.

For the first time in the history of cricket at Lords, members of the MCC were permitted to remove their jackets in the pavilion. London policemen have gone about tieless. Wimbledon umpires were assured they wouldn't be reprimanded if they removed their blazers.

It has also shaken the British belief that, as a race, they are a bit different to the rest of the world.

They've shown they can be as excitable as Italians and as argumentative as New Yorkers when the sun comes out and stays out. Police reports show that family punch-ups and street set-tos zoomed up with the temperature.

☆ ☆ ☆

IF YOU can't remember what the first paragraph of this column said, Dr James Reason of Manchester University would like to hear from you.

Dr Reason (a fitting name, as you'll see) will take up a new chair in the University's Department of Psychology early next year. He plans to specialise in absent-mindedness.

We're all prone to do silly things — sprinkle salt on our cornflakes, put the teapot in the fridge — and James Reason is not out to collect funny stories just for a giggle. He's deadly serious.

For instance, would you have thought that the man who squeezes shaving soap on his toothbrush is making the same sort of error as the airline pilot who flicks the wrong switch or misreads an altimeter. No?

Well, Dr Reason does. And he's determined to discover why it is that the human mind, for no apparent reason, can blank out and often lead us into actions which are often harmless and funny, but can be dangerous.

"There is no instant remedy for absent-mindedness," James Reason advises, "but, ultimately, the applied aim will be to alert people to the importance of routine tasks."

NEXT WEEK in Woman's Day

It's Father's Day soon

Go on, give him a great shirt

We help you choose a super one at a sensible price

Fashion dresses up the sporty look

Georgie Swift shows the kind of casual gear that can go anywhere and be a beautiful success.

A staple gun, a few ideas and you have

INSTANT DECOR

Babette Hayes tells you how to give your home the quickest facelift ever

A Margaret Fulton Special:

CLASSIC SAUCES the heart of good cookery

Wherever you find good food, you'll find gourmet sauces. We tell you how to make some of them

Shirley Stackhouse tells you how to cut costs and get

New plants for practically nothing

EXCLUSIVE

KAMAHL

The singer who was unknown to American audiences until he took over Carnegie Hall for an evening-long, one-man concert.

New, controversial TV series

Alvin Purple rides again

What to do if you're lost in the bush

A guide for everyone — it could mean the difference between life and death.

Australia:

'Freelance naturalist' Harry Butler helps mend the scars man makes in rural areas.

Pack up your troubles and go cruising

For a relaxing away-from-all-cares holiday there's nothing like lazing on a ship

The perils of worrying

When anxiety becomes a way of life, the side effects can be disastrous

Diabetes — the illness that can be a weapon

A doctor discusses how children can "use" the condition.

Cardigans and vests in zinging colours and irresistible designs — super tops to knit and to crochet for

The brightest kids around

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Alpine. A blend of mild tobaccos and menthol, giving you flavour and freshness, refreshing your taste.

Fresh is the flavour of Alpine.

Two kinds of cigarette in one.

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